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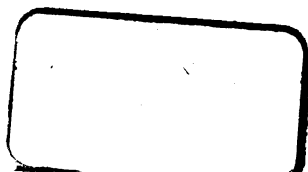
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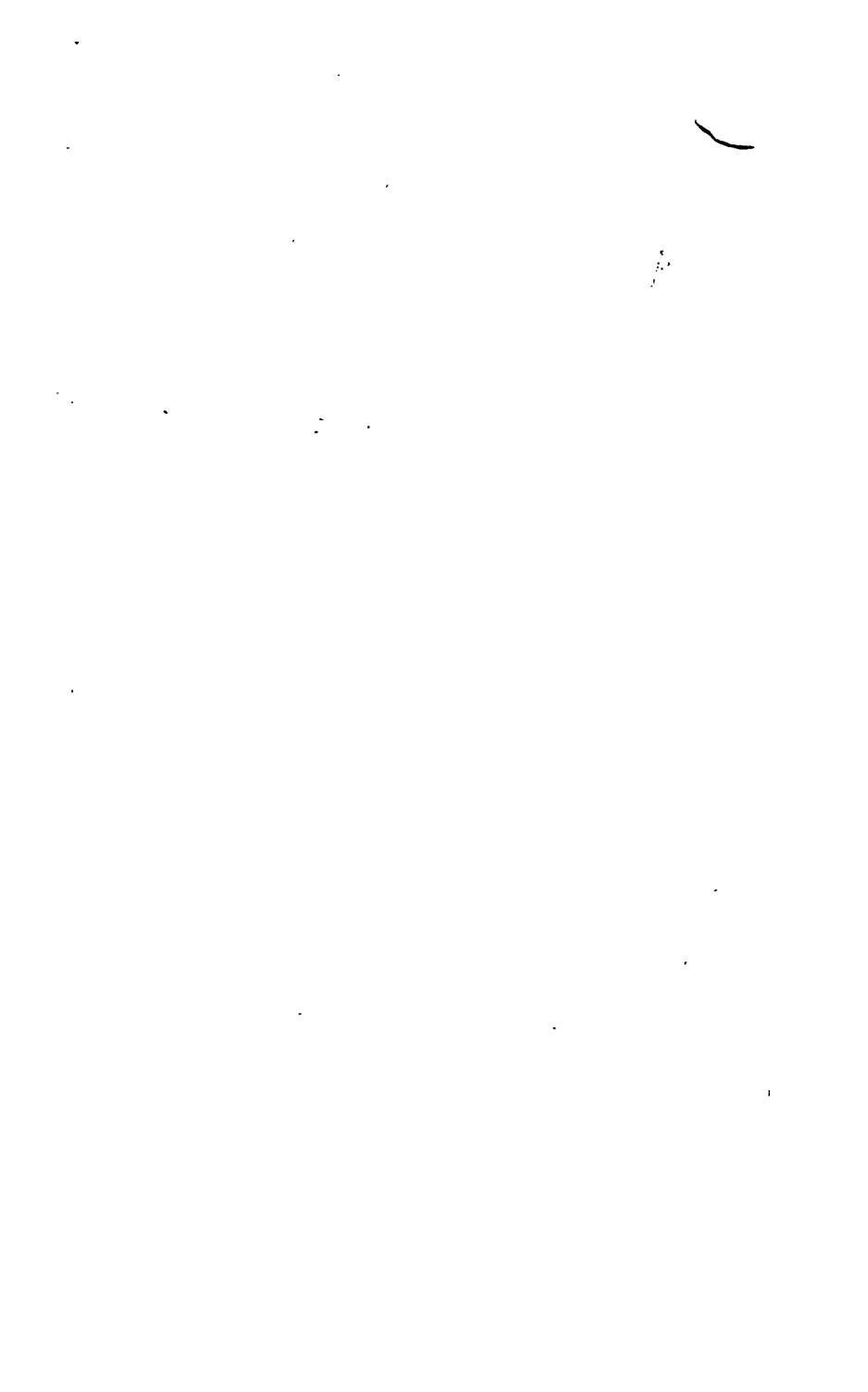
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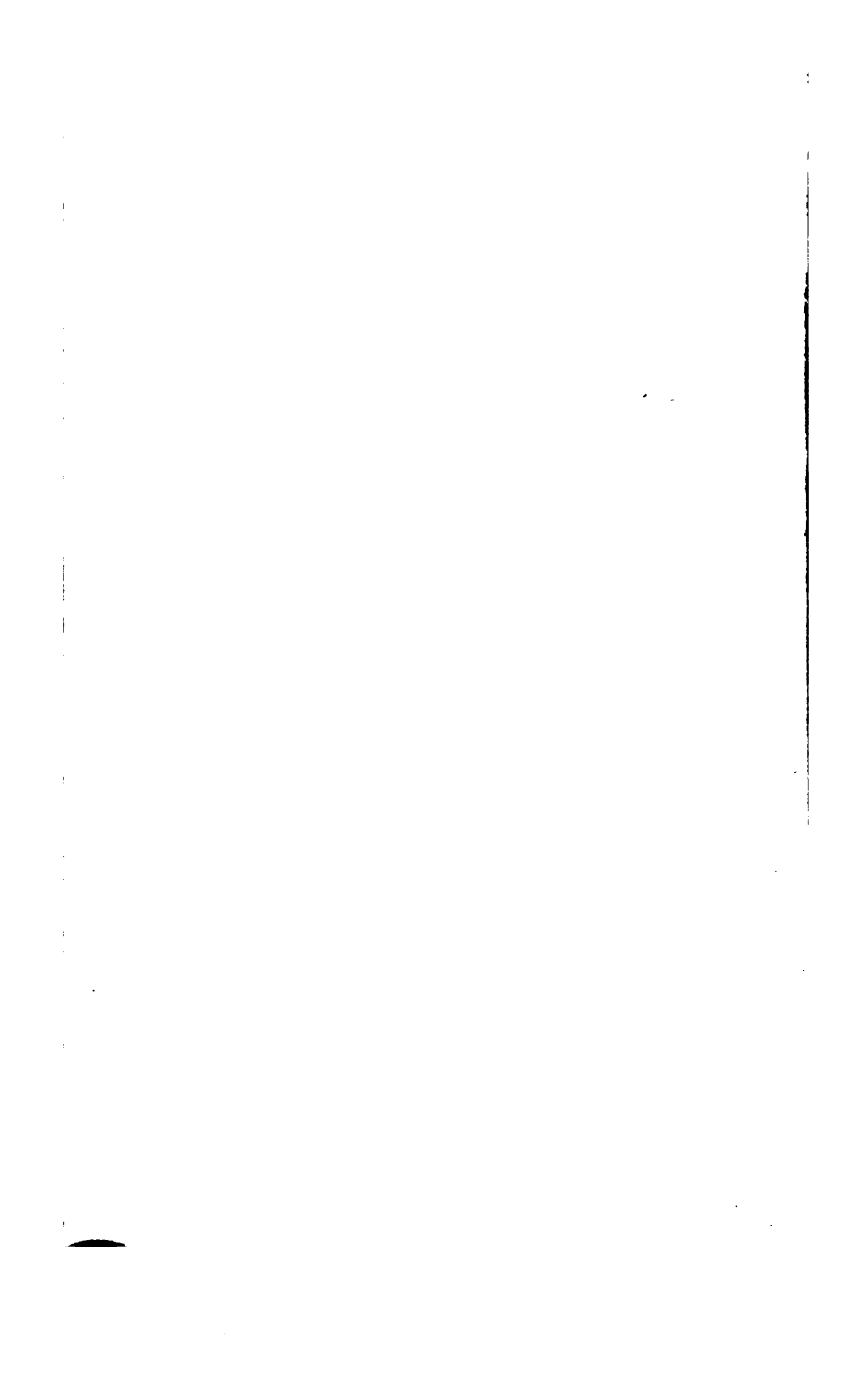
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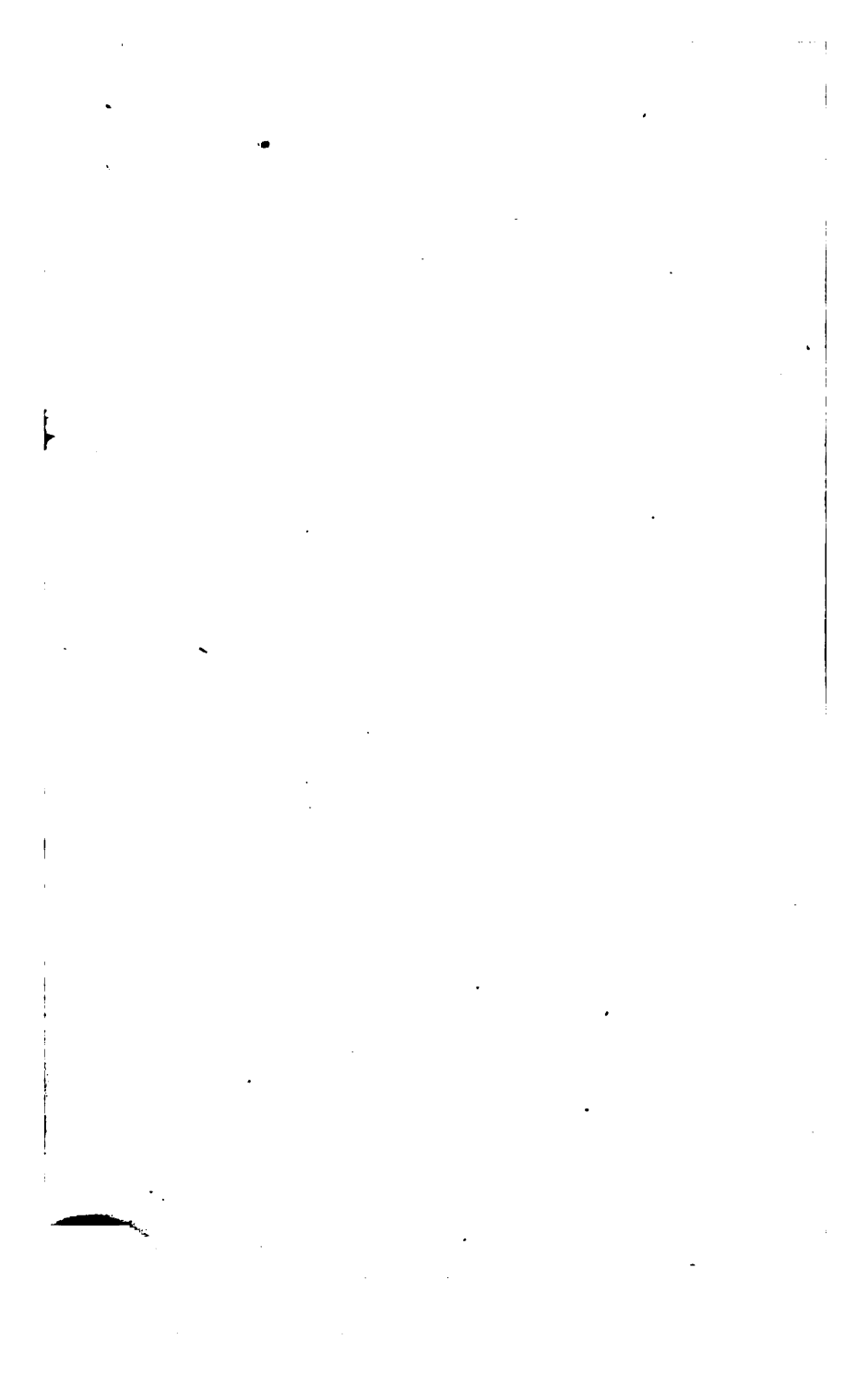


POLAND

UNDER THE

DOMINION OF RUSSIA.

A



POLAND

UNDER THE

DOMINION OF RUSSIA.

BY HARRO HARRING,
LATE CADET IN THE LANCER REGIMENT OF THE GRAND DUKE
CONSTANTINE'S IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BODY GUARD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil."
John xviii, 23.

BOSTON:
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TO THE AMERICAN READER.

It is an exile of Poland who presents to you this work. The storm which swept over his native land, has involved him in the general ruin, torn him from home, and friends, and country, and cast him a wanderer on a foreign shore. Bred in the Polish military school, it has been his fortune, before he had arrived at manhood, to turn against his enemies the weapons they taught him to use,—to join with the enthusiasm in the general struggle for his country's rights—to see her for a moment free—to witness the blasting of her hopes—the slaughter of her sons—and then to be driven out to wander on through various parts of Europe, till he found a refuge in a land, which he had only dreamed of as a new and distant world.

He founds his hopes of success in the present undertaking, entirely upon the interest manifested by the American public, in the affairs of his unhappy country, and upon the sympathy it feels in the sufferings of those whose misfortunes arise from having loved her too well. He disguises not the fact, that the principal object in publishing this work is, to furnish himself the means of existence; but he comes not with the hesitating step of a suppliant; he offers you a *quid pro quo*; and he does it with the certi-

tude, that in the following pages you will find remuneration for the obolum you may bestow on him. He does it too with the hope that he may, in some slight degree, aid the cause of his country, by uniting your sympathies more strongly in her behalf. The wrongs and sufferings of Poland are indeed well known;—alas! they have become a by-word to the world; but, still, the precise nature of the tyranny exercised over her has been unknown: the public has heard only of her wholesale sufferings;—in the following pages they are exposed in their minute detail. The author was a German, in the Russian service; he had no strong predilection for Poland: he does not admire even the Polish character; and yet, with the hand of an impartial limner, he has drawn a picture of Russian brutality, as true to nature as it is disgusting in itself. The introduction is from the pen of an American, who has been an eye-witness to the wrongs and the sufferings of the Poles. Reader, when you shall have gone half through with these pages, you will cease to ask, why the Poles were mad enough to revolt against such enormous odds. Your own heart will tell you, that rather than endure such indignities, you would throw life and wealth on the stake;—aye! and wander years in exile, as destitute, houseless, and friendless, as is he who now addresses you.

IGNATIUS S. SZYMANSKI.

Boston, April, 1834.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THE political history of Poland, during the last century, has been most interesting. It has become so, from the sufferings and the wrongs of the nation, and its desperate but unsuccessful efforts to redress them. The world gave to the Poles its commiseration during their oppression; it cheered them on with its cry of admiration in their daring and dreadful struggle; and it has paid its tribute of a sigh, and a tear, over the grave of their country, where lie buried all their political hopes.

But with all this interest in the history and condition of Poland, the interior of the country has been, and is, a *terra incognita* to most of the world. We have felt our hearts glow with admiration, at the heroic efforts, and the generous sacrifices of the Poles, but we knew not their real character; we lament their sufferings, but we know not precisely the nature of them; we give to them our prayers and our hopes for their future political regeneration, but we know not on what these hopes are founded, or how far they

are reasonable. It must be, that with a strong sympathy for the sufferings and the trials of Poland, people of this country feel an interest in her history, and her prospects; it is to gratify this interest, that the following work is presented to the public: it is the testimony of an eye-witness—of an impartial stranger, to the situation of the Poles under the Russians, at a time, be it remembered, when their yoke was the least burdensome, and when they pretended to conciliate and favor the country.

With the hope of rendering the work more useful to the American reader, this introduction* is inserted, containing a sketch of such parts of the history of Poland as are least known.

The attention of the reader is invited to it, not for its merits of style or reasoning, but on account of the facts which it contains; facts which will authorize the hope and the belief that Poland will, in the course of events, be called again to play an important part in Europe. There is no disguising the truth, that in those countries which once bore her name, there exist more than ten millions of brave and hardy men; that they are unfettered in their souls, and unprejudiced in their affections, by the political arrangements which have set them off to different powers.; that they have a strong dislike to the governments under which they live; a strong inclination to rally round an old and beloved nationality; in fine, that nothing but force

* Part of this introduction appeared as an article in the North American Review; for January, 1833.

and fear keep them subject to governments, for which they can feel no affection.

Now this state of things may very well endure as long as affairs go on in the usual train, and while the arm of social power is strong; but, when the bands which bind men together are broken, and war and revolution destroy all artificial political distinctions;—when society is reduced to its primitive elements,—there is every probability that atom will cling to the atom for which it has the greatest affinity, and that, when the troubled mass shall settle, it will be in such shapes as were intended not by man, but by nature.

Let it be borne in mind by the reader that the partitions of Poland have not made the Poles, Russians, or Prussians, or Austrians; that they still preserve their national characteristics; that the difference of race, of language, of religion, and of prejudices, will prevent them from soon amalgamating with the Germans; and that the burning recollection of past wrongs and present sufferings, will be an impassable gulf between them and the Russians, who are of the same descent, but far inferior to the Poles in every noble and manly trait of character. The Poles indeed, are at the head of the Slavonic race in Europe.

There is, a dreadful struggle going on at this moment in Europe; it is between Poland and Russia; it is not for victory, but for life—for existence;—the victim lies bound, and bleeding, and gagged; not a shot is fired—not a wound is given—not a cry is heard—but the gripe of the monster is on the throat of his victim,

and the throes, and the struggles, proclaim how strong is the principle of life in the sufferer. Russia is straining every nerve to stifle the national spirit of Poland—to put out the vital principle of patriotism ; not by the bullet and the bayonet, not by the dungeon and the scaffold—these have been tried for years, and tried in vain ; but she would degrade her by vice—insult her by humiliation, and trample out the last spark of nationality, which has animated her people, and made them terrible ; and which, if extinguished, would leave them at the feet of their conqueror, a horde of human beings, as brutal and as obedient, as her Cossacks or her Caucasians.

To effect this purpose, the most revolting measures are pursued ; vice of all kinds (except that of disobedience) is encouraged ; every honorable avenue to personal distinction is closed, while the path of corruption and infamy is thrown wide open ; the schools are closed—the press is broken,—the wheels of civilization are rolled backward.

There is this in the policy of Russia which renders her more dangerous to Europe, than were ever the Turks, even when they were thundering at the gates of Vienna,—that she knows what is due to public opinion ; hence she has one face for the east, and another for the west ; one appearance to hold up to Europe, another to Asia ; she knows that her system, if seen in its nakedness by Europe, would shock and disgust all Christendom,—hence she wears a mask ; and while talking

of peace, and justice, and moderation, is perpetrating crime, and crushing the best feelings of man.

To effect this double purpose, her government is extraordinarily well constituted : the Autocrat need consult nothing but appearances ; he may *knout* the criminal to death in a public square—but he may also immolate the patriot and the untried victim in dungeons, where his groans will never be heard ; or send him to dig, and toil, and die in the mines of Siberia, a thousand leagues beyond the confines of civilization. All that he does of good or praiseworthy, he may trumpet in every capital of Christendom ; all he plans or executes of evil, or crime, he may conceal, even from the inmates of his palace walls.

With regard to the present policy of Russia towards Poland, we will not refer to the thousand proofs of its diabolic nature ; we will barely cite what we know from personal knowledge : The children of many of the exiles are taken by force from their mothers, and educated in Russian military schools, and in all the principles of slavish obedience to the Russian autocrat ; and children, too, of mothers who have ample fortunes.*

Can it enter into the imagination of man, unaided by a demon, to devise a more iniquitous scheme than this ? Yes ! Russians can give a still deeper hue to a deed so dark, and add hypocrisy to guilt, by talking of the protection extended to the deserted infants of Poland !—Aye ! he protects them by tearing them

* Instances of this have not been rare : many have come to our knowledge ; among others, we know of the lady of a Major

shrieking from the arms of their distracted mothers, and educates them in his own doctrines, and in the ranks of his own army.

This measure, if extensively pursued, in co-operation with the transplantation system, may go far to root up and destroy the nationality of Poland ; but it seems to be one so cruel—so infernal in its nature, that it would be almost an impeachment of Providence, to suppose it could long be unpunished. The annals of Christian nations may be searched in vain for an analogously wicked measure ; and it is only to be likened to the method employed by the Osmanlis, to break the stubborn spirit of some of the Albanian Greeks : they caused the eldest son of every family to be taken and circumcised, and educated as a Mahometan, declaring him the heir of the family ; and, thus, in two generations, all the influential men in the district were Turks.

In fact, Russian policy presents many instances of unprincipled tyranny, equalling the Turkish ; with this difference, that Russia is obliged to keep up a good appearance to the rest of Europe. And why should it not be so ; are there not the same inducements, the same facilities for the abuse of despotic power at St. Petersburg, as at Constantinople ? Is there not the

Tyszkiewicz, who, learning that her son was to be taken from her, bribed a peasant woman to exchange children with her ; the Russian commissary took the child of the peasant and placed it in the military school, while the child of the lady passed for that of the peasant woman.

same single will, the same irresponsible, illimitable power, the same temptations, and the same passions ?

Did the dynasty of Romanoff spring from a stock less barbarous than that of Othman ? and if the one has had its Mahomets, has not the other had its Paul's ; has the profession of Christianity made the Czars more christianlike in action, than the Sultan ; and has not the one, and the other, so abused power, that the conferring of it, and the submitting to it, is the *opprobrium generis humanis* ?

But we have insensibly wandered from our subject, which was to give a sketch of the history of Poland in the periods which are least generally known : we find then, on the map of Europe, between the Baltic and the Euxine, and between the Dwina and the Oder, one immense and almost uninterrupted plain, a great part of which formerly composed the misnamed Republic of Poland. We may take the Dwina on the north-east, and the Carpathian mountains on the south-west, for the natural boundaries. Here is a low, flat, and fertile country, called from its evenness, *Pole*, which means a plain. The severity of the climate gives to the inhabitants their hardihood ; its want of the vine has been the probable cause of their intemperate use of ardent spirits. They derive their courage, and their enterprise from their race ; their activity and their love of liberty from the political circumstances, in which their country has been placed during many centuries.

The Poles, as a race, are above the middling size ;

active and athletic, rather than robust ; they are of light clear complexion, entirely different from the German yellow or sandy color ; their carriage is remarkably martial, and their looks frank and open. The women are handsome ; and there is a dignity in their manners, which distinguishes them from the females of the surrounding countries. Both sexes in the higher ranks have an air of command and self-possession, which, with their urbanity, and their external accomplishments, has gained them the title of the French of the North. The upper class in Poland is indeed highly accomplished in every thing that is showy and graceful ; and, though destitute of a solid or useful education, they add brilliancy to every society in which they appear. Many a Polish gentleman, who has no idea of the theory of an *éclipse*, can nevertheless converse as easily and elegantly in French, German, and Russian, as in his native tongue, and can express himself with fluency and correctness in Latin.

The early history of the country is enveloped in obscurity, and disguised by fable ; and it is not until the year 1000, that we find the power of Poland known and respected by her neighbors. Boleslas the Brave, uniting the heretofore dissevered provinces into one, began the career of conquest which his successors followed up, until Poland became one of the leading States of Europe. He was the great feudal head of the country, ruling over powerful, but obedient vassal chiefs, each of whom had his castle, and reigned over his province. The castles of the nobility served

as places of defence for the common people in case of invasion ; and indeed we find that, in many parts, all the cattle were driven by the peasantry every night into the castle of their chief. All the inhabitants were obliged to bear arms, and all were at the beck of their feudal lord. In the earlier ages, all those who were rich enough to keep a horse, and purchase the expensive armor of a cavalier, were called nobles ; and the title descended to such of their posterity as had art enough to impress the people with an idea of their superiority.

There were, at this time, no other serfs or slaves in Poland, than the prisoners taken in war ; nor did these remain long in servitude ; for as soon as they could cultivate waste land enough for their own use, and establish themselves upon it, they became free.

There was at this time a mutual dependence between the noble and the peasant. If the talents and courage of their feudal lord, in leading them against a common enemy, were necessary to the peasantry, and if his castle walls gave them refuge in the hour of danger, and his granaries fed them in the season of famine ; on the other hand, he was as much dependent on them, to fill his ranks and replenish his coffers. The time had not arrived, when the nobles became not only useless, but oppressive to the people. The noble indeed reaped where he had not sown, and his children ate the fatling of the people's flock ; but then, his lance was ever in the rest ; he ever claimed the first place in the battle as at the board, and with

his brave sons about him, he poured out his blood, and their blood, like water, in defence of the firesides of his people.

The nobles were called counts, or, in the language of the country, *castellani*; and they acted also as judges in all causes, civil and criminal; the king reserving to himself the right of pardon, in fact calling himself chief judge. The judges acted as mediators whenever it was possible; yet we find even in this age, that they were sticklers for fees; for when (as often happened even in criminal affairs) the injured party accepted a pecuniary satisfaction from the offender or criminal, the judge claimed his fee, as though the case had come before him. They decided not by written laws or precepts; indeed it is doubtful whether they could always read, for it is positively asserted, that their sentences were not recorded.*

The king judged between the nobles, and between them and the people. The latter often stopped him when riding out, and he always paid immediate attention to the case: he often punished with death and by torture; and always, it seems, in an arbitrary or whimsical manner. Boleslas used to invite persons whom he judged guilty of petty offences to come to the bath with him; and when they were stripped, he ordered them to be lashed.

It was a law, that any land of which the possessor died without heir, might be taken by the first comer; and this was a means used by the nobility for increas-

* Lelevel.

ing their own possessions; for they would not allow any one else to be first comer, always standing ready themselves, and in latter ages putting aside any troublesome claimant in an unceremonious manner.

Christianity was early introduced into Poland, and we find that, in the twelfth century, the prelates began to share with the nobles in the appropriation of this world's goods to themselves. Property had now become fixed and hereditary; and we find the law of inheritance construed as liberally for their own benefit by the nobility and the clergy, in Poland, as it was in all the other parts of Europe. Great privileges were attached to the property which they held in this right: they were not only free from all imposts on contributions; but were exempt from the duty of repairing roads and castles. Besides this, the grandees or nobles soon claimed the privilege of acting as judges between themselves and the people, and discarded all other authority than their own within their possessions.

The natural inclination of man to get power, and increase it when obtained, led to many abuses; and although we do not find the people, in this age, completely *gleba adscripti*, still, in many provinces, they held their lands only at the pleasure of the nobles.

We have thus hastily adverted to the origin of the power of the nobility, on account of the immense influence which it has ever since exercised in the political affairs of Poland, an influence which was destined to prove the ruin of Poland in a future age.

There were then, as there are now, in Poland, two

other classes of men, each more numerous than the nobility, but who had no influence in affairs of state ; viz. the middling interest, as we should name it, composed of the traders, bankers, &c. which, although rich, partook of no power, being regarded with a jealous eye, on account of their recent admission into Poland, and their attachment to the customs of those parts of Germany, from which they had emigrated ; and second, the peasantry, who had now become much more dependent on the nobles, than we saw them in the eleventh century.

The extension, however, of the privileges of the grandees to the whole class of the nobles, united these latter for a time most firmly to the king ; and we shall see that the power and glory of Poland now began to shine with a brilliance, which eclipsed that of all surrounding nations ; and which faded not, until the nobles, by gradual encroachments on the kingly power, at last destroyed it, and brought on that anarchy and confusion, which ended in the partition of Poland, by her wiser and more unprincipled neighbors.

Kasimir, who held the sceptre of Poland from 1333 to 1370, saw his kingdom great, and respected abroad ; and that the only danger was from the rapidly increasing influence of the lesser nobles, who had but lately been called upon by the crown to put down the great oligarchs ; and to check this, he *diminished their privileges, and increased those of the people*. He forbade the nobles inheriting the property of peasants, who should die without heirs ; and he gave to the peasantry the

privilege of selling their own property, and retiring from the lands of the nobles whenever they were badly treated.

Kasimir was succeeded by Louis of Hungary, who was followed by his daughter the beautiful and romantic Hedgewige; she was elected by the Diet from political motives; and there is, in her character, that mixture of feminine affection, with chivalrous valor,—such womanly softness, with such stern patriotism as makes her history extremely interesting; while the result of her actions have had an influence on the affairs of Poland, even to this day. Before her election to the throne, she had conceived a strong affection for an Austrian prince; but she wedded herself indissolubly to the interests of Poland, when she bound her brow with its diadem; and her first act was to lead her army in person against her own countrymen, the Hungarians, whom she quickly drove from Galicia. But she had a severer duty to fulfill in the sacrifice of her young affections; which she made at the call of her nobles, by surrendering her hand to a wild and pagan prince Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania. The union, however, proved to be a happy one for the princess, and an advantageous one for Poland: Jagellon was a high-minded, magnanimous prince, and managed the affairs of the now united crowns of Lithuania and Poland with great ability.

The Teutonic knights, who from humble attendants on the wounded in Palestine, had become the haughty and powerful lords of an immense territory, including

what is now eastern Prussia, made an attempt to seize upon all Lithuania ; but Jagellon opposed to their forces an army of Poles, and took the more important step of calling the two nations together in a general Diet, in 1413 ; and there conceding to the *boyars* or native nobility of Lithuania, all the rights and privileges of the Polish nobility. This wise measure armed them, heart and hand, against the knights, who were not only defeated in their attempts upon Lithuania, but lost all Samogitia.

The keen vision of the first Jagellon saw that the power, and the safety even of Poland and Lithuania, depended on their firm union ; (a maxim which is as true to day, as it was in the fifteenth century ;) and he was exceedingly anxious to act by it. The steps which he took for this purpose, as well as the important bulwark of the people's rights, which he erected in his famous law, *neminem captivabimus nisi jure victum, aut in crimine deprehensum* ; render his memory dear to Poland.

The civilization of Poland rapidly advanced during the fifteenth century, keeping pace with her increase in power and extent ; the latter had become so great, that the Jagellons reigned over nearly twenty millions of subjects. The Diets became more frequent ; and we find now an organized senate composed of the higher nobles, which constituted the council of the king, *and without whose consent he could not declare war, or make peace.*

Until this period, the Diets had been summoned in

the name, and by the will of the king; but now, a new system was adopted; every district sent two deputies to attend the Diet; they were not to vote as their own opinions directed them, but were obliged to be guided entirely by the instructions they had received from their constituents, the *dietines*.

They were obliged, too, to render an account of their mission; and these two conditions, as the historian Lelevel correctly observes, implied the assembling of minor Diets; one for giving the instructions, and the other for the formation of a Diet, or committee of correspondence, which watched the proceedings of the great Diet, and received the report of their representatives; '*L'omnipotence parlementaire fut ainsi placée dans la masse des citoyens.*'

It is true the *mass of citizens* here means, in effect, the numerous nobility; but calculating them as high as 200,000, it is a much more efficient representation than France had but a few months ago with her 80,000 electors.

The sixteenth century saw Poland in all her prosperity and glory; her territory immense in extent, her commerce flourishing, and her influence felt all over Europe. The Turks ceded to her the sovereignty of Moldavia, and the commerce of the Black Sea, and the Teutonic knights, then masters of Prussia, did homage to her for their possessions. But the seeds of evil had taken root; and the power of the nobility had become so great, that King Augustus dying, 1592, without an heir in the direct line, they seized the oppor-

tunity of themselves electing a successor to the throne, which had been hereditary in the family of the Jagellons. A Diet of election was summoned at Warsaw; and on the immense plain, beyond the city, was held an imposing assembly, which no building could have contained.

The field was filled with nobles on horseback, accompanied by their body-guards, armed cap-à-piè, and prepared to argue with the tongue or the sword. There, amid the trampling and neighing of thousands of horse, the rattling of armor, and the clang of bugles, was to be discussed the claims of each suitor for the throne. A magnificent tent, erected in the centre, was occupied by the Senate, attended by the ambassadors from every potentate of Europe. The nobles formed an immense circle around this centre; and when the Senate had discussed the pretensions and claims of all the candidates, and for the crown, each senator repaired to the nobles of his province, and communicated the names of the prominent candidates. Then one of the bishops, going around the circle, collected the votes; the majority of which appeared in favor of Henry, Duke of Anjou.

The nobles had improved this interregnum to the utmost, and it was resolved that certain conditions, forming the celebrated *pacta conventa*, should be presented to every king on his election; and to which he should be obliged to swear. A permanent council was given him; he was obliged to summon the Diet at least once in two years. He could not name his suc-

cessor ; he could not marry without the consent of his council ; he could neither declare war, nor treat with foreign powers ; and his violation of any of these articles, it was declared that every Pole was released from the obligation of his oath of allegiance.

The Diet of Poland was at this period perhaps the most brilliant theatre of hardy eloquence to be found in Europe : ‘ This tribune of the north,’ says a French historian, ‘ resounded with bold harangues, flashing with fire, and sparkling with brilliant and noble thoughts.’ The diminished power of the misnamed king is to be seen in every act of the Diet. On one occasion, Sigismond, a wary but able prince, so far lost his self-command as to try to silence opposition by crying ‘ enough, enough ; I demand submission and obedience,’ when up sprang a young noble, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, ‘ have you forgotten, then, what kind of men you command ? ‘ Know that we are Poles,—we are men who would be as proud of overthrowing a king who tramples on the laws, as we are to honor one who observes them. ‘ Beware ! lest by breaking your oath you cancel ours ! ‘ The king, your father, listened to our opinion ; and ‘ it will be our care so to act, that in future you may conform to the will of a republic, of which *you are only the first citizen.*’

To add to the ills caused by the Diet, the members deliberated, with their sabres by their sides ; and they too often resorted to them when other arguments failed.

The extravagant thirst of the nobles for power was never more fully shown than in the establishment of the famous *veto* ; a power by which any one member of the Diet could arrest or annul all proceedings by his single disapproval. It required, indeed, a bold spirit, to stand forth alone amid that fiery host of armed nobles, and to throw one's self across their headlong path ; for when nine tenths of the assembly were impatient for the passing of a measure, and found themselves suddenly thwarted by the obstinacy, or wickedness, or patriotism of a single member ; they were strongly tempted, in their rage, to sweep him, and his veto from their path. There always were, however, in that country, men whose iron nerve flinched not from the sabre's edge ; and it has happened, that such have sealed their veto with their blood ; others, however, prepared to escape the storm which they saw they should raise, and we sometimes find that a nuncio, before uttering his veto, would first edge himself close to the door, and gather up his pelisse, then crying with a loud voice, '*Nie pozwalam,*' '*I consent not,*' he would run for his life.

Meantime the power of Poland was great and respected ; we find that the Ukraine was subjected to her sway, and that she carried her triumphant arms to the very heart of the Russian empire, and shook its just expanding power with a force that nearly crushed it. The arms of the republic had triumphed over Sweden ; the Turks were crushed, and their horse-tails driven back toward Asia ; when, to crown the glory of

Poland, the illustrious Zolkiewski with his hardy followers, marched boldly into the heart of Russia, took the city of Moscow, and put an end at once to the campaign, and the civil wars in that country. The Russians, of their own accord, chose the son of the king of Poland for their Czar, and Zolkiewski coming back in triumph, laid before the Diet an account of his expedition, and presented to it his illustrious prisoner, the deposed Czar of the Russias. Here was one of those 'tides in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood,' may lead to immense consequences; there was every apparent facility for uniting the Russian and the Polish nations under one strong and permanent government.

But a sterile glory was the only result of these brilliant successes; the tree presented, indeed, a gorgeous and rank vegetation, it spread out its vast branches seemingly strong and vigorous, while all was hollow and rotten at the core; and we shall see it as rapidly shrivelling up and decaying during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as it had spread and grown in the preceding one.

Lelevel correctly calls this period that of the *democracie nobilitaire*; the kings were chosen by the nobility from among the different royal families of Europe; a great number of candidates presented themselves every time the throne became vacant, and supported their claims by intrigue, by money, and often by arms; and even when the poor puppet was placed in his seat, his every action was liable to excite

a civil war. Thus we find that when Sigismond, in 1605, exercised resolution enough to marry the woman of his choice, the sister of his first wife, an hundred thousand nobles mounted their steeds, and drew their swords and took to the field ; and sixty thousand of them signed the convention at Sandomir, pledging themselves to dethrone him.

This served as a precedent for those conventions of the nobles which have so distracted Poland ever since ; and of which, an English historian has well observed, ‘ that they were conspiracies ; but instead of being ‘ conducted secretly, as in other countries, they were ‘ published from the conception of them.’ This difference arises from the character of the Poles, and the institutions of the country ; for when a noble supposed the acts of the king to be prejudicial to the general good, or the good of his order, or to his own interest, he went not about plotting treason, but he mounted his horse, and summoned his vassals, and, riding through the forest to the castles of his brother nobles, he ascertained whether they were of his mind, and if they were, then they openly and boldly drew the sword, and called on all of their order to join them. There was no internal police to prevent this movement ; no standing army cantoned in every town and every village to check it, as is now the case in the improved despotisms of Europe.

The condition of the peasantry had become such as to make the nobles still more independent of the crown ; these were not to be sure exactly slaves ; the

noble had no right to kill them, nor to sell them ; but he could prevent their leaving his land, and could convey them away like his cattle to any purchaser of his estates. The landlord could inflict common punishment, and the peasant could appeal for justice only in extraordinary cases : they had the right, however, to transmit their lands and goods to their children ; nor could the tax paid to the noble, or the number of days work he was entitled to, ever be augmented.

The election of kings from foreign royal families, paved the way for the complete ruin of the independence of Poland. Sometimes he was a man who knew nothing of the language or the manners of the people ; and he was always used for supporting that fatal interest, which foreign states began to claim the right to take in the internal affairs of the country.

Another and equally fatal influence was at work in Poland, causing civil wars, and calling in foreign influence, viz. that of the Jesuits ; to whose councils some of the monarchs were completely subservient ; and who were continually embroiled by them in war with some class of their subjects. Among these was Jean Kasimir, the last of that dynasty of the Jagellons, so dear to Poland, who sat upon her throne. He was a valiant, patriotic, and virtuous prince ; but his religious bigotry caused him so many struggles with his patriotic valor, that he resolved to resign a crown which was to him one of thorns.

The following Diet, still affected by the parting and the loss of the direct line of the Jagellons, or-

dained that in future, *no king should be allowed to abdicate*. They refused to put the Duc d' Eugheim of France on the tickets for election ; for even then, Poland was the scene of the intrigues of foreign powers, and they were disgusted with the conduct of the French party. They suddenly and unexpectedly pitched upon Michael, a young noble of the Ukraine, who had indeed the blood of the Jagellons in his veins, but whose possessions were so overrun by the Cossacks, that he was living in poverty. Great must have been his astonishment while contriving how, with his beggarly revenues, he could get attendants enough to follow him to the Diet, to find he was elected to that throne, for which princes and nobles were basely intriguing, and lavishing millions of money.

At the death of Michael, the crown of Poland became again, as usual, the prize for which a crowd of princes, and great or rich nobles, rushed forward in the race of intrigue, corruption, and magnificent display ; but virtue had not yet gone out of the land, and that gallant soldier, the terror of the Turks, the buckler of Christianity, John Sobieski, was almost unanimously elected king. He would not, however, put off his helmet long enough to be crowned ; but, with his sceptre in one hand, and his sabre in the other, he led on his gallant Poles against the Mussulmen, who were then almost in the heart of Europe. The world knows how he saved Vienna, and rolled back the flood of barbarian invasion that might have

quenched the light of Christianity ; it knows too, how Austria has repaid her debt of gratitude to Poland.

The origin of the late revolutionary movements must of course be sought in that extraordinary transaction,—on many accounts perhaps the most remarkable in the whole course of modern history,—*the partition of Poland*.

It was towards the middle of the last century that a knowledge of the real causes of the troubles, which had so long distracted the kingdom, began to be diffused among men of education, and that many patriots set themselves seriously about the work of regeneration. They attempted to break the power of the two hundred thousand nobles, who constituted the government ; to divide this power between the nobles, the king, and the people ; to abolish the fatal *liberum veto* ; and to put an end to confederations, and the *pacta conventa*. But they were too late : Russia, Austria and Prussia had already marked Poland for their prey, and resolved to prevent any remedy being applied to the evils, which were rapidly bringing her within their grasp. A lawless and violent interference had already taken place ; for when the Diet, in 1733, had elected the virtuous and unfortunate Leszczyński to the throne, Russia declared that he should not remain upon it. He had married the daughter of Louis XV. of France ; and Russia feared the introduction of French influence in Poland. The usual intrigues were set on foot ; a few unprincipled nobles and venal bishops were invited to confederate, to protest against the election of Lesz-

czynski, to proclaim Augustus III., a Saxon Prince, and to call in the Russian army to support them. They did so ; and the Russians, who were standing tip-toe on the frontier, swept over the country, forced Leszczynski to fly, and established Augustus.

The next election was managed in the same way ; but stern and devoted patriots were found at the Diet, who, hoping that the ill-omened *veto* might for once at least be useful to their country, boldly threw themselves forward, and, by their disapproval, rendered null the proposals. The Marshal, or Speaker of the Diet, dissolved it by his own authority. But the *veto* seemed a spirit hanging over Poland for evil only, and not for good : the Russian party disregarded it ; they caused a commission to be formed of the factious nobles ; and, calling it the government, they caused several dreadful blows to be given to the interests of Poland ; the elector of Brandenburg was recognized as king of Prussia, and the Czar of Moscow as emperor of all the Russias.

But the more darkly the clouds lowered over Poland, the more numerous and energetic did her true patriots appear. It was resolved to place a real Pole upon the throne ; and at the next election they chose Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski for their king. It is true that he was sustained both by Russia and Prussia, and that he had been one of the favorites of the Empress Catherine ; but it was hoped that his patriotism would revive. It did so, indeed, for a time ; that weak-minded prince seemed to set himself seriously to

work to prop the falling fortunes of Poland. He proposed and effected a reform of the *liberum veto*, applying it only to certain political questions; a system of duties was established for goods imported, there having been none exacted before but by individual nobles on the frontier; a corps of cadets was formed at Warsaw, and many other useful steps were taken, before Russia was startled by the defection of her *protégé*. At the opening of the Diet of 1766, the king proposed to abolish the *liberum veto* entirely; and to increase the revenues, and consequently the power of the throne. But Russia was there; and her ambassador had the audacity to declare, that his mistress never would consent to such measures. By the influence of Czartoryski and some others of the high nobility, the confederation of the Diet was dissolved; consequently the *liberum veto* came into force, and with it came anarchy. The confederation of the Diet has been misunderstood, and generally confounded with non-official confederations, which were entirely different. When the Diet was summoned for the purpose of any public exigency, it could *confederate itself* by unanimous consent; and when so *confederated*, the power of the veto was lost, and all questions were decided by a majority of voices.

There was then no hope for the patriots but in open resistance; the king had begged pardon of Russia for his momentary patriotism; they abandoned him, and formed the celebrated *confederation of Bar*, so named, because it was at the village of Bar that many

of the most illustrious and most devoted patriots of Poland leagued together, and swore to redeem their country before she had become entirely a prey to her rapacious neighbors. It was necessary for the confederates to make some appeal, which would come home to the hearts of the lower classes ; and it was that of the restoration of their ancient religion, and the exclusion of protestant influence in the Government : hence this confederation has been stigmatized as an association of bigots, animated only by religious fury. Never was a calumny more completely refuted by the result ; the patriots in every part of Poland answered enthusiastically to the call of the confederates of Bar, and a desperate struggle ensued with the armies of Russia, which marched into Poland, and acted with Poniatowski and his few troops. The confederation was supported by Turkey, who marched upon Russia on one side ; and by France, whose cabinet, under the guidance of the able Choiseul, saw the necessity of checking the power of Russia. Thus encouraged from without, and supported by the enthusiasm of the people, success seemed crowning the confederates. They declared the throne vacant, and were beating back the Russians, step by step, when Turkey was forced to a peace ; the Choiseul ministry fell into disgrace in France ; several of the leading chiefs of the confederation died or were slain ; and the Austrian army on one side, and the Prussian on the other, entered the territories of Poland. There was now but one resource left for the confederates ; by a bold stroke

they seized upon the person of the king, and attempted to induce him to head the national party ; but he basely deserted them in the night, and fled to the Russians. These devoted men, after protesting solemnly against this invasion of their soil by foreign nations, were obliged to disperse ; and the invading powers proceeded to the first partition of Poland.

Then it was that the miserable Poniatowski saw the abyss into which he had plunged his country, and rallied courage enough to issue his solemn protest against the partition.

He was obliged, however, by the ministers of the three powers to convoke a Diet ; ‘ that memorable Diet of 1773, which displayed such a struggle between vice and virtue, between patriotism and treason.’ Then there went up to Warsaw, from the provinces of Poland, nobles who forgot all their own interests, all their own passions, resolved to sacrifice every thing on the altar of patriotism. Many a young man, as he mounted his horse and sallied out, surrounded by his chosen followers, from those turreted walls where his ancestors had held feudal sway for ages, heard the blessing of his father, mingled with words like those of the aged Korsak to his son : ‘ Adieu, my brave boy,’ said he, ‘ I send with you to Warsaw my oldest and most faithful servants, and I pray God they may bring you back a corpse, rather than come with the news that you have not withstood with all your might whatever may be proposed, that is disadvantageous to your country.’*

* *Tableau de la Pologne*, p. 107.

And bravely and obstinately did Korsak, and Zarembo, and Tymoski, and many others, struggle for the liberties of Poland; but what could they do against intrigue, and treason, and brute force? No one can have forgotten how their legal resistance was overcome by violence; how armed soldiers were placed in the hall of deliberation; how Reyten, the Cato of Poland, in defiance of danger, and in a state of exhaustion, continued to occupy his post, and to protest from the tribune; or how, to get rid of him, the Diet was held without the hall; and how he lay thirty-six hours in a state of insensibility, ere he was removed from the place on which he had fallen, and where he had so long struggled for the independence of his country. His firmness was such, that a Prussian general who was present could not but grasp his hand, and cry with enthusiasm, *optime vir, gratulor tibi: optime rem tuam egisti.*

Such was the enthusiastic patriotism of Reyten, that his heart was broken, and his brain was turned, when he found that all his efforts were useless; he went raving mad, and seizing in his frenzy a drinking glass, he crushed it with his teeth, swallowed the fragments, and died with the name of Poland on his lips.

After such a violent struggle, what remained of Poland sunk into the quiet of exhaustion for some time; but this quiet was political and physical, not moral; for we find that an immense advance was made in the education of the people, and in the dissemination of rational ideas of liberty. Each Diet enacted wise

and prudent laws, conformable to the spirit of the age ; and in 1791 was issued that excellent constitution, which seemed to guaranty to Poland, shorn as she was of territory, a long, peaceable, and happy political existence, as a second rate power. The *liberum veto* and the confederacies were abolished ; the middling class were admitted to a participation of power, and measures were taken for the education of the peasantry. The throne was made hereditary in the house of Saxony ; and a tenth of the revenues was voted to the government, with an authorization to augment the army to one hundred thousand men. Complete religious toleration was proclaimed ; the peasantry were freed from the odious condition which bound them to the land which they cultivated ; the burgesses or middling class, were permitted to buy the lands of the nobility, and every foreigner entering Poland was declared to be a freeman. In fine, it was a constitution of which Burke said, 'it benefits all classes and injures none ;' and of which Kant added, '*nisi scirem opus humanum esse, divinum crederim.*'

Political circumstances prevented any union of Russia and Prussia at that moment ; and indeed the latter charged her ambassador to congratulate Poland on her happy and wise revolution, which had given her such an excellent constitution.

Let it be observed that this revolution was entirely in favor of monarchical institutions, and destructive of the democratic power. How false, then, how absurd the hypocrisy of the three governments, which asserted

that their interference in the affairs of Poland was necessary, to prevent the propagation of French jacobinical principles! The manner of the adoption of this constitution spoke volumes for Poland; for the Diet, having voted it first by acclamation, again reconsidered and approved it, and then submitted it to the electoral bodies, in every part of Poland, by which it was every where accepted with enthusiasm.

But the three powerful nations who surrounded her had already planned a second partition; and measures were already taken by them to put it into execution.

There has been but one voice among men on the subject of the partition of Poland;—it has been that of loud, and decided condemnation; but their opinions respecting the cause have been various; and although the generally received one, that territorial acquisition was the principal motive, has much apparent reason, there were doubtless other powerful ones in action. We would fain not think so meanly of human nature, as to suppose that Maria Theresa, hypocrite as she was, could have been actuated merely by cupidity, or that this motive alone should have induced the king of Prussia to violate the treaties on which his signature was hardly yet dry, and break the word of honor which had just escaped his lips; nor was it the interest of Russia, to risk the unity of her empire and the *homogeneity* of her people, for the mere acquisition of acres, of which she had millions on millions to spare. It is apparent, in fact, from the correspondence of Catherine, that her eagle eye saw into futurity; and

that she wished to put far off the evil day, which she felt must come to institutions like hers. She saw that Poland was so rapidly improving in her political institutions, that they would very soon present a dangerous contrast with those of Russia ; and that the increasing civilization and liberality of Poland must make her the friend and ally of France, in case of war. Catherine saw too, the spread of constitutional principles in the South, and she resolved, if possible, to league the North against it. Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and perhaps England, were to form a coalition, of which Russia was to be the real head, against the liberties of the South and West of Europe.

There is every reason to suppose, that Prussia and Austria at times sincerely disapproved of the plan of the partition, which Catherine conceived, and so steadily persevered in. They had and have, an instinctive dread of the preponderance of Russia ; and as often as they have been parties to measures that increased it, it has been from some momentary urgency, or some extraordinary temptation : and even as lately as the Congress of Vienna, this feeling acted strongly in favor of Poland. The allied powers would never have signed the treaty which Russia held out to them, had not the news of the landing of Napoleon from Elba, come like a thunderbolt among them, and made them hastily gather up their parchments, to handle their swords.

The second partition of Poland, in 1793, was effected by the same fraud and force as the first ; the much talked of confederation at Targowice, of Polish nobles,

was a mere pretence to cover the entry of the Russian troops ; and their efforts, being seconded by Stanislaus, were soon successful. The Russians, acting apparently under the directions of the Targowician nobles, proceeded to call a Diet at Grodno, composed as much as possible of men without courage or principle ; they there proposed the partition, but were unable, even by introducing armed soldiers into the hall, to keep down the indignant protestations of many of the members.

These, however, were of little avail ; the partition was made. Prussia took Dantzic and Thorn ; Russia seized upon half of Volhynia and Lithuania ; and the act was published, with a solemn guaranty to Poland of the inviolability of the rest of her territory. The mask was now torn off. Poland saw, in all their deformity, her spoilers who had come in the name of allies, and, with a general cry of indignation, she flew to arms. The result of that struggle is known.

But though the name of the kingdom was erased from the map of Europe, the features of the country were not changed ; the inhabitants continued to be, and to feel that they were Poles, and every revolving year has but added to the desire of national emancipation, and consequently to the weight of oppression which has kept it down. If we except a part of the Prussian spoil, no other change has been effected in Poland, than in the form of the political institutions, and the persons who administer them ; and we have seen that discontent and revolt have been continually attesting the presence and

pressure of that nationality, which makes a people prefer independence with less physical well-being, to prosperity under a foreign yoke. Poland has never consented to her political annihilation. On the contrary, her solemn protestations, her bloody struggles, and her renewed revolts at every glimmer of hope, have freed her from any possibility of the charge of falsehood or treachery, should she at any time rise upon her oppressors with the dagger of the midnight conspirator.

From the last partition of Poland, until the recent fall of Warsaw, her history is one loud protest against the wrongs done to her; and the violent measures taken to ensure the tame endurance of the yoke were as ineffectual, as the one now in operation to ensure the future tranquillity of the country. After the fall of Kosciuszko and the blight of Poland's hopes, there went forth from her soil, thousands and tens of thousands of her patriotic sons: some were dragged to Siberia; some were shut up in the fortresses of Prussia and Austria, while others went voluntary exiles to France, to Sweden, and to Turkey. But while the cities of Poland were kept quiet by the cannon with its ever-lighted match, and the villages were the *bivouacs* of the cavalry and infantry from Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the exiled children of Poland forgot not their country, but eagerly enlisted in the service of France, and fought in freedom's foremost rank, hoping to extend her sway to their own benighted land. The Polish legions under Dombrowski, amounting to several thousand men, covered themselves with glory; and, by a singular turn of fortune, these homeless

wanderers entered in triumph the walls of imperial Rome, once the mistress of the world,—then the head quarters of a victorious band of exiled patriots.

Dombrowski concluded an arrangement, by which he agreed to give the service of his fellow-soldiers to the new Italian republic. They were to receive the pay and privileges of the Italians; they continued to wear their own costume, to command in their own language, and assumed the tri-colored cockade.

The ultimate object of the Polish patriots was to keep up the spirits of their countrymen, and to have an armed representation of Poland, as there was a diplomatic one at Paris, semi-officially recognized by the French government. When Dombrowski and his fellow-exiles had made this arrangement, he issued proclamations, and sent them to Poland, calling on his countrymen to rally round the banner of freedom, the only banner under which they could hope to do aught for Poland. It was a magnificent thought,—an heroic undertaking, worthy of the great mind of Dombrowski,—that of eventually freeing his own country, by establishing freedom all over Europe; and fully did his countrymen appreciate his motives, and nobly did they answer his call; for within a month after he had issued his proclamation, nearly two thousand of them joined his banner.

‘It was then that thousands of patriots abandoned at his call their families, and their firesides; the rich forgot their riches, the young their pleasures; and the women, forgetful of their dependence, exhorted their

‘brothers, their husbands, and their sons to take up arms for their country. In defiance of the confiscation of their goods, braving even the risk of death upon the scaffold, the Poles were seen thronging every road that led to Italy, to join the banner of their nation. The traveller met them every where, from the Borysthènes to the Appenines, pennyless indeed, and ignorant of the language of the country they were traversing, yet hastening on, full of enthusiasm, where the cause of their country called them.’ ‘Those who had been forcibly enrolled in the Austrian army abandoned their ranks and joined Dombrowski, who soon found himself in sufficient force to attempt to penetrate through Lusatia and Hungary into Poland, and there display the old banner of independence.’—*Tableau de la Pologne*, vol. II. p. 144.

This bold plan of Dombrowski was as well grounded as it was hardily conceived. Galicia was, is, and long will be ready to rise upon the Austrians, the moment any rational prospect is held out of the recovery of her ancient liberties. Hungary, ever discontented,—ever influenced by undefined, yet instinctive longings for independence,—would have favored his march, and probably have done more to assist him, as she did Poland in her last struggle, by the hearty coöperation of many of her sons. The state of Europe seemed to favor the idea. France was ready to march toward Poland; Napoleon and the Directory encouraged the plan, and it was ripe for execution, when the treaty of Leoben, establishing the peace, rendered it impracticable. Na-

poleon, doubtless favorable in his heart to Poland, could only say to Dombrowski, in answer to his prayers for his country, that 'the wishes of every friend of liberty and the rights of man must be in favor of the brave Poles ; but it was only *time and the progress of events*, that could re-establish them in their independence.' An opinion given with his usual sagacity and foresight, and which is as true now, as when he pronounced it.

The Polish legions in Italy were however still in the front of every battle, and exposed to every hardship ; in the dreadful fight at Trebbia, where less than four thousand of them were engaged, one thousand were killed on the field, and a proportional number wounded. The dying lamentation of the brave General Rymkiewicz, as he lay on the field, weltering in his gore, 'Why—oh ! why was it not my lot to pour out my blood on the bosom of my mother country ?' was doubtless the prayer of many an exiled soldier of Poland, as he breathed his last on the soil of the stranger, and in the stranger's cause.

'At this period the soldier of Poland braved death 'with the more eagerness, the more fury, that he had 'before him the two sworn enemies of his country ; that 'he fought against the same Survaroff, and the same 'Russians, who had stained their hands with the horrible carnage of Praga. To avenge on their murderers 'the death of their brethren, and to crush the united 'troops of the tyrants of their country, were the great 'objects of the Polish legions.' *

* Histoire des Legions Polonaises en Italie.

But these corps of exiled patriots were almost entirely annihilated little by little; other legions were formed, called those of the Danube, and it was intended that they should have penetrated into Poland; but this was always prevented by some political arrangement between France and her enemies, in which Poland was never remembered.

These legions, too, suffered very severely; but Poland had wanderers enough to supply the places of such as perished, and we find that, on Napoleon's calling them together in 1801, they mustered fifteen thousand strong. The conduct of the Polish legions in the French service forms an affecting episode in the history of Poland. If they watered in vain with their blood every battle-field of Europe, and in vain left their bones to bleach on the shores of Italy, Spain, and St. Domingo, at least they added one more to the thousand proofs of the devoted patriotism and strongly marked nationality, which distinguish their countrymen. For they were not all necessarily exiles; Prussia, at least, used every means, to induce the Poles to remain content upon her soil; and provided only they would cease to be Poles, and act as Germans, they were protected and encouraged. But their attachment to the independence of their country made them neglect every personal consideration; and on this feeling, still existing in the mind of almost every Pole, is founded the hope that they will recover the rank and the rights of their nation.

The re-appearance of Poland upon the political

arena in 1807, and the rapid improvement that was perceptible in her moral and intellectual condition, as seen in her political institutions, were proofs enough, if any were wanting, of the continuance of her *nationality*: but there were still more important indications manifested. It soon appeared that Galicia had lost none of her attachment to the cause of Poland, and that its inhabitants still regarded her as their mother country; and also that Lithuania cherished the same feeling, and wished only for an opportunity of combining with her against the common enemy. Poland fell, indeed, with the fall of Napoleon; but it was not without hesitation and misgivings on the part of the Allies, that they renounced the opportunity of raising a barrier against Russia, by recalling Poland to political life. England and Austria were strenuous opposers of the plans of Russia, and would have resisted them. Had Napoleon allowed them time, they might have succeeded.

The Congress of Vienna proclaimed the kingdom of Poland, and guarantied to it many valuable privileges; and while acting under the wholesome influence of fear, the Allies promised to her, as they did to Germany, the enjoyment of a constitutional government with equal representation, of the liberty of the press, and of education. Nor is there any doubt, that the Allies sincerely intended to do what they promised; or that the solemn assurances which Alexander gave to the Poles, of his intentions in favor of their country, were made in good faith; because, in both

cases, the parties making the promises saw no probability of their ever being able to break them. '*Have confidence in me,*' said Alexander, '*in my principles, in my character, and your hopes will not be deceived ; you will see how dear to me are the interests of Poland ; as to forms, the most liberal are those which I have always preferred !*' But the Congress of Carlsbad retracted the promises, and violated the pledges given at Vienna ; and it is from that epoch, that the reign of despotism began in Poland, and that every chartered right was trampled down. We shall not allude, however, to the numerous acts by which Russia violated her solemn promises to Poland, and thereby freed the Poles from their obligations to keep the peace. Let him who has any doubts on the subject, examine the state of the kingdom of Poland, even before the death of Alexander ; let him compare the spirit of his promises made in 1815, with the decree of the 14th September, 1824, in which he condemned to perpetual banishment all those who attempted to spread the doctrine of '*l'insensée nationalité Polonaise dans les provinces de la Pologne Russe !*'

Poland had so long been the sport of fortune, the blossom of her hopes had so often been ripened into fruit full of ashes and bitterness, that the arrangement of 1815, by which liberty and *nationality* were solemnly guarantied to four millions of her people, was pleasing to every patriot. The venerable Kosciuszko, who was then living in Paris, wrote to Alexander, that if these conditions should be fulfilled, ' he would come

among the first to throw himself at his majesty's feet, to thank him, and render him homage as his sovereign.' This was then the general feeling ; but so lawless had been the despotic sway of the Russians, especially since 1825, that it was changed to one of indignation, and stern resolve to throw off the yoke at all hazards.

There was in Poland one wide-spreading, deep-seated detestation of Russian sway, arising principally from its abuses, and not from any hatred to the Russians as a nation ; this feeling enters not the minds of the Poles, descended as they are from the same race, and partaking, as they do, more of the habits and customs of Russia, than of the rest of Europe ;* nor did it arise from commercial or agricultural distress, or from financial impositions.

It cannot be denied, that during the Russian administration in Poland, many important improvements were effected ; nor that the physical, commercial, and agricultural state of the country was prosperous. But the Poles had higher motives than mere pecuniary advantages ; they saw that the national character, the national existence of their country, were to be obliterated ; and that patriotism, which animates even their rude serfs, bade them prefer to live poor, rather than not live Poles. We

* In their late manifesto or declaration of independence, the Poles said, ' We have been influenced by no hatred against Russia, whose race and our own have a common origin. There was a time when we consoled ourselves for the loss of our independence in the reflection, that though an union under the same sceptre might be injurious to our particular interest, it would be the means of extending to a population of forty millions, the enjoyment of free institutions.

repeat it, the great incentive to the late struggle, the incentive which still exists, and must continue to exist, was the determination of the people to preserve their national existence, and not the immediate pressure of physical or political distress : a principle which may clearly be seen operating in every movement of Poland for the last forty years ; a principle, on which she founds her hopes of future independence.

We shall now hastily glance at the leading characteristics of the late struggle. They prove, not so much the talents of Polish generals, or the courage of Polish soldiers, for these have passed into a proverb ; as the extent to which the people of Poland have preserved those feelings which constitute a nation, *de facto*, whether it be independent, or in bondage. The leading points to which we propose to invite the reader's attention, are briefly these :—

1. The revolt, though sudden, had been foreseen by the Poles as inevitable ; and though it burst forth before it was fully matured, more than four millions, who were burning with impatience for its appearance, hailed it with rapture ; and nearly ten millions would have been roused to action, had it eventually triumphed.

2. The cause was lost by the credulity and political inability of the chiefs, and by the dishonorable and unjustifiable interference of foreign powers, *rather than crushed by the battalions of Russia.*

3. *There is still a hope left for Poland,—there is yet a probability, that she may one day hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

1. That the revolt was foreseen, and that preparations had been making for it during several years, is evident from the internal politics of Poland; from the open secession of every man of patriotism from the Russian party; from the courageous efforts to maintain the constitution; and from the formation of patriotic societies, with the avowed purpose of restoring the independence of Poland. The words of the illustrious Dombrowski, when near his end, appear to have caused the first associations. The veteran had conceived some hopes from the fair promises of Alexander; but he had buried them, and was mourning over their loss. In 1818, when he said to the war-worn veterans who composed his household, 'Is it not possible to kindle a flame from the hidden fire which burns in the bosom of every patriot? Can we not arouse our countrymen to a sense that, to become independent and powerful as their ancestors, they have only to be confident in themselves, to unite and to assert their independence?' The society of *franc-maçonnerie nationale*, and the *Société des Faucheurs* were formed immediately afterwards, and had extensive ramifications; still more had been done by the *Société patriotique nationale*, the object of which was to defend the liberty and nationality of Poland, and to reunite in one body those portions of it which are divided among foreign governments.

In 1821, we find the Russians actively engaged in putting down the secret societies; and in 1825, notwithstanding the denial of Polish writers, it is evident that the patriotic associations were affiliated with the con-

spirators in Russia ; and that, from Petersburg to Warsaw, there was a secret chord which, if struck at one end, would vibrate to the other. That conspiracy, so extensive in its ramifications, and numbering, as it did, so many officers of the Russian army among its members, shows how precarious must be at this day the seat of a despot, whose dominions are accessible to the light of reason ; for, at the very fountain-head of absolute power, and among the satellites of despotism, was formed an extensive plan for its overthrow, and the establishment of a republic.

The secret *patriotic society* not only extended its influence through the kingdom of Poland and Lithuania, but had numerous members in Volhynia, Podolia, and even in the Ukraine ;—old provinces of Poland, which were supposed to have lost all attachment to her. The oath of initiation ran thus :—

‘ I swear, before my God and my country, and I
‘ pledge my sacred honor, that I will exert all my
‘ powers for the re-establishment of my beloved native
‘ land ; and that, if necessary, I will sacrifice for her
‘ independence, my fortune and my life. Reckless of
‘ personal consequences, I will spare not the blood
‘ either of a traitor, or of any one who shall be in action
‘ against the good of my country. If I violate these
‘ engagements, may the death of a dog and a traitor be
‘ my lot ! may my name pass accursed, from mouth
‘ to mouth, till the latest posterity, and may my body
‘ be abandoned to the beasts of the forest !—I call on
‘ God to witness my sincerity, and strengthen my reso-

‘lutions. Illustrious shades of Zolkiewski, Czarniecki, Poniatowski, and Kosciuszko, inspire me with your sentiments, and watch over my actions!’

Such was the oath of the patriots of Poland, who were obliged to meet at midnight, and to skulk through the streets to the place of rendezvous, disguised as peasants, or Jews, or laborers, in order to escape the argus eyes of the Russian police; whose oath of office may here be placed side by side with the one just quoted. It ran thus:—

‘I swear by the Almighty, in Trinity one and indivisible, by the holy Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, before all the saints, and particularly my patron saint, that I will fulfil this public service with all zeal, and in the strict observance of all the articles of instruction which shall be read or committed to me. I swear that I will at the same time observe the most profound secresy about that which shall be confided or commanded by the royal authority; that I will reveal nothing of it to my relations, nor to other individuals of the police, nor to the heads of the police.

‘In case I should be removed from the police, or from my present section, I swear never to reveal to any one that which shall have been confided to me by my chiefs, or my government; *and above all, I swear never to disclose to any one that this oath exists, nor that I have taken one.*’

Lithuania, too, had her patriotic societies, formed with the express view of throwing off the Russian

yoke. That of the *Rayonnans*, planned by the heroic Zan, and that of the *Philaretas*, both formed at Wilna, had an immense effect in spreading the flame of patriotism through Russian Poland; from all the provinces of which, the young nobles and sons of Polish gentlemen resorted to the then flourishing university; where some of the professors' chairs, in spite of Russian influence, were filled by such men as Joachim Lelewel, 'the idol of the Lithuanians, and one of those who have most adorned science and imagination by a happy application of them in their writings, and their eloquent lectures.'

Let it be recollected, that these associations or conspiracies were formed before the death of Alexander, on whose natural goodness of heart, and decided partiality for individual Poles, many patriots fondly counted; that the accession of Nicholas, and the atrocious administration of Constantine, shut out every hope of the regeneration of Poland by any means but the edge of the sword; that thousands and tens of thousands of Poles had imbibed the most liberal sentiments during their sojourn in France and Italy; and that a vast diffusion of knowledge had taken place all over the country, giving a good tendency to the never-failing patriotism of the nation. In fine, let it be recollected, that Nicholas was driven by fear to grant the assembling of the Diet in 1830; that the utmost efforts of the Russians were unable to prevent the election of many known patriots, and that, though the Emperor came to Warsaw in person to open the assembly, he

could not awe the opposition, or prevent it from preparing the impeachment of the ministers, for numerous violations of the charter. So liberal and so national a Diet was too dangerous to be tolerated, and it was closed on the 28th of June. Then, at three hours after midnight, and after a stormy debate, the Diet-ines dispersed, but not until there had been many fiery bursts of patriotic feeling.

Just one month after this, the inhabitants of Paris struck that glorious blow, which rang like a death-knell in the ear of tyrants, and which sounded the *reveil* of freedom to enthralled Europe. Poland caught the sound, as it came swelling with the battle cry of Belgium and Brunswick, and shook her chains with an impatience which made her friends and enemies alike tremble; the first for her hopes, the second for their own safety. From that moment, the explosion became inevitable; and cool-headed patriots endeavored only to put it off as long as possible, that greater preparations might be made to render it general. A universal uneasiness and agitation pervaded the country, which the secret societies, and the most hot-headed of the youth could not conceal from the agents of the police, who swarmed to such a degree in Warsaw, and over the country, that no man was sure even of his own domestics. Strong measures were taken to keep the students of the University and the military schools from communicating with the citizens, but in vain. Secret meetings were held, and several periods were fixed on for ringing the alarum; but they were alter-

ed, for various reasons, until it was definitively decided, on the 28th of November, 1830, that a rising should take place the next day. It did so. The conspirators set fire to some houses in the evening, and rushed into the streets, crying 'To arms! to arms! Poland is up! God, for our country!' A band of fifteen daring youths dashed headlong over every obstacle, and burst into the palace of Constantine. The ordinary guard was sixty men; but the conspirators counted not the cost; they threw down every man they met, penetrated to the sleeping chamber of the Grand Duke, and almost grasped his night clothes, as he fled by a secret stairway.

It was a dreadfully interesting and a spirit-stirring night, that of the 29th of November, at Warsaw. The blaze of the burning buildings showed the conspirators, the students, and the cadets, running up and down the streets, shouting 'To arms! to arms! hurrah for old Poland! down with the tyrants!' The most zealous of the inhabitants poured out of their houses, to fall upon and disarm the surprised Russians. By the dawn of day, they were driven from post to post, and beaten almost out of the city. In the words of Mr. Hordynski,—who relates with accuracy the commencement of the revolt,—'crowds flocked in from all sides to the public places. It was a scene never equalled. The whole population assembled without distinction of age, rank, or sex. Old men, who were past the use of swords, brandished their sticks and crutches, and recalled the days of Kosciuszko. Clergymen, civil

officers, foreigners, Jews, and even women and children, armed with pistols, mingled in the ranks.'

It is important, for the establishment of our first point, to show the unanimous acclamation with which the signal for revolt was hailed by the population, not only the four millions of the kingdom of Poland, but that of the old provinces. Major Hordynski,—whose work is excellent rather as memoirs for the history of the campaign, than as a history in itself,—says, that in three days after the Russians were driven from Warsaw,

'A regiment of *chasseurs* arrived from Plock; at the same time arrived Col. Sierawski from Serock, with his regiment. They were received with great enthusiasm. New detachments from the provinces marched into Warsaw every day. A truly affecting sight it was, to see more than a thousand peasants, and about fifty peasant girls, marching into the city with clubs, scythes and weapons of every description.'

Constantine stood trembling on the opposite bank of the Vistula; he had with him a highly disciplined force of 5000 foot, 2500 artillery, and twenty-four pieces of cannon. Warsaw was all confusion; a few bombs or hot shot might have set it in a blaze, yet so universal was the rising around, and behind him, that *he was happy to accept the magnanimous offer of the Poles, to let him retire unmolested to the frontier.*

'The fourth, fifth and sixth days of December were remarkable days in the history of our revolution.

‘Soldiers and peasants flocked in from all sides, from all quarters of the country. In a short time, more than five thousand peasants, armed with scythes, axes, and other weapons, were counted. Among them were more than two hundred peasant girls with sickles.’*

In the distant provinces of Russian Poland, the inhabitants felt the warmest enthusiasm in favor of their brethren in the kingdom of Poland, which was displayed by tumults and revolts.

‘The insurrection in Lithuania and Samogitia was propagated with rapidity through all the departments. What deserves especially to be noticed is, that in Lithuania it was the peasants and the priests, together with the youth of the academies, who first began the revolt, and who were the most zealous defenders of the common cause. From that moment the flames spread to the departments of Wilna, Wilkomierz, Rosseyny and Szawla. In a few weeks, more than twelve towns were taken by storm, and the Russian garrisons driven out and dispersed.’

When we consider this rapid diffusion of the revolt in the old Polish provinces, and the unhesitating zeal with which thousands left their homes, and their interests, and came pouring in from Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland, we cannot but conclude that the labors of the patriotic societies had gone far to prepare the whole people for a revolution.

2. Poland was lost, rather by the credulity and po-

* Hordynski, p. 54.

litical inability of her chiefs, and by the dishonorable and unjustifiable interference of Prussia and Austria, than crushed by the battalions of Russia.

The appearances of discord between the two great parties in Poland were manifested within forty-eight hours after the Russians were driven from Warsaw; the aristocracy and the republicans of the country exhibited their opposing interests almost immediately.

The aristocracy was represented by men of undoubted patriotism, but who were sticklers for the honors, the privileges, and what they called the rights of their order; men, whose age and whose secure possession of rank and riches made them unwilling to incur any risks. The republicans, whose representative was the Patriotic Society, were young and fiery, but sincerely patriotic; many were loose members of society, without much to risk; and those who had titles and estates were eager to stake them and their own blood upon one desperate throw for the liberty of their country. Improbable as it would appear from the character of the parties, the measures proposed by the latter, the *clubbists*, as they were called, were the only ones which could have saved Poland.

The first great error was the appointment of Chlopicki to the Dictatorship. Although he was as brave as his sword, and devoted to Poland, he had declared from the first that he did not believe in the possible success of the revolt; and this should have kept him from the place. '*Bon Général, excellent soldat, Chlopicki était fait le moins du monde pour une dic-*

tature. *Il ne comprenait ni la politique, ni la diplomatie ; il n'entendait rien non plus à une révolution sociale ; aussi, au lieu de marcher avec la nation, d'entrer dans le mouvement, il se jeta dans la résistance comme si la modération pouvait servir avec des barbares ! Cette dictature, dont il s'était emparé par suite d'une coterie aristocratique, perdait la Pologne à son début.** Chlopicki was appointed General in Chief on the first of December ; four days before the Provisional Government created him Dictator. His first measures were marked by the spirit of the party he represented. His first great error, that of believing in the possibility of compromising honorably for Poland with the Emperor, led him into the second, that of allowing Constantine and his troops to retire, when it was at his option to have captured them.

It is indisputable, that Constantine was entirely in the power of the Poles. Chlopicki should have detained him as a prisoner and hostage ; and not, in the vain hope of softening Russia by a display of generous magnanimity, have lost the immense advantage to Poland, of having a brother of the Czar, and several thousand of his troops, within the walls of Warsaw.

The same belief in the possibility of negotiating, without terrifying Russia, caused Chlopicki to issue his almost traitorous order, *that whoever should cross the frontier of the kingdom, and attempt to raise the old provinces, should be punished with death !* He might indeed have issued such an order as it respected

* Fayot, vol. III. p. 128.

Prussian and Austrian Poland; but as to Russian Poland,—as to Lithuania, where the flame of revolt had already been kindled, and where expectant thousands only waited the signal from old Poland,—it was a death blow to the cause. Chlopicki held back with all his strength the bolt that was ready to burst upon Russia, until its force was almost entirely lost: he sent a deputation to St. Petersburg to attempt an arrangement; but in the mean time made no necessary preparations to act, in case of their failure. Day after day, and week after week, were lost. The burning impatience of the Poles to carry the banner of old Poland to the very eastern limit of her frontier, was most unaccountably restrained; and the army was neglected in the most shameful manner. There were murmurings, indeed, from all sides, and great efforts were necessary to induce the people to be quiet under such a system. One of the first communications of the Patriotic Society to the Provisional Government, while Constantine was yet near Warsaw, contained the following requisition:—

‘That Gen. Chlopicki receive an immediate order ‘to destroy or disarm the enemy; that the citizens of ‘the provinces be authorized to organize the revolt in ‘the interior; that no negotiations be had with Constantine; that it is necessary to take and keep him ‘as a guaranty of the nationality of Poland, and to ‘negotiate directly with St. Petersburg.’

Vain promises were all that the waverers granted to the demands of the resolute; and the more the

patriots manifested their impatience, the more liberally were they given ; but nothing decisive was done. The Diet, which assembled in twenty days after the breaking out of the revolt, confirmed the dictatorial power to Chlopicki. To the astonishment of that body, he refused his assent to the celebrated Manifesto published by it on the 9th of January, 1831, in which were set forth, in such strong and glaring colors, the wrongs and the resolutions of Poland. Meantime it was seen that there were no hopes of reconciliation with Russia, but upon conditions of absolute submission ; and then it was that public indignation against the measures, or rather half measures of Chlopicki, became so violent, that he was obliged to resign his dictatorial power.

A supreme national council was instantly formed, under the Presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski, which addressed the following proclamation to the impatient army.

‘Soldiers ! General Chlopicki, to whom the nation
‘with unlimited confidence had given the supreme
‘power, has resigned the glorious task of conducting
‘you to combat. We will not examine the motives
‘which have induced the General to refuse his aid to
‘the public cause in a moment so serious, and so critical for the country ; futurity shall be his judge. But
‘you, brave defenders of our liberty, on you depend
‘the destinies of the nation ; and *you* will not be discouraged by difficulties, nor dismayed by dangers.’

Chlopicki’s heart was as true, as his head was weak ;

he shrunk indeed from the responsibility of the Dictatorship, but he bared his bosom to the bayonets of the enemy, and fought in the ranks, to prove his devotion to his country.

Mr. Hordynski observes, with great correctness,—

‘The Dictatorship had exercised a most unpropitious influence upon our affairs. Every movement had been retarded, and the most invaluable time lost. *Instead of the offensive, the defensive was necessarily taken.* We waited for the enemy on our own soil, and exposed that to his insults and his outrages. Even on this point, the patriots called on the government to take the offensive, but it was too late. It was soon seen that Chlopicki, by assuming a duty to which he was unequal, gave the first blow to the rising fortunes of his country. Two months passed away, the inevitable moment of the conflict arrived, and the nation was obliged to march to the fight *with half the force which, under an energetic administration, it would have wielded.*’

The Polish army amounted to nearly 50,000 men, exceedingly well organized and provided; that of Diebitsch exceeded 200,000, *all told*; and, as Mr. Hordynski remarks,—

‘If the very thought of commencing a war with such disproportionate means, against such an overwhelming force, should seem to the reader little better than madness, he will appreciate the energy and courage with which it was supported, when he learns, that in twenty days, from the 10th of February to

‘the 2d of March, more than thirteen sanguinary battles were fought with the enemy, besides twice that number of skirmishes, in which, as we shall see, the enemy was uniformly defeated, and a full third part of his force annihilated.’

The influence of the higher aristocracy had been exercised in the choice of the successor to Chlopicki in the command of the army, which fell upon Prince Radzivil,—a man whose patriotism and whose weakness, whose courage and whose incapacity, were alike notorious, and alike undisputed. He himself protested that he felt himself incompetent to the task, and never mounted his horse without Chlopicki by his side. The rapid and brilliant victories gained by the Poles ‘were not the result of any general system; they were victories of detail, executed with energy and rapidity, and for which we were indebted to the generals of divisions and brigades, and the colonels of regiments.’ *

The dreadful battle of Grokow, which was fought within sight of Warsaw, and where 40,000 Poles withstood and defeated the whole Russian army of more than 150,000 men, was gained, as the Poles say, ‘no one knew how,’—and yet, it was gained. Nearly 15,000 Russians lay weltering on that plain, which has since borne the name of the ‘forest of the dead;’ several thousand prisoners were taken by the Poles, and the astounded Diebitsch was obliged to

* Hordynski, p. 129.

draw off his forces in confusion to the forest of Miłosna. That was one of those critical moments, when fortune's flood may be turned by a straw ; and if Poland had had a man of talent at her head, at this period of her rising fortunes, the star of Russia might have paled before her. Military men are agreed in the opinion, that Radzivil should have followed up his advantages ; even Chlopicki would probably have told him to do so ; but he had been severely wounded, and carried senseless from the field, and the commander in chief dared not to think for himself. ' Nothing was wanting, but a skilful commander, to ensure the entire destruction of the Russian army.'

The 25th of February was a day, when, on the plains of Grokow, as on a sort of theatre, there was a brilliant representation of Polish courage and Polish devotion ; but the next day presented a more touching spectacle of religious gratitude, of female devotion, and manly virtue. The city of Warsaw was one wide temple, whose walls could not contain the cries of thanksgiving and praise, which went up to the throne of God ; where the soldier, who the day before had heard undimching the arrows of death whistling by his ears, now sunk down upon his knees in prayer ; where the females tore their robes to bind the wounds of their defenders, and the chiefs of the Government and the officers of the army, assembled to deliberate, displayed the most sublime disinterestedness and devotion. Radzivil came forward, and insisted upon giving up the command, to which he found his abilities entirely inadequate. A

council was held upon the course to be pursued in the military movements; and then it was that John Skrzynecki, who but three months before was serving as a colonel, proposed a plan of campaign, which he illustrated with such force and perspicuity, as to convince the council that he possessed great military abilities. As he had covered himself with glory in many actions, and gained the love of the army, he was instantly chosen commander in chief of all the forces.

The promotion of so young an officer to this high post was not, however, without some political view. The aristocracy, in a moment of enthusiasm, yielded to the party of the *mouvement*; but they renewed their efforts, and tried to gain the new commander. In the bosom of one man, the shame of being superseded, and envy of another's elevation, rankled till it changed him to a fiend: Krukowiecki, the second in command to Chlopicki, from that moment meditated the treason which he afterwards committed.

Had Skrzynecki been allowed to follow the impulse of his own heart, it would have been better for Poland, but he was soon entangled in the meshes of party. His first fault was an attempt to open a negotiation with Diebitsch, for settling the affairs of Poland without further effusion of blood; for both the Russians and the Poles construed it into a sign of fear. Diebitsch haughtily repelled his advances; and Skrzynecki, hastily drawing his sword, thus addressed his army:—

‘Soldiers! prepare yourselves for the fight! there remains now no other resource but to conquer, or die

‘honorably for our country. Soldiers! it may be that we shall conquer,—it may be that we shall die; but if the decree has gone forth on high, that the Poles must perish, then the enemy of humanity, trampling over our graves, will advance to the heart of Europe, the phantom of despotism will wither, with his gorgon look, all civilization, and mock at those governments and at those people, who are now so indifferent to our cause, and sit vegetating behind us in selfish inaction.’

A French writer forcibly remarks,—

‘Tant que Skrzynecki restera fidele à cet engagement il sera glorieux et vainqueur, mais dès qu’il voudra négocier ou se laisser diriger par la diplomatie du centre de l’Europe, dès qu’il ne poursuivra plus sur tous les points l’ennemi, il cessera d’être l’homme essentiel aux Polonais, il ouvrira la porte à l’intrigue et à la trahison, et la Pologne tombera.’

Let those who cry out upon the folly and madness of the Polish revolt, only look at the change which took place between the time of Skrzynecki’s election, and the defeat of the Russians at Igani on the 9th of April, and they will cease their clamor. They will find that again and again had Poland crossed swords with Russia, and come off conqueror; the divisions of General Rosen had been broken up, that of Geismar defeated, and Diebitsch himself, with the main army, had been obliged to fall back rapidly from before Warsaw, baffled in his attempts on that city, and seriously alarmed for his own safety. The provinces were all in commotion; there was a burst of indignant reproof heard

even in the centre of Russia, and the old Ukraine resounded with the cry, 'To arms! to arms!'

But Skrzynecki neglected to take advantage of these circumstances: a good soldier, but nothing more than a soldier, he only thought of organizing his forces so as to meet the Russians in the field; while his true policy would have been to avoid general engagements, to organize the revolt in the provinces and through all old Poland, by calling in the serfs, and the *bourgeoisie*, to a participation of all the privileges of citizens. He attempted, indeed, to retrieve his error when it was too late, by dispatching Chlapowski with a body of men to aid the Lithuanians, and he effected his object by a master stroke of military tactics; the rest of the expedition, however, was miserably managed, and in consequence entirely failed. Gielgud and Chlapowski retreated across the Prussian frontier, and laid down their arms; while the hardy Dembinski, by a retreat which deserves to be ranked with that of the *ten thousand*, reached Warsaw in safety. But all the courage and all the successes of the Polish army were rendered unavailing by the timidity or the inability of the government, composed, as we have seen, of members of the old aristocracy. We would fain hope that the delays, the half measures, and the want of vigorous action on the part of Skrzynecki, arose from the trammels of party, and not alone from his fatal hope of the intercession of foreign powers to arrange the affairs of Poland.

Be that as it may, some or all of these causes were

acting most deleteriously on the interests of the country. Paskewitch, assuming the command, immediately began to act on the offensive: he advanced towards Warsaw, at the moment when the news of the failure of the Lithuanian expedition had spread gloom over that city. There were loud cries of discontent at the indecision and weakness of government; the character of Skrzynecki was assailed, and men began to see that the country was in peril from the faults of its head; when, to crown all, a plot was discovered for the delivery of the city to the Russians, in which several men of note were engaged. Then was apparent the culpable neglect of government in allowing the Russian prisoners, and other dangerous persons, such liberty to corrupt the disaffected Poles. Krukowiecki, the Judas who had been plotting to betray his country, ever since he was superseded by Skrzynecki, now renewed all his intrigues, and excited the mob to deeds of violence. They seized upon the persons accused of treason, and in their fury hung them in the streets: they furiously demanded a change in the government, and in the person of the commander in chief; and they obtained it. Krukowiecki, who was on the spot, who had his agents at every corner, and who had somehow obtained the character of being a man of stern resolution, and of daring courage, and, though without great knowledge or judgment, of Roman virtue, was appointed to fill the post of Generalissimo. He instantly took measures to deliver Warsaw to the advancing Russians. He sent the main

body of the troops to the right bank of the Vistula. When Paskewitch was thundering at the gates of the devoted city, defended so gallantly by the National Guard alone, Krukowiecki made every effort to induce the Diet to demand an amnesty ; but that body, which sat deliberating amid bursting bombs, and burning houses, repelled his proposals with indignation ; nor could the wild roar of war silence the voices of the now suspicious deputies, who cried ‘ Rather will we die here in our places, than stain the honor of our country.’ At midnight the traitor was deposed, a new governor of the city was named, and new vigor given to the fainting defenders of the walls.

‘ Avant minuit le nouveau gouverneur entra en fonctions ; un combat sanglant, dignement soutenu par la valeur seule des Polonais, durait encore. L’ombre de l’immortel général Sowinski planait sur les trente mille Moscovites tombés devant Varsovie.’

But Warsaw fell, and the government and the most distinguished of the citizens retired with the main body of the army under the new generalissimo Rybinski. Instead, however, of instantly concentrating the army, and presenting, as might have been done, a force of 50,000 men, *it was kept in three divisions* ; each of which, after offering a vain resistance to the masses of Russians which followed them, were obliged to cross the frontiers into the Prussian or Austrian dominions, and lay down their arms. It ought to be remarked that the first corps was prevented from joining the main body, *by a reliance on a solemn pledge,*

given by Paskewitch at the capitulation, that they should be permitted to do so; and that Romarino, who commanded the second division, refused to obey the order of the commander in chief for a junction.

So much for the incapacity, the indecision, and the treason which marked the conduct of the chiefs during the late struggle. We have now to allude to the policy of the cabinets of Prussia, Austria, and France; and we shall see, that while their conduct explains much of the otherwise apparent folly and weakness of the Polish government, and especially of the conduct of Skrzynecki, it had an immense influence in procuring the fall of Poland.

Prussia, we know, endeavored by every possible means to prevent any supplies, even of provisions, from reaching the Poles through her territories; she imprisoned all those foreigners or others, whom she could seize on their journey towards Poland; and yet the Russian armies drew directly from Prussia those supplies, without which they would have been reduced to great distress. The world knows the critical situation to which the army of Diebitsch was reduced, a few weeks before his death. Military men, supposing that Prussia would be neutral, pronounced his retreat to be inevitable. Diebitsch was not the man to lie still, and Major Hordynski, among others, remarks,—

‘If then the Russian army undertook nothing, it was in consequence of their critical situation. We can in fact assume, that it was their intention to evac-

'uate the country ; for, to have obtained supplies by their own means was almost impracticable. When therefore this army remained there, it was only because it was fed by Prussia, who did not scruple openly to aid them in their perilous position, by sending enormous transports by the roads of Neydenburg and Mlawa. It was these transports which saved the Russian army from the utmost extremity. I leave to the reader then to judge, whether it was with one enemy alone that the Poles had to contend.'

Many instances occurred, in which bodies of Russian troops were forced by the Poles across the frontier of Prussia. These were allowed to return with their arms ; while the Poles, in similar cases, were always kept prisoners. Austria was guilty of a more outrageous act in the capture of the army of Dwernicki, 'the cannon provider.' He was resisting the attack of a superior Russian force, with one of his wings resting on the Austrian frontier : the Russians, in order to outflank him, *crossed the line of neutral ground*. Dwernicki, with a half backward wheel, drew his wing further into the interior, and the fighting continued there, when the Austrian forces marched up to preserve the *neutrality* of their territory. Dwernicki was obliged to surrender his army to the Austrians as prisoners, *while the Russians were allowed to withdraw!*

We shall content ourselves with citing these two from among the numerous acts in violation of neutrality, by the neighboring powers ; and shall now allude

to what it is more difficult to support by tangible evidence, viz. the manner in which Poland was cajoled by the different cabinets of Europe. The policy of Prussia and Austria, was openly and avowedly hostile to the cause of Poland, while *that of France and England tended indirectly, but as certainly, to ruin it.* There are undeniable proofs before the world, that the French cabinet persuaded the Polish Government to check the energy of its people; and pledged their national honor that, in case it were done, an intervention should save Poland from Russia. Louis Philippe, from his royal throne, and as the august organ of the French people, assured the chamber of Deputies, 'that the independence of Poland should be secured;' *la nationalité de la Pologne ne périra pas!* and the Deputies shouted back an enthusiastic assent, and a hearty Amen.

The President of the National Government, the venerable Prince Czartoryski, than whom a more honorable and honest man lives not on earth, says in his correspondence with Lafayette,—

'But we relied on the magnanimity and wisdom of the cabinets: *trusting to them, we have not availed ourselves of all the resources which were at our command, both exterior and interior.* To secure the approbation of the cabinets, to deserve their confidence, and to obtain their support, we never departed from the strictest moderation; by which moderation we paralyzed many of the efforts, which might have saved us in these latter days. *But for the*

'promises of the cabinets, we should have been able to strike a blow which perhaps would have been decisive.'

Did our limits allow it, we could cite many facts of similar tendency to the above, all going to prove that from the very outset of the struggle, *the Polish Provisional Government was induced to restrain the ardor of the people, and to prevent the revolt of the old Provinces, merely by the hope of conciliating the other cabinets, and of obtaining the fulfilment of the promises they had made to secure the independence of Poland.* France incurred the most signal disgrace and obloquy, on account of the violation of her pledges; yet she was not acting merely from her own impulse, and we believe that when the diplomacy of the day shall be given over to history, it will be seen that England prevented France from interfering in favor of Poland. But we trust we have said enough to prove our second statement, viz. *that in the last struggle, Poland was lost by the credulity, the misconduct, and the political inability of her chiefs, and by the dishonorable and criminal interference of foreign powers, rather than crushed by the battalions of Russia.*

3. *There is still a hope left for Poland: there is yet a probability, that she may hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

We are aware that this may sound strangely in the ears of those, who consider only the *status quo*, but when we reflect on the eternal and immutable law of nature,—by the effect of which men of the same

descent, the same language, the same religion and customs, living in one neighborhood, must have a continual tendency to unite, in spite of the artificial and temporary distinctions which may have ranged them in different classes ;—when we consider that this great tendency is continually surging, and swelling, and beating against the partition walls which divide Europe, —we cannot but prophesy that it must finally sweep them away ; and when we try to penetrate futurity, and divine the state of Europe after the coming struggle, between the two great principles which now agitate it shall be finished, in the only way in which it can be finished, we cannot but hope for Poland a full share in the benefits of the change. The time is rapidly approaching, when the treaty of Vienna shall be of no more political weight than a *papyrus* from Pompeii ; and it is to the great struggle which shall rend that and all other compacts of the kings against the people, that Poland is to look for the only chance of her regeneration.

It is alike important and difficult to ascertain to what extent Poland really exists at this day, and how large a population may be said to be truly Polish. It is not, as the Poles themselves tell us, the same as when Zolkiewski thundered at the gates of Moscow ; the twenty millions, which Poland then possessed, have been much diminished ; but not down to the four millions who formed the Russian Province, misnamed the kingdom of Poland.

Part of Prussian Poland is irrecoverably lost ; for it

has become *Germanised*; its feelings and sympathies with the common mother-land have been supplanted by other ties. The same is true of a small part of what Austria seized upon;—and although scarcely any of the inhabitants of Russian Poland have become *Russianised*, yet, from certain local circumstances, they no longer consider the cause of Poland as peculiarly interesting to them. Still there remain from ten to twelve millions of inhabitants, who affectionately regard Poland as ‘their own, their native land.’

The late struggle, which is still so fresh in our memories, sufficiently proves the feelings of the four millions of Poles who engaged in it. The revolts in the old provinces attest their impatience of Russian bondage; but Russia holds, besides these, eight millions of Polish subjects, not all of whom can be counted upon as interested in the question. Lithuania proper is undoubtedly so; and we shall find the feeling of patriotism growing fainter as the degree of civilization decreases. In old Samogitia, the nobles or gentlemen are patriotic to a high degree, but the people are so deeply plunged in ignorance and superstition, as to be deaf to the calls of country; and the same is the case in the Ukraine. We have seen with what enthusiasm the Lithuanians received the news of the revolution at Warsaw, and how, in spite of the unaccountable conduct of the Polish Government, it spread through the whole province.—

‘That heroic people commenced the revolution
‘without any ammunition, or any arms but their

‘implements of husbandry. Provided, in most cases, with clubs alone, they abandoned all, to unite in our aid, and fought with courage and success for nearly two months against the different Russian corps, before the corps of Gielgud and Chlapowski arrived. These, instead of succoring them, by the misconduct of their generals, sacrificed the Lithuanians as well as themselves, and gave the first downward impulse to our cause.’

Lithuania then, in spite of the oppression of the Russians, and their inhuman attempts to trample down all patriotism, may be still counted on securely as Polish, and as ready to form with Poland one people.

As to the Prussian provinces, we have observed that they are mostly lost to Poland, unless in the case of the dissolution of the Prussian power. Prussia has managed her share of Poland much better than the other two spoilers: she has done much toward amalgamating the people with her own: she has nearly accomplished that, against which Jean Jacques Rousseau cautioned the Poles, when he said, ‘If you cannot prevent your enemies from swallowing you, at least do not allow them to *digest you*.’ Prussia has nearly digested her portion, while the enormous one gorged by Russia has given her many an hour of nightmare, uneasiness, and torment. There still exists, however, in some parts of Prussian Poland, and particularly in the Grand Duchy of Posen, an enthusiastic attachment to old Poland, which displayed itself during the last war, by the great contributions raised, and the effectual

succor sent across the frontier, in men, horses, and ammunition. Poland may count upon part of the country bordering on the Baltic, and may there obtain what will be necessary for her as an independent nation, a free communication with the ocean.*

‘The better to effect her project of *Germanising* Poland,’ says a Polish writer, ‘Prussia made use of one infernal method; taking advantage of the distress caused by the war of partition, the government offered to loan money to the nobles at usurious interest: the latter, being lavish in expenses, accepted the offer, and the government thus had the means of getting possession of their lands, and rendering them home-less.’

* So completely have the political relations of Poland changed, that to talk of a Polish fleet would seem as strange, as to hear of a troop of cavalry in Venice; nevertheless, at one time the merchants of Poland traded in their own ships with Holland, and England, and Spain. There was also a naval force kept up by the government, which was so active in the war with Sweden, that we find Elizabeth of England writing in great wrath to the king of Poland, to complain of her merchant vessels, which were in the service of Sweden, being captured by the admiral Szerpink. Dantzig was the principal naval *dépot*; the situation of which place, at the mouth of the Vistula, renders it a most important port for Prussia: but it would be doubly valuable to a nation like Poland, possessing the immense and fertile valley of that river, which can roll down whole forests of timber, and countless cargoes of grain. Poland is now completely cut off from the sea; but in the event of a regeneration, she must extend her frontier to it, and we may see in Dantzig or Memel important arsenals, whence the white eagle of Poland shall stretch his flight over the Baltic, and the ocean.

Of the four millions of subjects which Austria counts in her Gallician territories, nearly two millions are Poles, who preserve, to a great degree, all their national feelings, and are ardent lovers of their old and common country.

It is rather remarkable that Austria, who was the least criminal of the three partitioning powers, and who seemed forced by the other two to partake of the spoil, should have been the one to exercise the greatest oppression upon the country which fell to her share. While Prussia endeavored to incorporate her part with the rest of her territory by the ties of common interest,—and Russia for a time tried to improve the wealth and prosperity of hers, in order to render it more valuable to herself,—Austria pursued an opposite policy. She destroyed the University of Cracow, and the superior schools through the country : she drained Galicia of her men and her produce, and impoverished the country by her outrageous exactions. ‘*Ainsi la noblesse de cette province, une des plus riches de la Pologne, n’a-t-elle pu encore se relever de la misère ou l’ont plongée les exactions du gouvernement.*’ Her Polish possessions have been, and are a constant subject of uneasiness to Austria : she was glad to consent to their being annexed to Poland proper, which arrangement made a secret article of her treaty with Napoleon before he set off for Moscow ; and she was to have had an offset in Illyria. During the last struggle, Galicia was kept quiet only by the greatest efforts on the part of Austria ; but all her efforts availed not to prevent the young and daring from crossing the frontier. These who could

not go themselves, sent aid in money, and whole regiments were equipped and supported by the Poles of Austria.

A most interesting document, which has lately appeared in Galicia, will show us the state of feeling there, at the same time that it sets forth the kind of treatment the Poles are at this moment receiving from Russia. Austria allows a sort of provincial government to Galicia, which is administered by a body called the Deputation of the States of Galicia, but which is so limited in power, that it is but a mockery to call it a representation of the people. However, it has lately been so far aroused by the cruelties of the Russians to their brethren since the last revolution, that it addressed a remonstrance to the emperor of Austria, in which it says,—

‘You have deigned, Sire, to afford an asylum to those of *our countrymen*, who sought refuge in this Province: you have felt pity for their sufferings: your intercession with the Emperor of Russia in their behalf, obtained for them a full amnesty.

‘Promises of peace and forgiveness were sent unto them. Proclaimed by your commissioners, these promises were believed by the unfortunate refugees. But scarcely had they begun to regain their devastated homes, and to collect their scattered families,—a special deputation had scarcely carried to St. Petersburg thanks extorted by terror, when an ukase, dated on the first of May, was suddenly issued, compelling all those who were pardoned, to enter the Russian

‘ military service, if the name of service can be given
‘ to an exile worse than death. Hidden during fifteen
‘ years in the steppes of Asia, confounded in Siberia
‘ in the ranks of a barbarous soldiery,—separated from
‘ all that can attach them to life,—exposed to the most
‘ humiliating punishments,—these unhappy men will
‘ never again see their country, nor even Europe. The
‘ groans of our expiring *brethren* will be lost among the
‘ rocks of Caucasus, and in the deserts of Tartary,—
‘ groans of despair, at witnessing your Majesty’s
‘ humane intentions, and generous wishes, so cruelly
‘ disappointed.

‘ But it is not enough, that, under pretext of crime,
‘ there has been torn from some, more than death itself
‘ could rob them of; that they are deprived of their
‘ names, and numbered as cattle; that their heads are
‘ shaved, and that they are chained to long iron bars,
‘ in order to be conducted to the pestiferous mines of
‘ Siberia, or to the icy regions of Kamtschatka. It is not
‘ enough, that, in contempt of the amnesty granted,—
‘ in contempt of the solemn promises given to the
‘ Poles, that they should never be carried beyond the
‘ frontiers of Europe,—they were shamefully trans-
‘ ported in whole masses into Asia, under pretext of
‘ Russian military service. It is not enough, that a
‘ complete annihilation awaits the whole of the present
‘ race: an implacable spirit of vengeance, exercised
‘ even against the youngest of the rising generation,
‘ aims at its total extermination. Infants, requiring all
‘ the tender care of their mothers, are, under a pre-

'tended solicitude, torn from their arms, and carried
'away far to the North, there to be brought up in a
'new language, and under a foreign religion and for-
'eign customs. Human nature recoils at these de-
'tails, which have been proved by incontestible evi-
'dence. Mothers, too, driven to desperation by the atro-
'cities they have witnessed, have been seen to plunge
'poniards into the bosoms of their own children.'

Were space left us, we might show that Volhynia and Podolia partake largely with Lithuania and Gallicia in their patriotic attachment to Old Poland. We shall content ourselves with quoting the words of a generous Volhynian, who writes thus:—

'L'insurrection de la Volhynie, de la Podolie, et de
'l'Ukraine, sera peu célèbre dans les annales de la
'strategie ; mais elle sera certainement consacrée dans
'l'histoire de l'humanité. Des obstacles nombreux et
'presque insurmontables semblaient devoir s'opposer à
'cette revolution. Cependant malgré un esclavage de
'tant d'années ; malgré les tentatives faites pour exci-
'ter les laboureurs à separer leur cause de celle des
'proprietaires ; malgré la precaution qu'on avait prise
'd'enlever aux citoyens leurs armes, il fut impossible
'de comprimer l'elan de l'indignation genéreuse, de
'l'amour d'affranchissement, qui embrasait rapidement
'les cœurs Polonaises. A la nouvelle que l'aigle blanc
'venait de reprendre son vol sur la Vistule, la jeunesse
's'empressa de rompre ses etudes, les laboureurs d'aban-
'donner leurs travaux ; tous les habitans saisirent le

‘glaive, lequel, serré jusqu’alors, attendait l’heure de la vengeance et de la liberté.’ •

Who, that reflects on the warmth of this feeling, and on the sacrifices which it has induced Poles in all ages to make, can believe that they would hesitate a moment about making common cause against their spoilers, were there a rational hope of success; and who that knows Europe can deny, that there is every appearance of a general breaking up of the present system? If this be so, we have proved our third position, *that there is yet a hope left for Poland; there is yet a probability, that she may one day hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

Long and tedious as we fear we have made this article, we cannot close it without touching on the unhappy state of those Poles who were driven from their country, on account of their participation in the late struggle. We allude not to those who languish in Russian dungeons,—nor to those who are driven in hordes, with shaven heads and fettered arms, towards the mines of Siberia;—for it makes the heart sick to think that our fellow-men can be guilty of such atrocities, and that their victims are far beyond human aid, or even the reach of human sympathy;—but we allude to those of Poland’s bravest and best, who are living, unhappy and persecuted exiles, in the different countries of Christian Europe.

We have stated, that after the fall of Warsaw, most of the distinguished patriots of Poland followed the army to the frontier, and went into voluntary exile.

They dispersed themselves in Prussia, Austria, and the German States; and more than five thousand of them wandered as far as France. They are now mourning there over the loss of their country, their homes, their wives, and their children; and though they have the sympathy of the French people, they are most shamefully persecuted by the government. Their situation has become so irksome,—France has so far demeaned herself in order to please the Holy Allies, as to alarm the exiles for their future situation, and make them think seriously of leaving Europe forever. Their Committee, who may be considered as the representatives of Poland, have addressed themselves to the President of the United States, to know how far our government would favor their removal to this country, *en masse*; and no notice having been taken of the application, they have lately addressed the inhabitants of the country at large, demanding whether there is a corner in our wide land, where the broken soldier and the worn-out patriot may toil in peace for their daily bread. We blush for our country to say, that not only no notice has been taken of these appeals to our humanity, but that they have not been generally republished in the newspapers. This ought not so to be;—this would not be, we are certain, if the people were aware of the unhappy situation of these applicants. Unfortunately, an impression prevails that we can do nothing for Poland, and the subject is laid aside. But we have our duties to God, and to ourselves; and we ought to make an

effort to fulfil them, be the prospect of their utility ever so faint. If the people would but speak out their will, if the government would act in a manly and Christian, and not in a diplomatic manner, it would do something for the honor of the age, for the character of the human race, by proclaiming its detestation of the atrocities of another government towards suffering millions. It would record in the page of history, its solemn protest against them, by stretching out a helping hand to the persecuted victim of despotism, and receiving the homeless exile. There are times and cases, when the ordinary rules of diplomacy and international courtesy should be disregarded, and when all other considerations should yield to the claims of outraged humanity.

But, at least, let not the people of this country be outdone by those of England, in efforts for the Poles. The friends of humanity in London have formed themselves into a society, called the 'Literary Association of the Friends of Poland'; the object of which is, to keep up the public interest in the fate of that country, and add to that force of public opinion, which is every day becoming more and more formidable to despots. The good effects of this society, which is presided over by the generous Campbell, have already become evident. We have before us the first number of a monthly periodical, published by them, under the title of 'Polonia, or Monthly Report on Polish Affairs;' which, while it almost freezes us with horror at the detail of the barbarities now committed in

Poland, says, nevertheless, one extenuating word for human nature, by announcing the rising feeling of indignation among the British public, and the formation of branch societies in the country.

To the people of England, the Poles have made no direct appeal ; to the people of this country they have. They looked to America with confident expectation of sympathy ; because the little aid sent from this country to them during their struggle, having been applied immediately to the people, and not to the government, had the effect of making them give us ten times the credit we deserve ; and a proof of the kindred feeling with which they regard us may be seen in the fact, that in the arms of their National Committee, they have intertwined our flag with that of France and Poland.

Shall we do nothing to merit this feeling of partiality ? The Poles ask not of us bread,—they ask not money,—though God knows that from our full coffers, and overflowing granaries, a little might be spared to the starving exile ; but they ask us to unite our voices to the cry of indignant England, and add our mite to that force of public opinion, which is their sole hope for the moment. Shall we refuse them this ?—nay, shall we not grant them more ? Shall we not say to the persecuted patriots, ‘ Come here, and ye shall find rest ;—we have lands rich as your own plains, and rivers as broad as your own Vistula, on whose bank you may build a new Warsaw, which the sword of no Suvaroff shall ever reach ? ’ Such language, though

perhaps at variance with the forms of diplomacy, would be generous, manly, and christian. It would be language, in which the free and generous people of America ought to protest to posterity, that they had no part nor lot in the iniquitous and inhuman policy of Europe.

P. S. Hundreds of these exiles have now landed on our shores;—they say they were forced to leave Europe; and we believe them, for we have ourselves seen them there subjected to treatment disgraceful to Christians and to human beings. We have seen the Polish soldiers near the frontiers of Russia, after resisting every attempt to persuade them to cross the lines—subjected to cold and hunger and want; and when they resisted all this, they were fired upon by the regular troops of Prussia! Yes! the war-worn, shivering, starving soldiers of Poland (who, under a solemn pledge of protection had laid down their arms to the Prussians,) were fired upon, because they would not return to their country; and their blood, poured out at Dirchan and Marienburg, must ever rest a foul stain on the escutcheon of Prussia. We were with these men in their day of trial;—we saw their sufferings, and heard their groans,—and while we deplored the fell spirit of the policy which animated their persecutors, we could not but be proud of human nature, when we witnessed the spirit manifested by the sufferers. Undepressed by misfortune, unmoved by the dark prospect before them, cut off from communication with their officers, and without a single source of consolation, they retired to the forests, armed themselves with clubs, and determined to die rather than cross the frontier, and be forced to serve in the Russian ranks. We had heard and read much of devoted patriotism, but never

seen such a striking exemplification of its force, as in these poor exiled soldiers of Poland ; for even those who had been wounded in the affairs with the Prussians, seemed to regret only that they could not have poured out their blood on their native soil, and in strife with the hated enemies of their country.

It is the strength of this feeling, it is the stern resolution never to live under the Russian yoke, that has brought these wanderers to our shores. The Austrian government gave them their choice between returning to Poland, and being transported to America ; and they did not hesitate : they had heard of this country, as the far off home of liberty : they had heard of Americans, as a prosperous, intelligent, and generous people ; the cheering cry of sympathy and approbation, which we sent across the Atlantic, reached and cheered them in the dark hour of their country's agony ; and they said, ' Among such a people we cannot suffer ; on their shores we can rest awhile from our toils, and find a temporary home, while watching for the summons from Poland to recommence that struggle for liberty, which will never cease while Poles exist.'

And God grant that they be not bitterly disappointed ; God grant that, in the fullness of our prosperity, we may not forget the sad and destitute condition of these exiles of Poland, these martyrs in the cause of liberty. Indeed, what can be more wretched than their present situation ? they walk sadly about our streets, ignorant of our language and our manners ; they address themselves to those they meet, but a cold shake of the head tells them no one can understand their wants ; they try to muster a few words of French or German, but, alas ! few can answer them ; they see the scanty sum they brought dwindling day by day, and they can

find no employment whereby to gain more ; they go to their lonely lodgings, and think of their country, but there is no hope there;—their native village and paternal mansion—alas ! the Russian cannon are planted in the streets, the Cossack has quartered himself by their firesides ; their wives and children—ah ! there must be horror at the thought of what may be their fate ; and the poor Pole, unable to commune with others, dreading to commune with his own thoughts,—without money, without friends, without hope, must go to his lonely bed, with the desperate feeling of one who cares not whether another morning sun shall rise upon his desolation or not.

If not for any nobler or higher motives, at least for the credit of our country, for the credit of humanity, let something be done for these unfortunate men who are thrown upon our shores ; and for whom, hospitality, sympathy, honor, every generous feeling ought to plead most strongly. We have made a parade of our sympathy for Poland ; our press was loud and indignant about their sufferings ; we cheered them on in their late struggle ; we held meetings and appointed committees—and talked of Polish legions and Polish standards, and now, that we have it in our power to do something for Poland, do not let it appear that it was all *vox et præterea nihil*.

S. G. H.

April, 1834.

INTRODUCTION

OF THE GERMAN AUTHOR.

THE reader, who may consider this little volume worthy his perusal, will perceive that it comes to him with the authority of the author's name. Though that name is not one to which celebrity is attached, it is, nevertheless, not altogether unknown in the literary circles of Germany. The present publication forms the twenty-third volume of my writings.

As an author, I hope I have sometimes merited the respect of the better portion of the German public; and it shall always be my endeavor to deserve the confidence and kindness, which, as a private individual, I have experienced wherever fate has conducted me in the course of a wide and varied career.

On the breaking out of the war between Russia and the Porte, I determined to serve in the campaign of Turkey, with the view of augmenting the information

I had acquired during a previous journey in the east, and a short residence in the Morea.

I will candidly confess that another consideration contributed to influence this resolution. What is frequently denominated 'the dearest object in life,' I imagined I had found in a country whence I was banished in consequence of an imprudent step taken for the service of a friend.

I could not willingly submit to the fate which I had brought upon myself; and I resolved, under the protection of a foreign uniform, either to pass the frontier, which separated me from the object of my wishes, or to seek an honorable death in the field of battle.

False newspaper intelligence, which described the Polish army as already on its march to the Porte, together with the limited choice of travelling routes, and my wish to continue my military career among the gallant Poles, induced me to proceed to Warsaw, where I hoped to be received into the Polish service, after my qualifications should be duly examined and approved.

On my arrival in Breslaw, I became acquainted with a Pole, who informed me that I should find it difficult to enter the Polish service, and that in all probability I should be obliged to enter the Russian army as soon as I arrived in Warsaw.

All happened as my friend foretold. An emissary of the Grand Duke Constantine, of whose vocation I had no suspicion when I was introduced to him in

Germany, met me accidentally on the first day of my arrival in Warsaw. He gave me a friendly greeting, and conducted me to the house of Baron von Sass, where I experienced a very kind reception. I was speedily given to understand, that to avoid any thing disagreeable, it would be advisable not to hint to any one the real object of my journey, but to declare to the Grand Duke, when I should be summoned to his presence, *that I had come to Warsaw for the express purpose of entering the Russian service.* I was assured that if I did not attend to these instructions I might get into difficulty.

I had no alternative left ; for I did not wish to return to Germany, and probably if I had, I should not have been permitted.

I was, in appearance at least, graciously received by the Grand Duke, and under the pretence of possessing the privilege of foreign nobility, (though, as a Frieslander, I could not enjoy hereditary nobility) I was permitted to enter the service. My audience with the Grand Duke took place at four o'clock in the morning, and the same day at noon I was made a cadet in the Czarewitsh lancer regiment of the Imperial Russian body-guard.

The details of my two years' service would be out of place in these sheets, which are devoted to matters of greater importance than those which personally concern myself.

A fall from my horse having injured my health to

such a degree as to render me unfit for longer service, my discharge was determined on, though I did not immediately receive it. I lingered for some time in the most miserable situation imaginable ; I had relinquished all hope of ever recovering my personal freedom, when, on the Emperor's arrival in Warsaw, for the convocation of the Diet in 1830, I unexpectedly obtained my liberation.

A circumstantial account of the particulars which attended my departure from Poland would be superfluous in the present volume, which merely exhibits the fruits of my two years' service. It is poisoned fruit, and I am well aware that its effects may operate to my own injury.

The present volume is divided into several parts, of which the largest and most important is entitled 'Sketches of Warsaw.' The 'Journey to Warsaw,' which was written previous to the breaking out of the Polish Insurrection, is only important inasmuch as it affords an idea of the state of Poland before the people rose for the recovery of their rights.

The want of information respecting Poland must be regarded by many as a matter of surprise, considering that the journals of the day manifest no deficiency of correspondence from all corners of the world.

This want of intelligence respecting a country, which tyranny has banished from the circle of states, in which it was once gloriously and honorably distinguished, perhaps depends on circumstances on which

very unjust and false ideas may frequently be formed in foreign countries.

The question,—Who should write from Poland, and about Poland? may be more difficult to answer than a newspaper reader imagines. Few are perhaps aware, that in Poland, and especially in Warsaw, every word, I may say, every thought is watched, and every seal broken;—in short, that all channels of communication are stopped; and if any one should be found bold enough to venture on speaking or writing, the next hour may doom him to captivity.

None but men who are free and independent can be expected to speak the truth openly and fearlessly. Now in Poland no man is free and independent—for no man, except the all-powerful Grand Duke, be his rank what it may, is secure of his personal freedom for a single hour. Indeed no man who has acquired a knowledge of facts by personal experience in Poland, can be said to be free, even in a foreign country. Wheresoever he may wind his way, he will be watched by the Argus eyes of the hirelings of the Russian government. Even in the peaceful city of Dresden, a German (Lieutenant Martens, of Hanover,) who was formerly in the Russian service, suddenly disappeared, leaving no clue whereby he could be traced. I have been assured, by credible persons who knew the fact, that he was kidnapped in consequence of a volume which he wrote under a fictitious name.*

* This publication was entitled, *Russland in der neuesten Zeit*, von C. Padel—1829. AM. ED.

Many will regard this fact as impossible; and perhaps, on perusing the following pages, will be inclined to doubt the truth of a great portion of their contents.

This I cannot help. I say with Seume, 'You may confidently rely on my laying nothing before you to which I have not been an eye-witness, or for which I cannot adduce the best authority.'*

Those who doubt the fact of the kidnapping of Martens will probably say,—'We live in the nineteenth century, and in Germany, unconcerned about the intrigues of foreign powers, and independent by the just administration of our own laws. Our authorities are not, like those of Italy and some other countries, secretly leagued with vagabonds and criminals. It is impossible to believe that in Germany, where a handkerchief can scarcely be stolen without discovery, a living man should be secretly carried off.' All this may be said—but I fear it not.

In every conflict, spirit is the best and surest weapon. Whoever possesses sufficient spirit publicly to defend the rights of man by his pen, will be able to employ another weapon, when those rights are threatened in his own person.

I see foreign spies about me, pursuing their vocation undisturbed—but that awes me not.

The spirit of the age is aroused. The traitors are

* Seume's 'Accounts of the Events of Poland in the year 1794.

no longer secure against the vengeance of an indignant nation. I live too in an age in which truth is heard, and with the confidence inspired by a clear conscience, I rely on the just administration of the laws.



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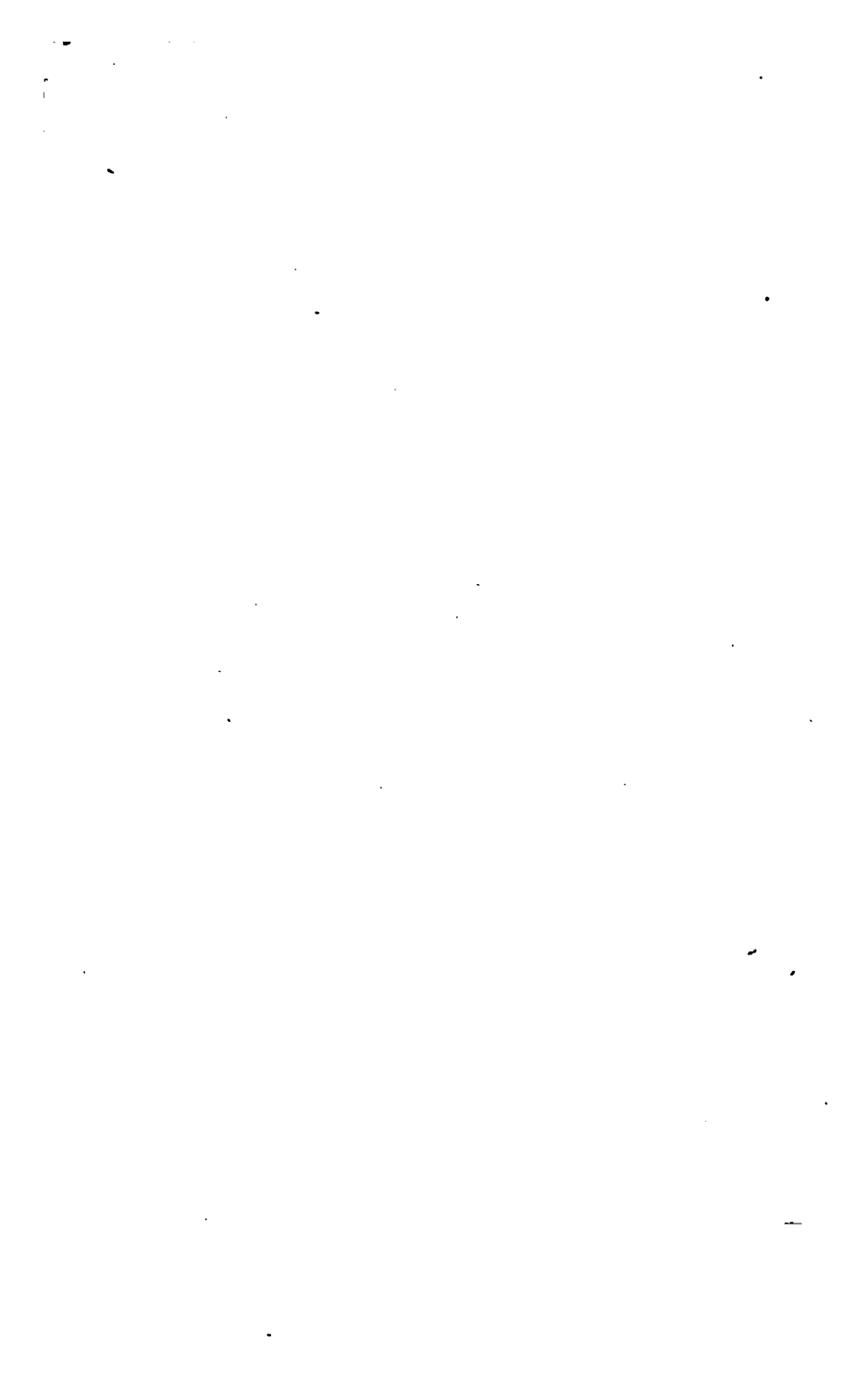
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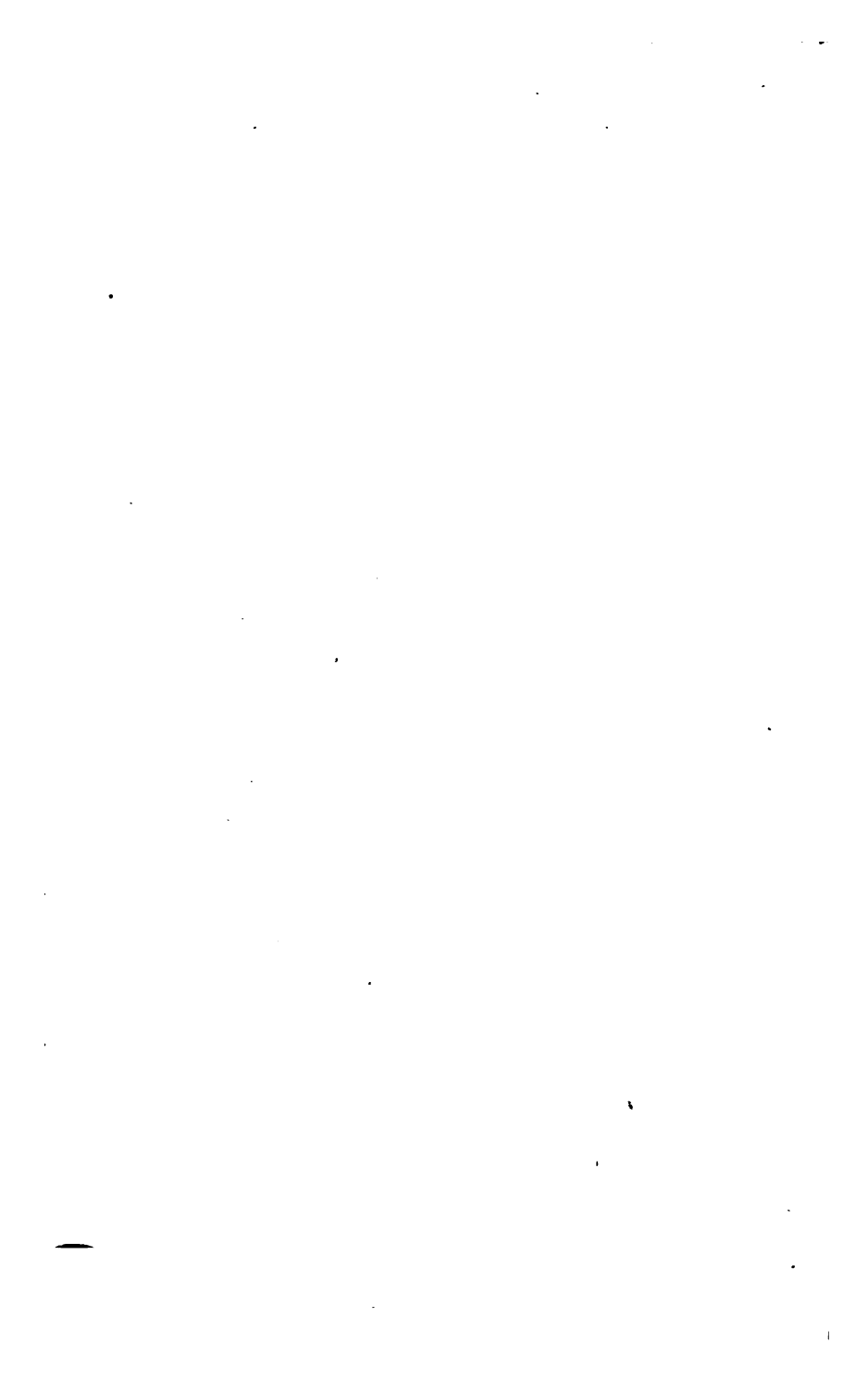
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PART I.

JOURNEY TO WARSAW.



JOURNEY TO WARSAW.

CHAPTER I.

Prussian Poland—Descriptions of a Polish Village—The Russian Frontiers.

READER, should you ever undertake a journey to Poland, and happen to direct your course by the way of Breslau to Kalish, fail not to bestow a lingering look on the stately oaks in the neighborhood of Militsch; feast your eye on their rich green foliage, or, if it be winter, on their hoar covered branches; open your heart at sight of them, and bid farewell to Germany. But having done this, close your heart as securely as your portmanteau; have a care of your words as of your purse; for you are approaching Poland.

When first I travelled that road, had I known that the oaks, whose luxuriant foliage rustled around me, were the last I should see, I would have greeted them fondly and sorrowfully; but I forgot for the moment

the proud boast of 'the land of oaks,' nor did I feel its force until the stately forms and murmuring rustle of the trees were no longer seen or heard.

In journeying by the course above-mentioned, the traveller will observe the scenery of Germany, by a gradual transition, superseded by Polish scenery, until he reaches the point where Poland Proper begins.

The road from Breslau to Kalish is one of the worst I ever travelled through; I may properly say *travelled through*, for a considerable part of it is intersected by a deep marsh.

The vehicle in which I rode was quite as bad as the road, that is to say, when I passed the first station beyond Breslau, where the civilizing influence of that fine provincial town ceased.

With the comfortable anticipation of a broken arm or leg, or perhaps something even worse, I stepped into the chaise, which was got ready at the third station, firmly resolved to save my life by a desperate leap, in the event of the overturn with which I was momentarily threatened.

But besides the risk of being overturned, there was the danger of the vehicle being shattered to pieces, a calamity which it appeared nothing but a miracle could avert.

Irritated at being required to pay for this conveyance, I thrust my head out of the window and vented some imprecations against the crazy machine.

'Bless me, sir, it is no fault of mine,' said the postillion, 'I have often told my master that the old

rumbling thing would tumble to pieces ; but to no purpose,—I am obliged to harness it over and over again. I suppose I must continue to drive it until it breaks down on the road. My master will have it so :—but I am only a postillion, and it is no business of mine.’ So saying he whipped his horses, and I had no alternative but to resign myself passively to my fate.

Reader can you form any idea of how the earth looked before it was formed ? Perhaps you cannot, but I can,—for I have travelled through Prussian Poland. Among the many pictures which are constantly present in my recollection, the aspect of that country is the most remarkable : it is a compound of sand, marsh, clay, straw, and dung. A prominent point in the picture is a village :—to give it this denomination is perhaps an insult to all other miserable villages on the face of the earth, but nevertheless, it is a village.

In this picture the two principal objects are Heaven and Chaos ; for the earth, as I have before observed, seems to be yet unformed. Here and there above the sand arise some shattered roofs, broken mud walls, and filthy dung-hills, which seemed to totter as the wheels of our carriage rolled past them.—This was the whole.

I was thirsty and I ordered the postillion to stop at the village inn that I might get a glass of water. Without saying a word the fellow drove up to a miserable hovel, the thatched roof of which had sunk down between the rotten mud walls.

I alighted and asked for something to drink, for I could not venture to infringe the rights of inn-keepers so far as to ask for merely a glass of water.

A woman, to describe whom would be a violation of the laws of taste, after a pause, which led me to suspect she was dumb, replied: 'You can have some schnapps.' 'Schnapps!' I repeated, and perhaps some wine and for my tongue and lips are parched a glass of water.'

The woman beckoned me to follow her, and conducting me through filth and mire, into the yard adjoining the hovel, she said: 'There is the well.'

I beheld a hole, filled with dirty discolored water, and surrounded by filth and fungi.—'Is this the well, good woman?' I enquired, shocked at the picture of human misery which here presented itself.—'Yes, that is the well, she replied, and yonder lies the bucket; but the pole is broken, so if you want water, we must send to my lord's for it.'—'My lord's!'^{*} I exclaimed with surprise, 'where is that?' . . . for I had seen nothing in the place which indicated the proximity of a nobleman's abode.—The woman led me to the door and pointing to a thatched roof which rose a little above the rest, she told me that that was 'My lord's.' 'And does his lordship really reside there?' said I.—'Yes, sir, in summer,' replied the woman. An elegant Polish summer palace thought I.—'But is there no clean water to be got nearer than that?' I

^{*} The reader will bear in mind that it is of Prussian Poland, and not of Poland Proper that the author writes.—AMERICAN EDITOR.

asked.—‘Our well; and that at my lord’s, are the only ones in the place,’ was the answer.—Without waiting for any further information, I hastily brushed past a groupe of half-naked children, who were playing in the sand, and threw myself into the miserable chaise that was waiting at the door.

I now resumed my dreary journey, and while I surveyed the scene around me, I felt convinced that except Poland, no country on the face of the earth could offer such a prospect. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but empty space—space so extensive, that it seemed as though a whole world might easily be created within its limits. In utter despair I drew out my travelling flask, and took a dram. Having filled my pipe, I began to reflect on the happiness of nations, and on the remark of the French guards, who, as they marched through these parts, exclaimed :—‘Is this what the poles call their country?’ Night drew in while I was absorbed in this reverie.

Next morning, when I awoke in the chaise at the last post, I labored under a frightful depression of spirits. I felt as if approaching the end of the world. It was the dawn of a cold spring morning . . . but in these desolate regions there was no indication of spring.

Here the four seasons appear to be engaged in a criminal process respecting the death of nature. There are only three elements and a half; namely, air, earth, marsh, and just enough fire to light a pipe.

At length I observed on the left of the road, a stone building ; this was the Prussian Custom-house, or whatever it might be called.

The postillion presented his ticket, and the toll gate flew open. It closed again with a loud crash, which thrilled every nerve within me.

I was now formally separated from the land of oaks, which, however, I had in reality left at the distance of twenty German miles behind me.

My heart beat heavily. I was now, properly speaking, in no country, for between the last gate with the black and white eagle, and the barrier with the double red and white eagle, there is a distance of two, or two and a half wersts. What a contrast do the Prussian and Russian frontiers present!—At the former there is neither guard nor sentry ;—at the latter nothing but Cossacks, inspecting-officers, frontier-yagers, arms, and coats of arms.*

* It has been the constant aim of the Prussian government to crush the national spirit of that part of the Polish population, which fell to its share by the iniquitous *partition*. The tendency of all government measures has been to *Germanise*, or rather to *Prussianise* its Polish subjects: with this view in the schools, every thing is taught in the German language ; the edicts, laws, proclamations, &c. are all published in German.—AMER. EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

Examination of passports—The Cossack officer—Kalish—The Hotel de Pologne—Beauty of the Polish women.

How shall I describe the moment, when approaching nearer and nearer to the Russian barrier, I descried in the distance the first cossack :—he was standing motionless, and watching the approach of the coach in which I was seated.

The barrier was thrown open,—the coach rattled past it, and I was in the Russian government,—in Poland.

My travelling companion had come from Paris. We alighted, and were conducted into an office on the right side of the road, where we were first examined by a Polish inspector.

Beside him lay three huge volumes, containing lists of free masons and carbonari, and of suspected persons, whose names had been collected by the activity of Russian spies abroad.

He slowly took up each volume, glanced over the alphabetic list, noted down his observations, and compared our persons with our passports.

While he was gravely turning over the leaves of one of the secret volumes, my companion made me a sign by stealth. The page on the opposite leaf ena-

bled me to guess when he had arrived at the letter of my name. I changed my place unobserved, and obtained a sly peep at the book.

The officer asked no question. He examined our passports, and the guard that escorted us, which consisted of a cossack, and a frontier-yager, and took us to the house of the cossack officer, on the opposite side of the road.

We were ushered into a neat room, whose open windows freely admitted the fresh morning breeze. The walls, after the oriental fashion, were hung with arms. Divan and table were covered with rich carpets, long Turkish pipes were in each corner of the room, and enveloped in a loose kaftan, the tall handsome figure of the cossack officer stood before us.

His high open forehead was shaded by a profusion of dark curly hair, his countenance was handsome and intelligent, and his deportment and behavior were distinguished by natural grace and good breeding.

He received us with a good humored smile, requested that we would be seated on the divan, or on chairs, and he himself sat down at the writing table, near the window.

Having examined and registered our passports, he folded them up, and rising from his chair, presented them to us with a bow. He then pressed our hands, and pronounced his national greeting: 'Welcome to Russia.'

My companion and I had each a silver rouble ready in our hands, and when we offered them for his

acceptance, he said, 'Pardon me. You do not know the customs of our country. I am an officer. If you like to give my clerk a little present, he may take it.' Whether or not the worthy cossack might have been persuaded to accept the rouble, I will not pretend to determine.

A frontier-yager, in a green and white uniform, now mounted the coach-box, and we started for Kalish. We learned that the diligence was to leave Kalish for Warsaw, exactly at noon, which was very lucky for us, as travelling by post in Poland is exceedingly expensive.

We soon reached Kalish. The surrounding country is not bad, and in some parts is even agreeable. The town presents an aspect of cultivation, and except Warsaw, is the finest I saw throughout Russian Poland. Some manufactories of cloth, and some good sheep pasture in the neighborhood, add considerably to its comfort and prosperity.

We were recommended to the Hotel-de-Pologne, which is the best house of the kind in Kalish. It well deserves its name, considering that it is distinguished for that negligence which is the peculiar characteristic of Polish inns and inn-keepers.*

* Had the author alighted at the smaller inns in Poland, where almost all stage-coach passengers put up, he would not have had cause to complain of negligence. It is the invariable custom of gentlemen in Poland to travel with their own servants; and to be waited upon by them at the hotels: when they arrive at an inn, their horses are put up by the ostler, and all their other wants are supplied by their private servants. A traveller, unattended

Although it was nearly half-past seven in the morning, there was not a servant to be found who could show us to a chamber.—I rang the bell as if all Kalish had been in flames ; but no one appeared. At length a ragged maid-servant showed herself, and asked us what we wanted.—We told her we wished to be shown to an apartment where we might dress, and that we afterwards wanted to breakfast. The girl went away to prepare for our accommodation, and we seated ourselves on a bench, at the entrance of the inn. A Jew stepped up to us, and with a low bow, muttered something which I did not distinctly understand. ‘Are you the agent or *chargé d’affaires* here?’ I inquired. ‘If so, I wish you would procure us some sort of accommodation.’ The Israelite screwed his ugly face into a grimace, and drawing nearer to me than was quite agreeable, spoke out more distinctly, at the same time handing to me the address of a Madame Hurtig. ‘Good Heavens!’ I exclaimed, ‘do you think we have nothing more important to attend to now than this Madame Hurtig.’ My companion, who knew the country better than I did, laughed, and observed that it was all quite regular, and in Poland, under the government of the Grand Duke, every thing must be according to *regulation*.

by a servant, would be thought ‘little worth’ by a publican in a land where a valet may be had for thirty dollars per annum. In travelling, a Polish gentleman allows his servant a florin per day, (about 12½ cts.) with which they find themselves.—AMER. ED.

One of the waiters appeared, and having sent the Jew about his business, ushered us into some large and half empty rooms on the first floor. Here we found bedsteads without beds, dirty water in cracked wash-hand basins, and other articles of shattered furniture.

Fresh air is a pleasant thing ; so I threw open the windows. We ordered breakfast, and set about arranging our disordered dress.

The coffee was served. It was not so bad as the inn ; on the contrary, I found it tolerably good, for I had recently tasted the coffee of Saxony and Prussia.

In Poland the traveller cannot fail to remark the tinge of orientalism which pervades every thing around him : he sees Jews, Turkish pipes, dark eyes, voluptuous expression, a disposition to debauchery, and despotism, which cannot be more arbitrary even in Turkey.—In Kalish our coffee had an oriental flavor.

We proceeded to the post-office to go through the required ceremonies. Our trunks had already been searched on our arrival, and they had been full half an hour under inspection, before we went to the hotel. My books now became the subjects of examination ; and when the inspector informed me that they must be sealed up and forwarded to Warsaw, I produced a list of their titles, and declared myself the author of the ' Student of Salamanca ;' of the ' Mainottes : ' ' the Bliztoni,' and the ' Psariot.'

'The Student of Salam Mainot Bliz

Ps Psariot’ mumbled the inspector, while he scanned me from head to foot. ‘I will be personally responsible for the contents of these books,’ said I, ‘I am the author, and will present myself to the Censor at Warsaw.’ ‘Hem!’ replied the inspector, ‘if you are the author, it is of very little use to send the books forward alone But what are the books about?’ ‘Oh! they contain essays on whist and boston, flying machines, and Bavarian puddings,’ said I, and the inspector turned to another trunk.

After we had secured our places in the diligence, my companion and I went to take a look through the town.

It was ten o’clock, and fair female faces were visible at the open windows in the principal streets. I buttoned my coat up to the throat, thinking it advisable to defend my heart.

The Polish women are beautiful but that is not all. . . . They are exquisitely beautiful. I am almost convinced that Eve must have been a Pole.

I was now wandering through the streets of Kalish. I have wandered as a stranger through many towns, and whoever has done the same will acknowledge how readily a man, under such circumstances, yields to the impressions of the moment. A lovely face at a window is, to him, a valuable picture, which he views in a gallery, and which, in another hour, may be closed from his sight for ever. . . . All tinder does not catch fire at the first touch; spark after spark may fall

upon it without effect. . . . With some, on the other hand, it immediately ignites and is as soon extinguished.

Alas! how many mortals have ashes, mere ashes in their bosoms instead of hearts Let these travel to Poland, and they may yet learn to love.

My travelling companion told me of a gentleman who, after losing his heart in Germany, his soul in France, his understanding in Italy, was made bankrupt of all his senses in Poland; and when thus reduced to the condition of a moral skeleton, he retired, for the enjoyment of matrimonial happiness, to Russia.

CHAPTER III.

Polish roads—Werst-posts—Road-side barracks—National character of the Poles.

AFTER we had spent a few hours in Kalish, the diligence was got ready, and we prepared to continue our journey.

The landlord presented us with the bill. It included the charge for breakfast and the use of two rooms, and the whole sum amounted to about the same as we should have paid in the Oberland of Berne, where we might have contemplated the magnificent scenery of nature into the bargain.

We had now made our entry into Poland. At the time to which I here refer, there were not yet established in Poland any of those public conveyances in which I have subsequently performed the same journey conveniently, cheaply, and expeditiously. The diligence in which I first travelled from Kalish, was a coach intended for four persons, but six were packed into it.


Ever since the day when I first passed along the high road leading from Kalish, two ideas have been inseparably connected in my mind: viz. Poland, and a straight line.

I have sometimes thought that Poland resembles a

mouse-trap; it is very easy to slip in, but the difficulty is to get out.

The traveller may possibly imagine himself in a highly cultivated country, when on his first entrance into Poland, he sees before him a fine road extending in a straight line as far as the eye can reach. If it now and then diverges a little to the right or left, it soon resumes its even course, which seems to terminate only with the boundary of the horizon.

To judge of the cultivation of the country by the appearance of the roads, and by this rule to compare Silesia with Poland, would lead to very erroneous conclusions. Silesia would be estimated at a very low rate, while Poland would hold a very high rank in the advancement of industry and art. Yet the real condition of each of the two countries is precisely the reverse of this.

 The unbroken uniformity of the straight road, combined with the picture of poverty and barrenness which presents itself right and left, before and behind, would render the journey very wearisome, were it not that the werst-posts afford a source of amusement to the traveller.

These werst-posts are erected along the left side of the road, and at certain intervals between each station. They are painted red and white, and the distance of the station which the traveller has passed, and that to which he is approaching, are accurately marked on both sides of the posts. Seven wersts make a German mile, and as coaches run much faster in Poland

and Russia, than in Germany, the traveller, as he advances from werst to werst, finds some amusement in calculating the distances, even though, following the advice of Jean Paul Richter, he should count himself to sleep.

Besides the werst-posts, the road-side barracks, as they are termed, afford occasional relief to the eye of the traveller. These barracks are erected at the distance of every half mile, and like the werst-posts, they are all on the left side of the road. They are built in a very tasteful style in the form of pavillions, and they afford a place of shelter for the invalids whose business it is to keep the roads in repair. On either side of the road heaps of gravel and stones are piled up in the most uniform order. The red and white barriers in the vicinity of the barracks sometimes extend to the distance of a werst through groves of fir trees. Here and there may be descried a church, a miserable village, and finally, the Jewish town of the station. These are the objects which greet the eye of the traveller on his first entrance into Poland.

The very name of these road-side barracks is characteristic of their Russian origin. In Russia every thing seems to resolve itself into one fixed and ruling idea, and that is a barrack. Indeed the happiness of the state depends solely on barracks, for they afford the only security against popular commotion. If the word barrack be of less frequent occurrence in Poland than in Russia, the idea is no less paramount. In Po-

land even the universities are regulated on the plan of barracks, and the students are subject to the discipline and the punishment of common soldiers.

Some of the little villages on the road are not so poor and miserable as might be expected. Those places nearest to Warsaw are not unfrequently very neat and clean, and in some of the public houses kept by the Jews, the traveller often meets with accommodation which he might look for in vain among Polish Christians.

The Pole certainly has no natural taste for cleanliness and order. This peculiar feature in the national character is continually exemplified in every gradation of rank, from the prince to the beggar.*

Far be it from me to cherish any feeling of prejudice against the Polish nation, where I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with many brave and estimable men ; but the peculiarity to which I have above alluded, cannot be denied, and its origin may be traced to the melancholy fate which has so long hung over that unfortunate country. A people whose national feeling is suppressed, may be said to have lost all that is most precious. An enslaved and a free nation cannot be characterized by the same qualities. Just indignation against the despotic yoke which they

* The Poles are too fond of show and parade to neglect external appearance ; in no nation do the higher ranks appear to more advantage than in Poland. But the author is correct in his conclusion if he refers to their domestic relations, for the interior of their houses is generally disorderly and dirty.—AM. ED.

have not power to shake off, regret and despair, caused by the retrospect of past glory, prey upon the wounded hearts of the people, and unavoidably exercise a baneful influence on their moral character. Like the victims languishing within the walls of a prison, they gradually conceive a hatred of mankind, which too often begets jealousy, distrust, false hood and dissimulation.

The character of the Poles is reflected in their history. In the time of their kingdom they showed themselves intolerant, intriguing and deficient in firmness and decision. On the other hand, they never forfeited their reputation for courage, and their love of freedom has never been extinguished, even when most opposed by the bonds of slavery.

The Poles seem to be born for war. They are animated by ardent imaginations and a thirst of fame. The former quality enables them to bear up under every misfortune—even the misery of subjugation; for by a happy illusion they see the past and the future in the present. A golden dream fortifies and consoles them, even under the knout.

The spirit of their national poetry is quite in unison with this feeling. They have several celebrated poets, among whom Niemcewicz, and Miezkiewicz, are the most distinguished. Though these are writers of whom any nation might justly be proud, yet it cannot be denied that the Poles, generally speaking, entertain a very exaggerated idea of the merits of their own literature.

The reader will perhaps think that I have travelled too far out of my road ; but I hope this digression will be the more readily pardoned, since, excepting what has already been described, nothing has occurred on the journey worthy of remark.

CHAPTER IV.

Jewesses—Their national dress, and personal beauty—The inn at Lowicz—Polish Chasseurs—The five classes of spies at Warsaw.

I continued my journey along the straight road I have already described. I travelled two hundred and fifty wersts, with nothing to diversify the scene but an endless succession of werst-posts and barracks. As the monotony of this part of my journey presents nothing worthy of recording, I may here say a few words about the fair daughters of Israel, whom I saw at Kalish, decked in ornaments and rich apparel in honor of the Sabbath.

The pearl bands, worn as head ornaments by the Polish Jewesses, are so peculiar that it is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of them by mere description. These bands are seen only in Poland, and their form obviously denotes their ancient and oriental origin. They consist of strings of pearls intermingled with gold, forming altogether an elaborate piece of architecture, whose construction it is not easy to describe without the aid of a plan or sketch.

A Jewess of the higher class, adorned with her pearl hair band and gold neck chain, (from which is frequently suspended an ancient gold coin,) is an

object of no common interest, especially if she be as beautiful as I have often seen Jewesses in Poland, and above all, in Warsaw.

I have already alluded to the charms of the Polish women ; and I think it may very justly be questioned whether there is not more of personal beauty among the Jewesses than among the christians. In making this comparison, the proportional numbers of each religion must of course be taken into account ; the christians by far predominate.

I have seen thousands of Polish christians who have charmed me by a certain voluptuous grace of form and feature. But the beauty of the Jewesses is of a more exalted character. The events of thousands of years seem to be recorded in their soul-beaming countenances, where a spirit testifies more for the divinity, than do Moses and the prophets. It is worth all the misery of a journey to Poland to behold such faces ; they deserve to be stored in the memory as a portion of the pure, beautiful and sublime of this world.

The beauty of the Polish Jewesses has a character quite the reverse of that which constitutes the charm of the christian females. Dignity, feeling, tender melancholy, and not unfrequently deep seated sorrow is expressed in the features of the fair daughters of Israel, whose notions of virtue and decorum, are as rigid as the laws of their forefathers. But of course this rule, like every other, has its exceptions.

Few will deny that beauty consists less in the form than in the expression of the features ; and many

women who are pronounced beautiful, produce but little, or perhaps even an unfavorable impression, merely from the want of intellectual spirit. The utmost beauty of form, combined with expression, leaves nothing to be wished for. This will be acknowledged by all who have beheld the Jewesses of Poland.

Their faithful adherence to their national costume serves to heighten their natural attractions. Wherever the French fashions prevail, they generally have a pernicious influence on the female mind. French fashion introduces French coquetry, French corruption, and all its baneful consequences

We left Kalish on the Jewish Sabbath, and on Sunday at noon we arrived in Lowicz, where we stopped an hour and a half. We halted at an inn where a party of Polish chasseurs (officers of the garrison,) had assembled.

We could scarcely find a chair to sit on, much less procure any thing to eat. The waiters were running about in confusion, and the maid servants were flirting with the soldiers.

Among these whiskered chasseurs, there were several very handsome men, and the warlike spirit, which is the natural inheritance of the Poles, was conspicuous in their looks and bearing.

When the military party had gradually dispersed, and some degree of tranquillity prevailed in the inn, a young man in plain clothes stepped up to me and my travelling companions, and with a busy, officious air, enquired respecting some person at Berlin.

In Poland the needy are not left unprovided for. There are five classes of spies :

1st. The spies of the Grand Duke, who are either men of high birth, or men who have been raised to high rank by his Highness's favor.

2nd. Spies in the service of this first class, rogues of all conditions, who supply their masters with intelligence for a daily salary varying from two ducats to two Polish florins.

3rd. Spies of the Russian authorities. These are noblemen, who insinuate themselves every where. They travel abroad and visit the fashionable bathing places. They differ from the first class only in the nature of their employment.

4th. Spies of the Russian secret military police, at the head of which is Colonel Baron von Sass, a man who is by far too good for his office. His assistants, among whom the most distinguished are an old Pole and his four daughters, have in their turn their assistants. These latter are low wretches, who frequent the coffee houses in search of suspected persons.

5th. The spies of the city police, employed by the president and vice-president. These are a set of ruffians, most of whom have been arrested for crimes, and have purchased their freedom on certain conditions. These, like the hirelings of the Russian spies (class 2,) keep a watchful eye on the universities. They seek all sorts of pretences for visiting the students in their lodgings, and become panders in order to obtain the more ready access to them. This class includes vari-

rious ranks and conditions, from the fashionable beau, down to the pedlar.

The young man who accosted us in Lowicz, and who pretended to be an inspector of the stables from Warsaw, was probably a member of class two or five. He had apparently received orders to give a welcome reception to the Pole, who, as he informed us, was expected from Berlin. Though he conversed about the Brandenburg Gate, and Mademoiselle Sontag, and spoke in high admiration of the Prussian officers, yet he maintained his disguise but very clumsily. He addressed to us several questions concerning our journey and its object, but finding he could elicit no satisfactory information, he hummed a few bars of the *Yager-Chor*, and then entered into conversation with our bustling and good humored hostess. Having accompanied us half way through the town, he wished us good day, and with a very amiable smile took his leave.

At Kolo, where the passengers of the Posen mail had been transferred to our diligence, a young man took his place opposite to me. He had come from Italy by the way of Berlin, and was going to his relations in Warsaw, whom he had not seen for some years.

Our rencontre with the spy led him to break the silence which he had previously observed. He informed me in a whisper that he had that morning received a letter from his relations by a private courier whom he met at Krosniewice. In this letter his friends advised him to stop at the distance of a few stations.

from Warsaw, because some bad news, received from Turkey, had excited a great deal of ill-humor at the Belvedere. However, the young man himself conceived that stopping would only tend to excite suspicion, and might have an unfavorable influence on his reception when he arrived.

CHAPTER V.

Distress of a young Pole on returning to his country—A dangerous tune—Arrival in Warsaw.

THE guarded and circumspect way in which I conversed, won the confidence of my new acquaintance in the diligence; and, bending towards me, so as not to be overheard by the other passengers, he disclosed to me the cause of the depression of spirits under which I had observed him to labor.

‘You are perhaps aware,’ said he, ‘that’ the Grand Duke peremptorily requires to see, on their arrival in Warsaw, all persons who have visited Italy or France. Under certain circumstances, all persons coming from any foreign country are required to present themselves to the Duke, and the moment of presentation frequently decides the fate of an individual, which depends entirely on his Highness’s caprice and humor.’

The young man who addressed these words to me, had every appearance of having stepped into the diligence with as innocent a conscience as ever a traveller brought home from a foreign tour. But that was no guarantee for his safety.

The young Pole was aware of this, and felt much chagrined at the idea of postponing the happiness of rejoining his family; for he had intended to proceed

to Warsaw that very night, in company with some friends who were to meet him at Blouie or Sochaczew.

The mortification of finding himself, as it were, a prisoner in a diligence on his return to his native country, distressed him more than I should have expected, judging from his apparently placid disposition.

He would fain have travelled by an extraordinary mail from Lowicz, and so have joined his friends in a few hours ; but this would have excited a suspicion that he wished to evade the ceremony of the presentation.

The spy at Lowicz had fully confirmed the correctness of all our previous anticipations, which to my young companion were rendered the more gloomy, when he was informed of the *ill humor* which prevailed at the Belvedere.

We threw ourselves back in the corners of the diligence, and joined in a sort of sighing duet, which was suddenly interrupted by one of our fellow passengers, who commenced humming a favorite French air, well known in Poland and in Germany for bringing to recollection Kosciusko's campaigns.

The other passengers in the diligence, who had nearly fallen to sleep, started as if the coach had overturned, and looked about with surprise and consternation.

'For Heaven's sake, if you have any regard for your own safety or for ours, do not sing that air,' exclaimed the young gentleman opposite to me. 'The

driver may inform against us, and we shall be sent God knows where.'

All this astonished me as much as it did the poor man, whose singing had been so suddenly cut short. But we were speedily informed that the song had been translated into Polish, and made to apply to the events of the day. Having been once sung at a concert, it had excited great displeasure, and was in consequence so strictly prohibited, that to sing it was an offence punishable by imprisonment.

After this explanation, a profound silence prevailed in the diligence, until a Swiss, who was one of the passengers, after looking at his watch and taking a pinch of snuff, commenced in a faint treble voice, his national song : '*Herz, myn Herz ! warum so trurig !*'

Evening approached. The landscape, which I saw through the frame of the coach window, was tinged with the hues of a beautiful sunset. The shades of twilight gradually gathered round, and from a sky of cloudless blue, myriads of stars shed their light on the straight road before us.

As the coach rolled onward, the conversation in the diligence gradually died away. I alighted from the coach for a few minutes at Blouie, and when we again started, I crept into my old corner in the diligence and fell asleep.

After a time I was roused by one of my fellow passengers, who, shaking me rather roughly, exclaimed : 'Baron, we are at the barrier !' at the same time apologizing for disturbing me. 'No offence,' replied I,

rubbing my eyes, and almost forgetting where I was. I drew out my passport, the sight of which immediately restored my recollection. 'At the barrier of Warsaw, you find yourself on the road to Yassi.' This was precisely what I felt when I handed my passport to an invalid, who, stretching his arm into the coach, returned it, apparently without looking at it.

How often in imagination had I pictured Warsaw, as a fine ancient city, in whose balconied squares and streets venerable old Poles might be seen, in their national eastern-like costume, viz: the Persian shawl, the *karabella**, the yellow boots, and, in winter, the costly furs.

But how did I find Warsaw? A city of immense extent; except Rome, the largest I ever saw, surrounded by walls, or, what is much the same, by barriers. Of its antiquity no trace remained. Wooden huts next to modern palaces, and a high street or road (*chaussée*) on either side of which I beheld nothing but barracks and unfurnished houses.

{ Wearing a Polish kurtka is an offence punishable by arrest. It may therefore readily be supposed that none of the inhabitants of Warsaw venture to show themselves in the old national dress.

It was four o'clock in the morning when I arrived in the Polish capital; yet at that early hour all was

* The *karabella* is the sword, which used formerly to be worn by Polish noblemen.

bustle, and the streets were thronged with gay uniforms.

The Grand Duke Constantine rises between three and four o'clock, as so of course do all the individuals who are to be employed on duty for the day.

My attention was first attracted by the Cossack guards in their red uniforms; they were, for the most part, fine looking men, with that expression of countenance peculiar to the inhabitants of the Caucasus. Ulan,* cuirassiers, hussars, chasseurs, musketeers, yagers,† artillery-men, sappers, and various other kinds of warriors on the peace establishment, crowded the streets, as I proceeded from the barrier to the post-office.

In the camp, which is without the city, there are thirty thousand Polish infantry, besides two regiments of Russian grenadier guards; and the Russian garrison of Warsaw, which, when I arrived, was all in motion for the parade, contains three thousand horse-guards, a Polish regiment of chasseur-guards and other troops.

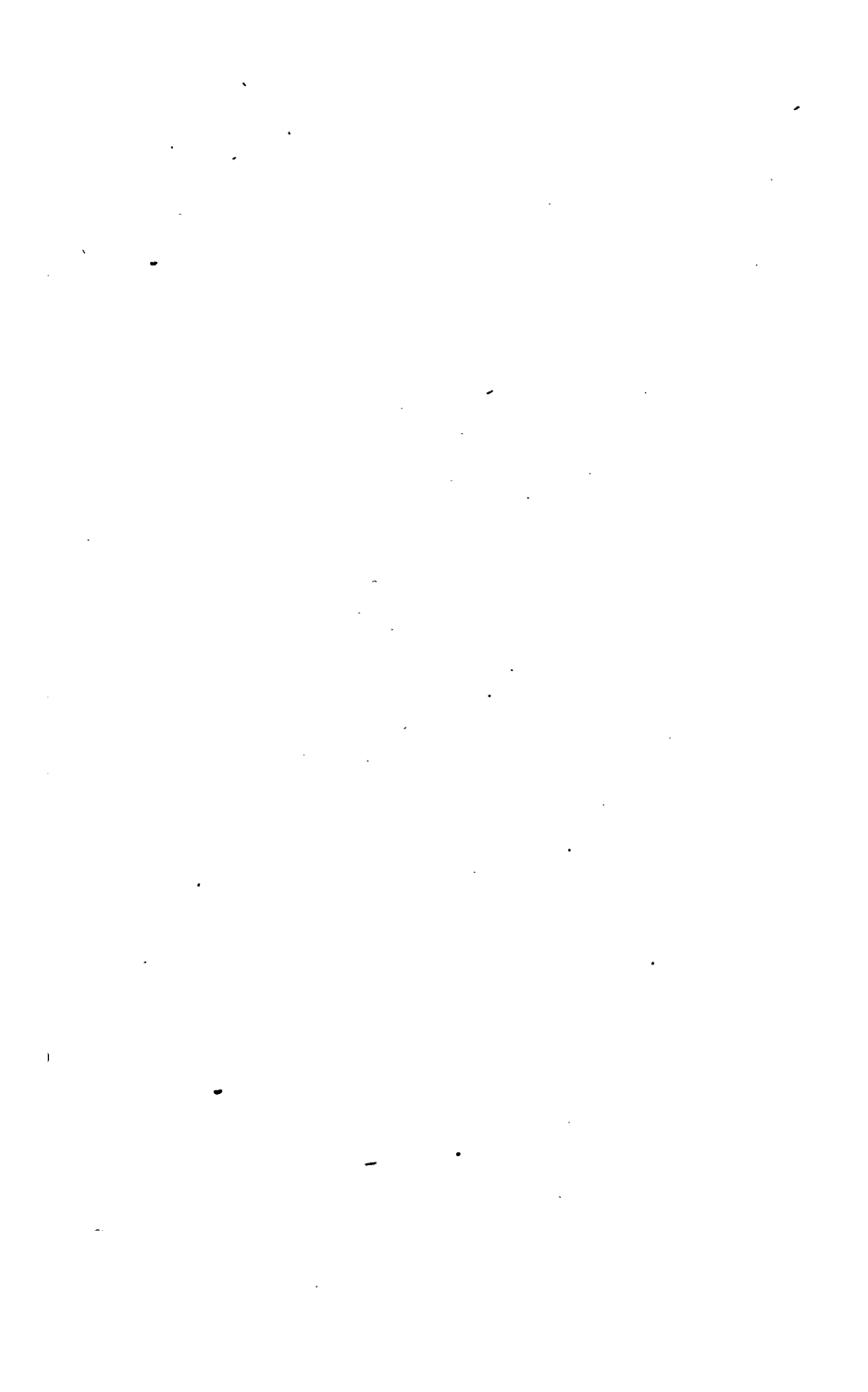
At Warsaw all is on a military footing, and we accordingly experienced a military reception. An invalid seated himself on the coach-box beside the driver, and one of my fellow travellers observed to me, 'He will accompany us in a droski to the Belvedere.'

He did so; but the Grand Duke was engaged in attending to some military manœuvres, and my presentation was postponed till another occasion.

* Lancers.

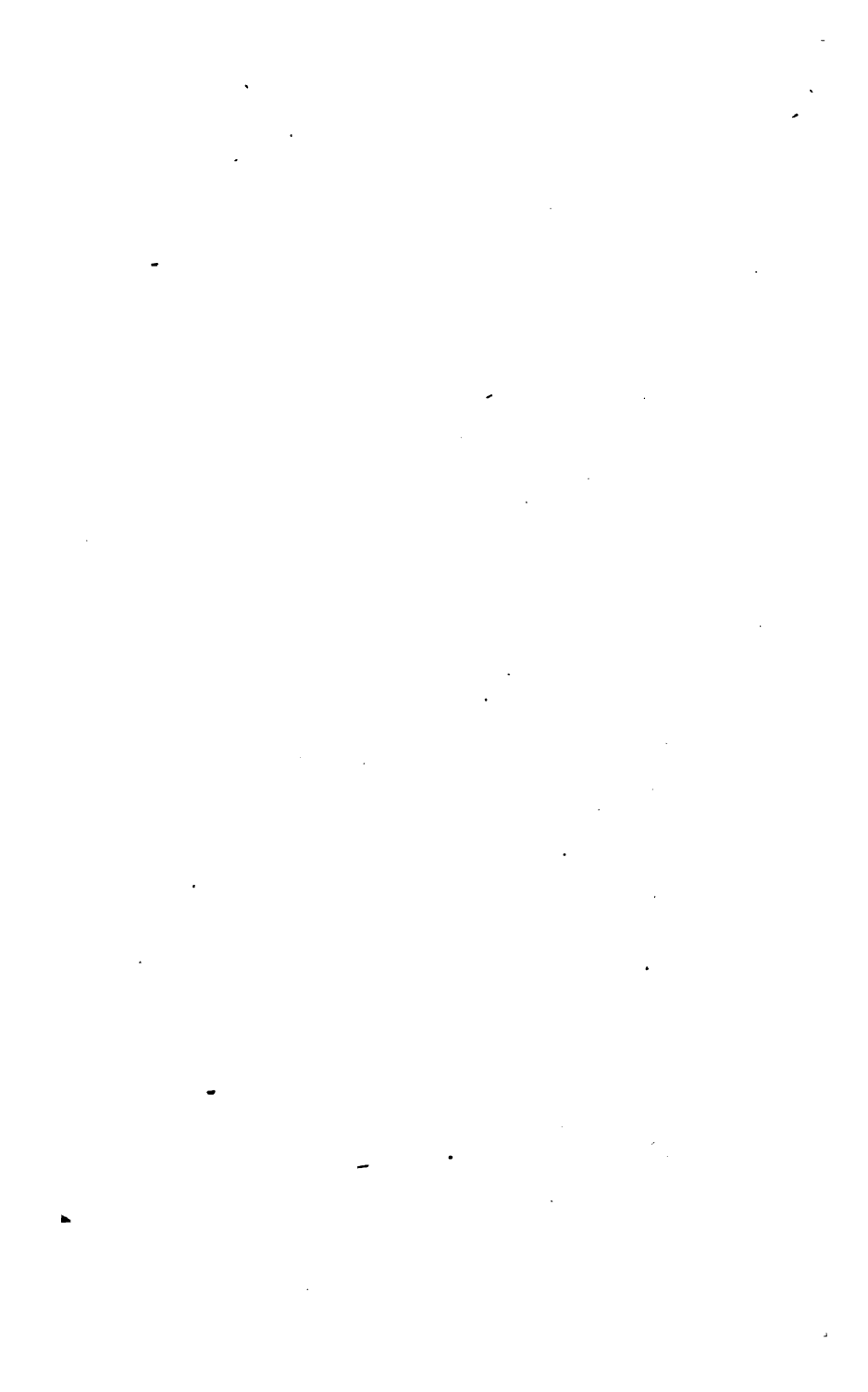
† Chasseurs à pied.—AM. ED.





PART II.

SKETCHES OF WARSAW.



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SKETCHES OF WARSAW.

CHAPTER VI.

Belvedere, under the Grand Duke Constantine—Scenes before the levee—Officers of the Horse Guards on duty—The Hussar-Adjutant—Orderlies—General Strandtmann.

THE Belvedere Palace is a modest looking country house, situated within the southern barrier of Warsaw, not far from the Mokatowska Rogatka.* It is a plain edifice, built in the modern style, with side wings, and fronted by a high semi-circular iron railing. The exterior is covered with a kind of pale red plaster, and the interior resembles the dwelling of a private man, rather than the palace of a prince. The upper apartments command a tolerably extensive prospect over the adjoining park, (which is laid out in the English style,) the botanical gardens, Lazinka, the horse-guard barracks, and a part of the town. The iron gate is

* Rogatki (*Chevaux de frise*) are employed for turnpikes.

guarded by invalids,* and no civilian, without a military escort, is permitted to pass it. From the house, various paths diverge, some leading to the city, and others to different places in the neighborhood. Around the Belvedere unbroken stillness prevails. No pedestrian ventures to approach it; even carriages avoid the principal paths, or turn back when they arrive within some distance of the house. In the park, the nightingale seems to sing softly and fearfully, and the frogs croak, as it were, by stealth, for—the Grand Duke Constantine dwells in the Belvedere.

I speak of things as they were.—The first accounts of the Polish insurrection informed us that all was changed at the Belvedere. Be that as it may; we will take a view of the past, and detain the reader at the palace, until we bring the Grand Duke himself on the scene.

It is four o'clock on a summer's morning; and the infantry are encamped beyond the opposite barrier of the city. The droskis and chaises of the generals are collected on the outside of the gate. Gendre is already up, and in the anti-chamber salutations are interchanged between the officers on duty for the day, consisting of a captain of each of the three regiments of horse-guards, a subaltern officer of each squadron, and also a subaltern officer for day duty at the great Lazaretto of Uyazdow.

Jokes are passed in Polish, Russian, German, and French; Chambertin, Château-Lafitte, the favorite of

* Old or wounded soldiers, unfit for active service.—AM. ED.

the day, Markebronner, Louis Wolfel's champaign, the French restaurateur at the castle, whose name is a matter of no importance, even though his culinary art were greater than it is, and the ladies' boarding-schools in the Cracow suburb, alternately become the subjects of conversation ;—The 'old gentleman,' 'Ensign Gunpowder,' and the 'Bavarian Prince,'* deliberate on the important question, who shall furnish the Rudesheimer for the mess-supper. No one evinces any eagerness to anticipate the generosity of his comrades. The 'old gentleman' with a smile, twirls his Spanish brown mustachios, and goes off to mount guard with his Bucephalus, a noble beast, with whose merits none are so well acquainted as his master. A slender husar-adjutant enters with long strides, sticks the report in his feathered cap, shrugs his shoulders, and accompanies by the clanking of his spurs the *da capo* of his anti-chamber *ennui*. An ironical French *bon mot* is at his tongue's end ; he addresses it to the 'Bavarian Prince,' and then leaves the room, as he has to examine the orderlies, who are ranged like puppets in the adjoining apartment. For two hours past an old soldier has been engaged in lacing and dressing the sub-officers and recruits, who are to appear before the Grand Duke in *optima forma*. All start when the adjutant suddenly opens the door, and turn their faces towards him ; but the dreaded visitor makes a sign to the old soldier to continue his occupation.

The adjutant at first gives vent to a few oaths ; but

* Nicknames given to some of the officers of the horse-guards.

when the cartridge boxes are placed in their proper position on the shoulders, he murmurs *Charoscho!* (good.)

The old soldier's attendant, a miserable looking being, carefully blackens and polishes the boots in dreadful anxiety lest they should soil the red ornaments, in which case he would not only have to encounter the thunderbolts of the adjutant's fury, but a new whip would be provided for him by the staff of the regiment.

The inspector of the body squadron of lancer-guards steps in. He feels himself quite at home; for it is his duty to dance attendance in this room only three hundred and sixty-five times a year. He is in high spirits, and gives himself an air of importance; the reason is this:—though he has not been ten years a sub-officer, and served altogether twenty years, yet he is raised to the rank of an officer, though it be only for parade.

He is on friendly terms with the inspectors of the life-cuirassiers and hussars. They mutually offer each other the use of the pocket-mirrors and hair brushes which they have brought in their shakos, and all three lament not having tasted a drop of vodka; for when the Grand Duke is out of humor, he will not suffer a man whose breath smells of vodka, to continue in the service. A few other officers enter, and hastily throw aside their cloaks. After pulling each other's hair, and making a noise, they withdraw to the anti-room.

General Strandtmann enters, and asks the adjutant some frivolous questions.

All are now drawn up in a line, and the general, in his own self-important person, inspects his orderlies. 'How . . . how . . . what is this,' he says, addressing the sub-officer. 'What sort of a beard have you got?.. You look like a peasant following the plough! . . . Away with all that hair at the angles of your mouth!' Then turning to the adjutant, he roars out :—'Let all this stubble be shaved off. And how has he dressed his mustachios? What does he do with so much shoe-blackening under his nose. What a storm we should have from the Grand Duke, if the fellow were to present himself in this way. . . . Quick . . quick . . get him shaved.' Then casting a significant glance at the motionless hussar puppets, he hastens to the inner temple.

'Bring a razor!' exclaims the adjutant, accompanying the order by a few oaths. The old soldier trembles, for he has brought needles and thread in his furaska, but no razor. In this dilemma the adjutant's presence of mind befriends him. He seizes a large knife, and speedily whets the edge on the English cast iron stove. Blacking supplies the place of Windsor soap. 'Stand still, my good fellow, and I'll soon shave you,' says the adjutant to the poor sub-officer, who passively resigns himself to his fate. At the moment Hadshi enters, and on witnessing this comical scene, bursts into a fit of laughter. 'Ah Hadshi! you see I am turned barber.' Big tears rolled down

the cheeks of the poor devil under the operation. 'Hadshi,' continues the adjutant, 'this scene will be a subject for your satirical pen. You must describe it.' 'I will,' replied Hadshi, and at this moment a confused murmur at the outside of the door announces the approach of the Grand Duke.

CHAPTER VII.

Omniscience of the Grand Duke—Supervision of foreigners—
The Grand Duke's carriage—His daily excursions.

THE Grand Duke has received the reports of his generals, has learned from the commandant of the city and the president of the police every thing that happened yesterday; he has examined the cards left at the gates of the palace; made inquiries about the arrivals, and determined on what conditions those on the list of intended departures shall obtain their passports; signed a few decrees for degrading officers from their rank, and dispatched orders to the commander of the fortress of Zamocz, respecting the treatment of persons condemned or suspected.

His Highness has discussed with Gendre and Fenshaw all the latest news, foreign and domestic, renewed his rigid orders against popular movements, and has obtained from Kuruta and Sass circumstantial details of every thing concerning the military.

He knows, for example, that General Richter, on the preceding evening took a turn through the New World,* in his cloak and furaska, and he is overjoyed at the thought of giving a proof of his omniscience.

* A street in Warsaw.

Accordingly, the general no sooner enters the saloon than he whispers in his ear, 'The next time you take a private walk into the New World, you had better wear your hat.'

The Grand Duke has moreover learned that several officers are taking lessons in the English language. He orders them to relinquish that dangerous study, and in its stead to employ themselves in learning the regulations of the service. He has been informed that some of the officers of the Lithuanian regiment of grenadier guards daily dine together, and that their conversation occasionally turns on forbidden topics. He accordingly issues orders that these meetings shall cease, as each officer can as well dine in his own quarters. He observes on the sick list an officer whose name does not appear on the list of invalids at Uyazdow; and he orders his physician Kuczkowski to visit him personally, and if he be really ill, to remove him immediately to the Lazaretto, as no officer under the rank of captain can be permitted to be ill in his own quarters. Having dispatched these and various other orders of a similar kind, he salutes the officers on duty in the manner described in the last chapter.

If he should happen to see a foreigner newly arrived from Paris, he scans him narrowly, and then addresses to him a few questions concerning passing events. Every foreigner who comes either to make a stay in Warsaw, or merely to pass through it, is closely questioned concerning his previous places of abode, and is

very particularly asked whether he has attended any of the German universities, and which of them. Should the unsuspecting foreigner answer Jena or Wurzburg, the bushy eye-brows of the Grand Duke are drawn down over his nose. The order for watching strictly, which has already been privately given, is then repeated openly; or perhaps the foreigner receives notice to quit Warsaw in twenty-four hours.

If the foreigner happen to be a person of any importance, or a young man of good family, he is, without further ceremony, required to enter the military service; and the gold lace trappings of his uniform are the strongest and surest chains that ever were forged. The prisoner perhaps never recovers his liberty, or if he does, it is only when, after years of captivity, ill health renders him unfit for longer service, and his conduct has been such as to cause no objection to his liberation. If it should be thought that he is any way dangerous, he is allowed to take leave of his regiment, and is to appearance, dismissed without being allowed to depart, so that he is kept from month to month and from year to year in hopeless uncertainty.*

Native subjects of Russia, who, on their return from the German universities visit Warsaw, are never permitted to proceed home. They must enter the service, are planted in the military school, and are kept prisoners for six or eight years, though they can be *legally* detained only four years. Indeed, an imperial

* The author refers, probably, to Poles from the other Provinces.

ukase, published in 1829, declares that native Russians are required to serve only three years. But this ukase is locked up in the cabinet of the Grand Duke, together with many others, which are not brought into operation, because they are not in accordance with his will.

The morning audience being ended, the all-powerful Constantine prepares to take a drive, and his droski, to which four sorrels are harnessed in the Russian style, is in waiting within the iron gate of the park. He steps into the carriage, and the adjutant on duty seats himself on his right ; a precautionary arrangement, the object of which is to enable the adjutant to have his right arm at liberty, so that he may draw his sword in case of need. The favorite carriage of the Grand Duke is a vehicle of such heavy construction, that it rolls along with the noise of a peal of thunder, so that His Highness's approach can never be mistaken by those who have once heard it.

The Duke's usual drive is through one of the roads leading from the Belvedere to the Foundling Hospital, through Trumpet Street, and across Saxon Square to the camp, where the infantry go through their exercise to-day as they did yesterday and the day before, and, in short, as they have done every day during the last year.

Between nine and ten o'clock, the Grand Duke returns to the Belvedere, takes his second breakfast, and sleeps for an hour. On rising, he perhaps reads the *Constitutionnel* and some other newspapers, or, if inclined to take another drive, he visits some of the bar-

racks, the Lazaretto of Uyazdow, or any other place which he may think it necessary to inspect.

All the officers, except the lancers, wear cocked hats, called *sturners*. These hats must, 'according to regulation,' be worn square; that is to say, the two corners must be above the shoulders of the wearer. This mode of wearing the hat is very uncomfortable; but to have the corners before and behind, is contrary to orders. If the well-known roll of the ducal carriage be heard at a distance by the officers, as they are lounging through the streets, all mechanically raise their hands to their hats, and take care to square them, according to 'regulation,' before they are observed by the falcon eye of the Grand Duke. All turn round and salute his Highness as he passes. Should any departure from the prescribed regulations for military dress be observed, the carriage instantly stops, and the offender is ordered to the nearest guard-house.

A great coat buttoned over on the left side instead of the right, a button that has slipped out of a button hole, or a cavalry officer who may step across the street to visit a comrade without putting on his spurs, are causes sufficient to excite the wrath of the 'regulation' Duke. He continues for several days out of humor; but indeed he is seldom otherwise, and officers and privates are alike the objects of punishment.

After dinner, the Grand Duke again takes a nap of a few hours duration, and he finally retires to rest at ten o'clock. In summer, his day's work begins at three, and in winter at five o'clock. His bed-chamber is like an armory.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chiefs of the secret Police—General Gendre—The saloons of Warsaw.

THE spy system in Warsaw early led to the discovery of the first measures which brought about the insurrection of the 29th of November, on the commencement of which the chiefs of the secret police were put to death. The names of the generals who fell in the Belvedere plainly show that the insurgents knew their men; for the individuals on whom they wreaked their vengeance, were those who exercised almost unlimited power, and who at the beck of their tyrannical master, were always ready to execute any command that might be uttered in a transitory ebullition of fury.

Next in authority to the Grand Duke Constantine, is General Gendre, whose wife is a sister of the deceased Lieutenant-General Albrecht, commander of the body-guard Uhlans, and a general of division of the horse-guards in Warsaw. Owing to the relationship of his lady with the Imperial family of Russia, Gendre found a protector in the Grand Duke, when, having fallen into disgrace, he was dismissed and cashiered by the Emperor. He then came to Warsaw,

where he got the command of a brigade of the foot-guards.

He has been judged not only by the 'voice,' but by the 'hand of the people ;' and his odious conduct, which was long notorious, may well justify the deed of desperation to which, relying on the authority of his rank, he provoked the oppressed and injured nation. It is a well-known fact, that during the last French war, Gendre, who was appointed to remount the active Russian cavalry, received for that purpose many millions, which he appropriated to his own private benefit. Officers of respectability, who served in that campaign, unanimously declare, that the horses sent by the general from Russia for remounting the cavalry were, for the most part, suffering from a disease which must have been obvious to any judge of horses. They were in consequence unfit for service, and exposed the healthy horses to the danger of infection.

I recollect a circumstance of a nature similar to the above, which came to my knowledge at a subsequent period in Warsaw : I will relate it as I heard it.

The Grand Duke observed a horse belonging to a Polish gentleman, which pleased him exceedingly ; for he is a great admirer of fine horses. He immediately directed General Gendre to ascertain whether the owner would part with his horse, as he would willingly give any price for it. The Pole was flattered by the Grand Duke's admiration of his horse, and declared that he should be happy to send the animal as a present to his Highness, but, as that would be

contrary to etiquette, he was willing to sell the horse for a very small sum, which, at Gendre's request, he immediately specified. Gendre informed the Grand Duke that though the Pole was very reluctant to part with his horse, yet he was not insensible to the honor conferred on him by his Imperial Highness, and therefore consented to sell the horse for *three hundred* gold ducats. The general immediately received an order on the private treasury, and the horse was sent to the Belvedere.

After the lapse of some time the Polish gentleman requested one of the Grand Duke's adjutants to take an opportunity of mentioning to his Highness the affair of the horse, which he had agreed to sell for the sum of *one hundred* ducats, but that owing to some mistake or negligence he had never received the money, though the Grand Duke was remarkable for punctuality in his payments. The adjutant conceived himself in duty bound to mention the affair in one of his reports, and the Grand Duke, thunderstruck with astonishment, summoned Gendre to his presence, and in furious terms expressed his indignation at his conduct. The favorite, with true Russian servility, threw himself on his knees before his master, who, in the presence of the adjutants, inflicted on him a summary punishment of kicks and imprecations. But, notwithstanding all this, Brigadier General Gendre was such an indispensable person in the court of the Belvedere, that after a few days he was invited to the table of the Grand Duke, and the dishonest transaction was no longer thought of.

Gendre was a tall, stout man, of dignified appearance, and decorated with orders of the first class. His spacious residence contained one of the most brilliant saloons in Warsaw, and his patronage was sought for by those whose rank and fortune entitled them on their part to exercise the highest patronage.

It may be remarked that at his evening parties, his visitors were offered no other refreshment than a single cup of tea. This custom, which is prevalent among the higher classes in Warsaw, has been ridiculed by Staberle, in his *Travelling Adventures*. At Gendre's parties the general, with his tooth-pick in his hand, used to sit with his guests round an empty table, while the jingling of decanters and glasses was heard in the adjoining room.

• In a conversation with a colonel of the guards respecting the state of society in the Polish capital, General Gendre once declared, that there was not a fashionable family in Warsaw, at whose house a man like himself could enjoy the society of his equals. This was probably the only truth that had for years escaped his lips.

CHAPTER IX.

Novosilzov—His chancery—His library—The minister and the wench.

THE Imperial Commissary-General, Novosilzov, held the highest rank next to the Grand Duke Constantine. Besides being a minister and senator, he was curator of the University of Wilna. The latter post he perhaps still fills, if indeed he survived the 1st of December, 1830, which would be nothing short of a miracle.

In Warsaw the name of Novosilzov was whispered as fearfully as was the dreaded name of Dyonisius in Syracuse. Of the Emperor's famous commissioner there was but one opinion.

In the year 1825, one half of the University of Wilna, besides numerous youths and young men from distant governments of the Empire were, by Novosilzov's decision, condemned, some to be sent to Siberia, some to serve as common soldiers, some to suffer the punishment of the knout, and some to imprisonment; and all this because a boy chalked on a wall the words 'Live the constitution of 1791,' thus affording evidence of an existing conspiracy.

I was an eye-witness to the misery and affliction with which thousands of families were then visited.

The overwhelming sentence fell on the most distinguished families of the land, far and near.

It is a curious fact, that in his youth Novosilzov was a zealous promoter and supporter of the constitution of 1791. This is proved by the testimony of many of his early friends.

The secret chancery in Warsaw exercised control over every thing connected with literature, education, &c., in Russia and Poland; and its unlimited power seemed to be more than sufficient to check all intellectual growth in the bud. To those, therefore, who are acquainted with the restrictions imposed on individual freedom in Poland, it must have appeared incredible that an insurrection could ever have broken out in Warsaw, which was watched by the vigilant eyes of Novosilzov as well as those of Constantine.

All persons wishing to travel from Warsaw to Russia must be provided with passports from Novosilzov. These passports are delivered only to those respecting whom the most minute inquiries have been made in secret. Novosilzov has the gift of all ecclesiastical and scholastic offices, and he may also displace the persons holding such offices, at his pleasure.

Poles, as well as Russians, avoid with a secret dread every clerk of Novosilzov; and this never-failing sign of the approach of these worthy *civilians* was sufficient to put an end to the most innocent conversation.

Novosilzov's library contains all new foreign publications; a very vigilant regard being paid to those writers who do not go the length of recommending

despotism quite unconditionally.—I even found an intellectual sacrifice to the knout, in the person of the Freeslander Rognhar Yarr,* who had arrived in Warsaw before me.

As I was, while yet a stranger in Warsaw, sitting at a window in the residence of an acquaintance not far from St. Alexander's Church, I observed in the street an elderly man in familiar conversation with a female of a certain description. The loud laughter and indecorous behavior of this couple sufficiently proved that at least one kind of freedom was fully tolerated in Warsaw.

'Do you know who that man is?' inquired I of Baron Von P—. 'That is the Imperial Commissary-General, the minister Novosilzov,' he replied; 'the most inveterate foe to democrats in all the Russian dominions.'—'How!' exclaimed I, with astonishment, 'that man yonder in the dark frock coat . . . the stout man who is talking to that wench, and familiarly playing with the string of her hat! . . . Surely that can not be Novosilzov?'—'It is no other,' answered the baron; 'only stay a minute, and I wager you will see the woman turn to the left, down the Czerniekwaska-Ulica, which leads to his Excellency's villa.'—'Is not Novosilzov curator of the University of Wilna?' In my simplicity I inquired, 'what would the academic youth say if they saw his Excellency as we now see him?'—'They would do their best to follow his example, and the minister of public instruction would be

* A work by the author of these Memoirs.

very well pleased. Profligate habits are a sure antidote to democratic ideas.'—'Your are right,' baron, said I 'where moral depravity has free scope, the principles which Novosilzov holds in such horror will never take root. I wonder that a University brothel, under the superintendence of the curator, has not been established in Warsaw or Wilna, though there is certainly no scarcity of similar institutions in either of the two places.'

As the baron had predicted, the woman soon turned down the Czerniekowska Ulica, and the minister slowly followed her.

What is the consequence to be inferred from this scene? Is it not that a commissary-general of the Emperor of all the Russians (and of some millions of Poles besides) has no scruple about violating decorum in the public streets, and in broad daylight?

But before whose eyes should he restrain himself?—Not surely before the eyes of the Grand Duke, who was ready enough to set many such examples of toleration himself!—and, his Imperial Highness excepted, there was not a man in all Warsaw who might not, by a stroke of his Excellency's pen, be incarcerated in solitary confinement or sent to Siberia.

Decency is not in unison with the system of absolute monarchy. Moral depravity* is, as it were, the

* The policy of Russia as also of Austria, is to encourage all kinds of immorality, which tend to turn the attention of men from political subjects. In Vienna, it may be said with truth, the government allows a high premium on vice and immorality.—AM. ED.

pummel of the sword of despotism, and it must be early fostered, in order to blight the dangerous bud which expands into the triad flower of freedom, truth, and love.

But justice is my motto, and I will be just even to some individuals in Novosilzov's circle, whose pure and exalted humanity commanded my highest respect.

CHAPTER X.

Duty for the day—The monkey of the Belvedere, and Mahmud Hassan of Varna.

HAVING, according to the Russian order of rank, paid our respects to the Emperor's Commissary-General, we will return to the Belvedere, where there is much that is worthy of observation.

As within the horizon of the Grand Duke, every thing must be maintained on a military footing, and strictly conformable to 'regulation,' so all in his service, from the general to the shoe-black, are on duty for the day.

This day duty, or, as it is termed, *service du jour*, is not confined to men or to creatures like men, but extends to horses and carriages, saddles and harnesses. Particular droskis and chaises are daily prepared for the *service du jour*, and particular riding horses are kept saddled and bridled, like cavalry horses on picket guard. Officers of the household, chamberlains and lackeys are *du jour* in the military style. Even the cook and confectioner are daily changed, and the Belvedere is lighted by a lamp-lighter *du jour*.

Besides the eminent individuals whom we have already noticed at the court of the Belvedere, there

are two important personages, to whom the reader has not yet been introduced. These are his Imperial Highness's monkey, and Mahmud Hassan, a deserter from Varna.

The monkey is the favorite of the Grand Duke, and the companion of his idle hours. He is an accomplished virtuoso in the art of grimace, and his society is indispensable to his master.

Yet a monkey may be dangerous, and an event took place at the Belvedere, which proves that even the most petted favorite is not to be trusted.

One day Constantine was busy writing in his own apartment, while his favorite monkey was as usual capering about, playing all sorts of tricks, and meddling with every thing. At length he fixed his eyes on a loaded gun, and snatching it up unperceived, he deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this moment the Grand Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm, uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction.

The report caused a dreadful consternation in the palace. The individuals in attendance hurried to the apartment of his Highness, and found him, though still agitated by the effects of the fright, caressing the monkey, who had thrown the musket on the ground, and was apologizing for his misdemeanor by his very best grimaces.

The forbearance which was evinced towards the

monkey, who, if he had had the ill luck to be a man, would at least have been sent to end his days in the lead works of Siberia, is at least a proof of the Grand Duke's humanity,* and as such deserves to be borne in mind.

The only punishment the monkey received was to be banished for a time from the apartment of his master. He was removed to new quarters, and transferred to the friendly care of Mahmud Hassan. He was, however, frequently visited by his master, whom he continued to divert by his tricks and grimaces.

In the castle of Uyazdov, the military Lazaretto, which usually contains between 1000 and 1200 patients, there are several chambers assigned to the use of the household officers of the Grand Duke. These apartments are roomy, well furnished, and most of them look into the garden. Admission to one of these chambers is a great mark of distinction, as well as a benefit conferred on an invalid, and it is only obtained by an especial order from the Belvedere.

In the beginning of the year 1829, I was taken dangerously ill in Warsaw, and I was not a little astonished at receiving an order for admission to one of the chambers above described.

In the adjoining room to me lay Mahmud Hassan, a favorite of the Grand Duke, and of General Kuruta; and, being near neighbors and fellow-sufferers, we soon got acquainted with each other.

Mahmud Hassan was an exceedingly intelligent and

* Query: *Monkeyanity*.

well-informed young man, about nineteen years of age, and possessing cunning enough for a dozen Greeks. I found him a very pleasant companion. We conversed together through the medium of a jargon, compounded of Russian, Polish, Turkish, and modern Greek ; and when we could not make ourselves mutually intelligible by the tongue, we had recourse to signs.

I continued bedridden after he was convalescent and able to move about. He used, therefore, to come and sit beside me for hours together, describing to me the particulars of the siege of Varna, of which none of the public papers had given a faithful account. Indeed, he made me acquainted with many details which were but little known beyond the boundaries of the Russian dominions.

Mahmud possessed a talent for drawing ; and as he observed many sketches in my apartment, he professed a great regard for me,—evidently not without an interested view. He made a very clever sketch of Varna, and the fortifications of the Russians, when describing to me the manner in which he effected his escape.

Love of life suggested to the patriotic Moslem the idea of finding his way to the enemy's trenches, and offering himself as a guide to assist the Russians in taking Varna, by which treachery he hoped to make his fortune. Mahmud Hassan was in fact a very great rogue, which will sufficiently account for his destiny, having conducted him to the Belvedere.

He was immediately enrolled in the suite of the

Russian general in Varna, where, in gratitude for his services, he was informed that he might have his choice, whether he would go to St. Petersburg or to Warsaw, as he evinced no great taste for the dangers of a military life. 'I resolved,' said he, as he described to me his adventures, 'to go to Warsaw; for I had heard that Warsaw was nearer than St. Petersburg, and I said to myself, Mahmud, in case you should not like Warsaw, you can go to St. Petersburg afterwards. But the Polish women (*Deffki Polski*) are very pretty, and I am quite content to stay here.'

It is impossible to convey to the reader any idea of the *naïve* and comic way in which Mahmud Hassan made this confession as he sat at my bed side. I know I never in my life laughed so heartily as when I heard it.

Hassan still dwells at the Belvedere, dressed in the costume of a modern dandy, and he is daily advancing in the favor of his master. When in the Lazaretto, he was always well supplied with money: he had whatever provisions and refreshments he wanted brought from the palace, and General Kuruta used to send him bags of sweetmeats, such as are usually presented to ladies.

When Hassan discovered that I was a German, or at least of German extraction, he grew rather reserved to me. I understood the reason of this when he afterwards gave me his opinion of different nations, in nearly the following way: 'I hate the Germans, because they are so grave. I like the French, because

they move their arms and hands when they speak with their mouths. The English are fools, (Duracki) and as to the Italians, I never saw one except Flori, (chief physician of the Lazaretto.)

When the Grand Duke, during one of his inspecting visits to Uyazdow, entered our apartments, he introduced his favorite to General Gendre, and, laughing, said, 'There is a youth who has only been a few months here, and he has already made himself acquainted with every bad woman in Warsaw.'

CHAPTER XI.

The Saxon Square—Parallel between Warsaw and Rome.

NEXT to the monkey of the Belvedere, the most remarkable thing in Warsaw is the Parade, on the Saxon Square, fronting the Bruhl Palace.

This square owes its present spacious size to the Grand Duke Constantine, who ordered the pulling down of all the buildings which formerly limited its extent.

On the left, looking from the palace, is a guard-house. There are so many of these guard-houses in Warsaw, that two dozen officers may be daily arrested and lodged in them, without any fear of disturbing each other in their philosophic reveries.

Warsaw and Rome are similar as to extent; and both cities are surrounded by walls. The one contains the Apollo Belvedere, and the other the Belvedere monkey.

Rome, and the Pope, are two inseparable ideas; so are Warsaw, and the Grand Duke Constantine. The infallibility of the one corresponds with the unlimited despotism of the other. The clergy form the highest and most powerful rank in Rome; so do the military in Warsaw.

What the convents are in Rome, the barracks are

in the Polish capital. The general of the Jesuits in Rome, who deals in places and absolution, is precisely like the generals of corps and divisions in Warsaw ;— for example ; Roczniski sells officers' commissions for ready money, or exchanges them for horses ; and Kur-natovski knows how to temporize as well as any Jesuit. As the general of the Jesuits is at once a priest and a layman, so the Polish generals of division are at once officers and courtiers ; half flesh, half fish, half Pole, half Russian, and neither the one nor the other. The dumb capuchin general in Rome may be aptly compared to the Hussar-General Strandtmann, in Warsaw, whose taciturnity has given rise to the by-word, '*as dumb as the general*,' which is repeated even by the privates in his own regiment.

At one of the Grand Duke's levees, his Highness was informed that a highly esteemed Prussian officer wished to enter the Polish service ; and, by way of recommendation, it was added, that he was celebrated as a writer on military tactics. 'What,' exclaimed Constantine, 'is he a writer—an author? Then I will have nothing to do with him. I want men like my Strandtmann.' The hussar-general made a low bow in return for the flattering compliment.

Another point of resemblance between the military in Warsaw, and the clergy in Rome is, that an officer here may know nothing of military duty, and a priest there nothing of spiritual duty.

As the Pope requires only church worship, so Constantine requires only camp worship. A general once

ventured to solicit the pardon of a 'brave officer,' who had been guilty of some offence against regulation. 'What!' exclaimed the Grand Duke on the public parade, 'he is a brave man, say you? I want not bravery. All I want is obedience; and I order you under arrest.'

Rome swarms with priests, and Warsaw swarms with officers. In Warsaw, the military are regarded with all the fear and awe, which are inspired by the monks in Rome. In the latter city, the rank and dignity of each individual ecclesiastic, from the cardinal to the lay-brother, is known to everybody; in like manner, the inhabitants of Warsaw know every man in the army, from the general-in-chief down to the recruit, and to what regiment each belongs.

In Rome, the ringing of bells is the summons to worship; in Warsaw, it is the flourishing of drums and trumpets. The clergy in Rome move within the boundaries of form, without any exercise of mind; so do the military in Warsaw. The priest feels himself free by absolution; and the officer feels himself restrained by absolutism.

In Rome, a priest crosses himself whenever he passes a church; and in Warsaw, an officer crosses himself mentally, when he passes a guard-house.

The priest goes to church to attend service; the officer goes from service to the guard-house. The criminal who flies to the church cannot be arrested; and the officer is not arrested after he enters the guard-

house. Men suspected of political offences are in Rome, as in Warsaw, incarcerated in convents.

The Grand Duke, like the Pope, grants absolution. The Pope blesses—the Grand Duke curses. This parallel might be continued to infinite length; but it is ten o'clock in the morning, at the latter end of autumn. The infantry have left the camp, and are in the garrison. The crowd has collected in the Saxon Square, and the parade is about to begin.

CHAPTER XII.

The Parade, and the Guard-houses.

I WILL, if my invalid memory permit, enumerate the guard-houses of Warsaw, before we visit the parade ; for who knows what may happen there !

In Warsaw, when a man puts on his grand parade uniform, he can never guess, with any degree of certainty, whether he be doomed to take it off again in his own chamber.

I had but little opportunity of acquiring any personal knowledge of the guard-houses of Warsaw, for I was always exceedingly attentive to my buttons, and button-holes, kept my hair and mustachios in good order, and maintained a most exemplary silence.— However, we will see how many of these free quarters we can find before we proceed to the parade.

There are at least eight guard-houses ; for there are (or were,) eight regiments of guards in Warsaw.*

The cuirassier regiment of body guards, commanded by General von Knoring.

The lancer regiment of body guards, commanded by General Markov.

* The author, as the reader will perceive, here mentions only seven, but he corrects the mistake afterwards.

The Grodnow regiment of body guards hussars, commanded by General Strandtmann.

The Polish regiment of chasseur guards, commanded by General Kurnatowski.

The Lithuanian regiment of grenadier guards, commanded by General Engelmann.

The Volhynian regiment of foot-guards, commanded by General Essakov.

The Polish regiment of grenadier guards, commanded by General Zymirski.

Besides these, there are in Warsaw the 1st, 2d, and 3d Polish regiments of infantry of the line ; consequently, three more guard-houses, making eleven. There is also a battalion of Polish sappers, whose guard-house is much too small, at least for the privates. These sappers are a terrific corps. They were recruited from the long-fingered tribe, and have not relinquished their old propensities, a circumstance which has given rise to the saying that *their gloves are too short for them*. In service, however, it cannot be denied that this corps has distinguished itself. War is the soldier's true element ; peace renders him a dangerous neighbor, since mere idleness tempts him to plunder.

The guard-house of the sappers, therefore, which is always well filled, completes the first dozen.

There is a very elegant guard-house established in the old palace of Lazienki, which, with its surrounding gardens, was once styled the Polish Versailles. Here suitable quarters are ready for captains of cavalry, and, in case of need, even colonels may be accom-

modated, should they do any thing to indicate a wish to that effect. The building was newly repaired, and fitted up in the spring of 1830, and it was doubtless mortifying enough that it should be provisionally closed on the 29th of November following.

There is a guard-house in the royal palace, another in the Cracow suburb, and another in the Krasinski gardens. In the latter, the prisoners have a pleasant prospect from their windows, and in spring, may, if they like, fancy themselves at Carlsbad, as there are artificial mineral waters in the neighborhood.

We have now counted sixteen guard-houses ; but there are many more, though my memory does not enable me to specify them. There are, besides, a number of secondary guard-houses in Warsaw, which are always well filled. These are not merely posts ; even the unmilitary reader will know how to discriminate between a post and a guard-house.

While we have been engaged in making this preliminary survey, numbers of officers have assembled in the Saxon Square, where one half of each regiment daily attends the parade.

A square of infantry extends as far as the eye can reach ; and in front of a stable, beside the guard-house is the cavalry picket, which is furnished by the four regiments of guards, and daily changed, so that first the old guard cuirassiers and uhlans, then the young guard, next the hussars, and lastly, the chasseur guards alternately relieve each other.

The people are looking out for good places to view

the parade. Bearded and unbearded Jews, ladies, some alone, some escorted by gentlemen, are pressing forward in the throng. Brokers of both sexes are making their way to the officers, to whom they are offering their services, at no inconsiderable price.

The runners of the five secret police divisions glide about without knowing each other. They narrowly scan the gibbet-looking physiognomy of a jailor, apparently suspecting that he has criminals under his care no worse than themselves.

The hirelings of Colonel Sass keep their eyes on the officers, whom they watch as narrowly as a jealous old guardian watches a pair of lovers making an assignation. Their attention is directed to the looks and gestures of the military gentlemen. They do not concern themselves much about the uniforms, for the Grand Duke is to be on the parade, and will himself see that all the buttons and button-holes are in good order.

Nurses and servants are holding their little charges in their arms, so that they may have a good view of the puppets.—‘Tell me,’ exclaimed a little black-headed urchin, in a tone of wonder, ‘are those dolls alive? do they move of themselves?’

‘Whom do all those pretty men belong to?’ inquires a handsome serious looking boy in the national dress, but without a wooden karabella. ‘Whom do they belong to, my dear boy!’ replies the grey-haired old man, who is holding him on his shoulders to see the sight, ‘they belong to the Grand Duke.’ At the men-

tion of that name, the boy seems to shudder, for he thinks of the bitter tears shed by his mother, who for seven years has mourned his father's captivity at Zamosz, and whose lips tremble as they utter the name of the Grand Duke.—'Used papa to be dressed as finely as those men?' continued the boy. But the band strikes up, the Grand Duke appears, and all eyes are turned towards him.

He advances along the front of the lines, passing the Lithuanian regiment, and the old grenadiers, who in the course of their lives receive millions and millions of lashes, by order of his Imperial Highness, whose presence nevertheless now operates upon them like a magnetic power;—they fancy themselves in Paradise—for the Grand Duke inspects them.

The several battalions and companies of the other regiments have enjoyed a similar honor, and the omnipotent Constantine stands with his back to the palace, and gives the command. Next comes a flourish of drums and trumpets. The regiments last drawn out must defile in open column. The falcon eye of the Duke in a moment glances at every individual man, while the columns defile;—and as the battalions march along, the ear distinguishes only a single step.

The Grand Duke is satisfied. He expresses his satisfaction to the general, and the compliment is the same day repeated like an echo through the regiment. The men are in an ecstasy of joy; some get

drunk, are sent to the black-hole at night, and next morning receive a good flogging.

A Polish company next comes under inspection. The throat of an unfortunate ensign betrays traces of what is called *a parricide*; that is to say, the young gentleman's shirt-collar accidentally rises about the breadth of a straw above his stock. . . . The march is interrupted by a thundering 'Halt!'

'Fanfaron!' exclaims the Grand Duke to the downy-bearded youth. 'In the name of all the devils, what do you mean by this? Would you introduce innovations here? Off to the guard-house.'—Now there is an end of all good humor, and woe to the poor wretch who may be at fault after this; he will be punished three-fold.

The generals tremble, and, like an electric shock, this trembling is communicated from rank to rank, down to the very drummer boys, whose trembling improves the roll of the drum.

The business is now over with the infantry, and the Grand Duke next proceeds to pass judgment on the prisoners.

A young officer of the uhlan-guards is brought forward in chains, and a unanimous exclamation of sympathy is heard among the female spectators.

'He is a German baron,' is muttered among the crowd. 'What can be the poor fellow's offence?'

'I know, I know,' exclaims a gossiping Jew; 'I heard the story at Schultz, where my Schicksel lives. . . . That is the baron. . . . What is his name. . . .

I forget. He was quartered with Pani Converska, at Schulitz. . . . I know all about him !'

'Then tell us,' says a German merchant . . . 'tell us why he is to be degraded.'

'He is degraded because a young man in the cuirassiers received a box on the ear from one of his comrades, and then would not run the risk of being shot, when he was challenged by another young man who wore the same uniform, and thought it disgraced by the affront. This last young man, finding he could not get his challenge accepted by him who had received the box on the ear, challenged him who had given it. The handsome young baron yonder, in chains, was second to the duel, and is to be broken.'—'And what is to be the punishment of him who took the box on the ear?' inquired the German merchant. 'Oh!' replies the Jew, 'as he fought neither with pistols nor swords, he is allowed to escape.'—'Well, the Vistula is close by him, and he may easily wash the stain out of his uniform,' observed the German.

During this dialogue the young officer is relieved from his chains, and at the same time stripped of the ornaments of his uniform. In a common place address he is then informed, that he is degraded to the rank of a private soldier, and he then withdraws from the parade.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Parade continued.

THE orderlies of the horse-guards advance. They consist of two sub-officers, and a private of each regiment. They announce themselves, and the evolutions commence.

A Russian horse-guard is required not merely to be a good rider—he must teach his horse to dance under him, to obey on the instant the slightest touch of the bridle and spur, or the rider is punished for the fault of the horse.

The Grand Duke gives the word of command, and both horses and men do their best. The spectators have free admission to the *baiting ground*,* and many a good horseman looks as though he expected to be baited like a bull.

The Grand Duke suspends for a few moments his vigilant supervision of collars and button-holes; for two of his favorite horsemen, the lancer-lieutenant von Salpius, from Berlin, and the hussar-lieutenant Baron von Hügel,† from the Cape of Good Hope, are about to display their equestrian skill.

* It is curious that the baiting ground is the name of the amphitheatre, for the performance of horsemanship in Warsaw.

† In 1830, he was promoted to the rank of staff-captain.

The assembled generals observe with delight the cheering satisfaction expressed in the Grand Duke's countenance. They look round at each other with an air of confidence, and Strandtmann breathes again. His future fate is in the scale, for the picket of his regiment will prove his ruin if the rawest recruit is not a better horseman than the general himself.

The picket at length advances: it is a detachment of glittering hussars destined to relieve the uhlans who were on duty the day before.

General Strandtmann's heroic heart beats anxiously. He would give a great deal to see that hour happily ended.

The adjutant, Edward von Lowenthal, watches with a half-suppressed ironical laugh, the trepidation of his general, with whom he is no great favorite. But Lowenthal is a brave and intelligent man, with whose services the general cannot dispense. Strandtmann must relinquish the command of his regiment were he to lose his adjutant.

By a fatal accident the officer at the head of the picket is Lieutenant Zeltner,* from Solothurn. He came to Warsaw with letters of recommendation from the veteran Kosciuszko, after the latter had resided for eight years among the mountains of Switzerland.

Gloomy recollections of Kosciuszko crowd on the mind of the Grand Duke. A cloud gathers on his brow, and he is a perfect personification of Holberg's 'Dietrich Menschenschreck.'

* Dismissed in 1830.

Kosciuszko! Switzerland! the asylum of demagogues!—a host of frightful phantoms float before his imagination, and with the sure indication of having resolved to vent his rage on the *protégé* of the hated Kosciuszko, he thunders out the word of command.

The anxiety of the generals frequently has a fatal influence on the officers commanding these pickets; sometimes the officer, who receives the word of command from a distance, does not distinctly hear it; he then repeats it partly mumbling, and partly roaring, which is sure to create confusion.

The military figure and air of Lieutenant von Zeltner excite interest in the surrounding throng, and all gaze on the passing scene with anxious attention.

The picket has gone through its whirling evolutions without a fault; the rapid advance across the square, amidst a cloud of dust, and the sudden halt, have been executed to admiration. Now drawn up in a parallel line, the horses and their riders await the next word of command.

The wheeling and the second advance of the horses throw even the Jew usurers into ecstasy, and after a few more military *tours de force* they form in column three deep, and again in line.

Alas! one of the horses misses his place;—and a torrent of imprecations is hurled at the officer.

General Strandtmann trembles; but the adjutant stands unmoved.

Lieutenant von Zeltner fixes himself firmly in his saddle, and a half suppressed oath escapes from

beneath his black mustachios. Then, after a pious ejaculation to St. Winkelried, he delivers the command, accompanied by the imprecations with which his Highness sent it to him.

The uhlan picket advances for the ceremony of taking leave. It is commanded by an Estonian, Lieutenant Baron von Koursel, whose appearance for a moment diverts away the storm that is gathering on the brow of the Grand Duke, who nevertheless angrily surveys the uhlan from head to foot, and shows himself inclined to send the whole picket of lancers to the guard-house.

Koursel retires, and the parade closes with the usual ceremonies.

The Grand Duke returns to the palace, the generals go home, the adjutants hurry to their offices, the lancer-lieutenant Don Renudo, surnamed 'the old gentleman,' sets off to regale himself with oysters, and thinks Monsieur Chambertin a very good old friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

The officer of the lancer guard, and the pyramid of bayonets.

THE officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day, an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer, who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyra-

mid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present, the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand Duke, exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time :—‘To the left about!—Forward!’—The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid, and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle, and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore-legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness’s

feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

'I take back your sword,' said the Grand Duke, gloomily, 'and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?'

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses.*

* An anecdote within our own knowledge will exemplify this :—Constantine, one day on parade, for some freak of fancy, ordered a cavalry officer to advance in full charge upon the spot where he himself was standing; the officer obeyed, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped full upon the Grand Duke, and drew up his horse only a yard from his person; 'Why do you stop without my orders?' thundered out the Duke;—'I arrest you for disobedience; away with him to the guard-house!' A week's imprisonment was the man's reward for having refrained from trampling this reptile under his horse's feet.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XV.

A citizen of Warsaw condemned to hurl a wheelbarrow on the Parade.

IN commenting on a Russian despot of the sixteenth century, Karamsin says,—‘ The investigator of history knows not which to wonder at most, the unlimited and barbarous despotism of the tyrant, or the patience and forbearance of the people by whom he was tolerated.’

In Warsaw this idea forcibly presents itself to the mind.

The occurrences of past days are repeated from mouth to mouth, and the recollection of them is bitterly cherished in the bleeding hearts of the people, who raise their eyes to heaven, and, with faith and confidence in the justice of God, postpone the work of vengeance and retribution.

Some years ago a soldier deserted from the garrison of Warsaw.

In such cases, adjutants or commanders of regiments, who are humanely disposed, delay as long as possible mentioning the affair to the Grand Duke, with the view of mitigating the punishment of the offender, should they succeed in discovering him; but they dare not postpone their report beyond five days, and at the expiration of that time the affair must be communi-

cated to his Highness, and thus it happened in the case of this deserter.

The second week after he had deserted, the man was discovered working as a laborer in a brewery belonging to a wealthy citizen of Warsaw, named Zavadzki, who was also a considerable landed proprietor.

On being informed where the deserter had been found, the Grand Duke flew into a violent paroxysm of rage, and declared that Zavadzki had been guilty of harboring and concealing a deserter.

It would have been vain for any adjutant or general to have represented that the rich brewer employed perhaps a hundred men daily, with whose names he was unacquainted, as it was the business of his clerks to pay them their wages; besides, the fear of the guard-house was sufficient to deter any one from making such a representation.

The gentleman was immediately ordered under arrest, and was conducted in chains to the presence of the Grand Duke who assailed him, in his usual way, with imprecations and opprobrious names.

Any defence of the innocent man was out of the question. A single syllable uttered in his behalf, would have been punished as rebellion.

At the parade hour the prisoner was conducted to the Saxon square, which was always filled with a crowd of spectators who assembled to see the troops perform their exercise. He was condemned to be put

in chains, and to hurl a wheelbarrow round the square formed by the regiments assembled for the parade.

Horror-struck at hearing himself condemned without trial, Zavadzki offered to pay a fine of two thousand ducats, rather than undergo this public and degrading punishment. But the offer was made in vain !

In his despair, the unfortunate man turned to the officer who was to superintend the execution of the sentence, and entreated him to consider that his son had worn epaulets and orders, and perished on the field of honor. But this appeal was unavailing. The sentence was rigidly enforced, and the trembling old man, loaded with chains, was obliged to hurl the wheelbarrow for the space of an hour round the square.

Subsequently to this affair, five other persons were sentenced to a similar punishment. I cannot now call to mind the particulars of all these cases, but I know that they were carefully remembered in Warsaw.

After his punishment Zavadzki was seized with a dangerous illness, and when he recovered, he disposed of all the property he possessed in Poland, and left Warsaw. I never ascertained where he went.

CHAPTER XIX.

Restrictions imposed on officers and private soldiers—The Grand Duke and the Inn-keeper.

THE infantry camp, as it is styled, contains three thousand men, and is established, during the summer season, on a piece of ground belonging to a private individual, who is remunerated for its use.

It is situated to the north-west of Warsaw, a few wersts from the barrier. In winter, when unoccupied by the military, it presents the appearance of a village; for the officers' houses and soldiers' huts, with their surrounding gardens, are kept in the best condition.

All the infantry troops in the kingdom are quartered in this camp, and they daily go through their exercise in the presence of the Grand Duke.

Though the camp is so near the city, it is seldom that an infantry officer is seen in the streets of Warsaw. By a positive order of the Grand Duke, they are prohibited from passing the Rogatka; and if any one leaves the camp for a few hours on his own private affairs, it can only be by especial permission.

That the privates are kept under more rigid restrictions than the officers, may readily be conceived; they are not suffered to go to any place of public entertain-

ment, to amuse themselves with a dance, or even to enjoy the luxury of a glass of beer.

I will here mention an incident which serves to show the tyrannical restraints to which officers are subjected.

A lieutenant of the horse-guards, a rank corresponding with that of a full captain in the line, stopped at an inn to get some refreshment. Having a book in his pocket he took it out, and in the German fashion sat down to read at the door of the inn, while the waiter procured what he had ordered.

The wheels of the Grand Duke's carriage were suddenly heard at a distance. What was to be done? He was without the barriers of the city with a book in his hand—his frock coat unbuttoned—and his shapki and sabre lay aside! What a situation! Should he be discovered the guard house must be his doom.

The rolling of the carriage approached nearer and nearer, but the falcon eye of the Grand Duke had not yet discovered the offender. The officer finding there was no time to gain the door of the inn, hastily snatched up his shapki and sword, and thrusting the book into his pocket, jumped into a ditch. His Imperial Highness drove by, without suspecting that one of the officers of his guards was playing at hide and seek so near him.

From the above the reader may easily guess what is the condition of the poor privates and sub-officers who are closely confined to their barracks and tents, and if they venture to leave them, compromise not only their

own safety, but that of others. Of this, the following is a proof.

Not far from the front of the camp there was an inn which was occasionally resorted to, by the officers and also by the citizens and their families, who used to make excursions thither, to view the military manoeuvres.

One day, two citizens were amusing themselves by playing at skittles in the garden of the inn ; a soldier who had been sent from the camp, by his officer, to get his dinner, stopped a short time to look at the game.

Presently the thundering roll of the Grand Duke's carriage was heard. The poor man was panic struck, and, after pausing for a moment to consider what he should do, he leaped over the garden hedge and ran off in the direction of the camp.

But it was too late ! he had been perceived ; the carriage stopped at the inn door, and the Grand Duke alighted.

He angrily asked the two citizens where the soldier had gone ? To what regiment he belonged ? What he had been doing, &c., but the men declared that they knew nothing of the soldier, except that he had stood for a few minutes looking at their game.

The landlord of the inn, was next asked how he had dared to violate the law by allowing a soldier to enter his house : but he denied having known any thing of the matter.

The Grand Duke's anger now rose to a furious pitch. He declared the landlord's license forfeited,

and ordered his coachman to enter the house and bring out all the bottles and glasses he could find. With the assistance of General Kuruta, the order was speedily obeyed. Not only bottles and glasses, but plates and dishes were piled up before the inn door, and the Grand Duke, drawing his sword, smashed them without mercy, until, being fairly tired, he ordered his coachman to drive on, intending that the carriage wheels should complete the work of destruction. The horses, frightened at the broken glass, reared and plunged, and could not be prevailed on to advance. However, the Grand Duke, who was resolved that not a bottle of hock or champagne should escape his vengeance, again had recourse to his sword. Kuruta lent a helping hand, and not a bottle, glass, or plate, was left unbroken.

The inn-keeper and his guests were immediately put under arrest, and marched off to the guard-house. Active measures were taken for the discovery of the soldier, who, had he been found, would at least have been sent to Zamosz and kept in chains for life.

The poor inn-keeper's license was never restored to him. The ruined man for years entreated to be allowed some compensation for his loss, which however he had not obtained in the year 1829, when I heard the history of his ill-treatment, which was well known in Warsaw.

CHAPTER XVII.

Another example of the wheelbarrow punishment.

It will readily be supposed that when the Grand Duke is taking his drives, no one is suffered to pass his Highness's carriage, without a servile salutation.

All who meet the imperial carriage on the road, must either stop, or move on slowly, at the same time uncovering and bowing profoundly. The omission of this ceremony is a punishable offence.

A nobleman from the country was driving through Warsaw, accompanied by his lady, and their coachman not knowing the equipage of the Lord of the Belvedere, passed the droski without observing any mark of respect.

A thundering 'halt!' startled the Polish boor on the coach-box, and a few emphatic imprecations issuing from the imperial droski, no less alarmed the nobleman and his wife.

Foaming with rage, his Highness turned to the trembling couple in the carriage and exhausted his whole vocabulary of abuse in the opprobrious titles which he bestowed upon them.

The lady and gentleman having been ordered to alight, were put under arrest; the coachman was sen-

tenced to receive five hundred lashes, and all three were condemned to hurl wheelbarrows at Lazienki, where some buildings were at that time going on.

This punishment was kept up until a relative of the unfortunate lady and gentleman came from their estate in the country, and, through the intercession of the Princess of Lowicz,* obtained their pardon.

* The Wife of the Grand Duke. She was one of the loveliest of the lovely women of Poland; the Grand Duke fell in love with her, and finding every dishonorable proposal was repelled with scorn, his passion impelled him to marry her, although he thereby forfeited his right to the sceptre of the Russias.—This amiable lady could alone control, in a measure, the fury of the Duke; and she was ever ready to intercede in the cause of humanity.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Military School at Warsaw—Balancing and Presenting—
Equilibrium of Europe.

THE names of the Polytechnic School in Paris and the Military School in Warsaw are inscribed in characters of blood in the page of history ; and let the servile historian shade and color as he may, he will never be able to obliterate them, for they are indelible.

‘The absence of hope creates despair.’ Such is the motto which surmounts the portico of the military school at Warsaw. The word school, in its proper signification, is associated with the idea of learning ; not so in Warsaw, if indeed we except learning the art of balancing, and, above all, the art of presenting.

According to the Grand Duke’s notions of military education, it is in the highest degree important that the young nobility of Poland, who, from inclination or any other cause, are induced to enter the military service, should be, without ceremony, shut up in barracks like common soldiers ; for his Highness justly considers, that no better check upon democratic ideas has hitherto been discovered than the negative ideas of laced uniforms.

The establishment styled the military school has three barracks : one for the school of infantry, which

is a palace in Lazienki : another, or the cavalry under the command of Colonel Czernomski, consisting of some ruins, styled a palace, situated in King's street, near the Saxon square ; and a third, in which the artillery are imprisoned, situated in the Ulica-Miodowa, or, as it is sometimes called, the Rue Napoléon. In the latter, the pupils are at least allowed the use of pen and ink, things unknown in the other two barracks.

A prey to anxious terrors and devoid of personal courage, the despot seeks security by obtaining an unlimited influence over every class,—nobility as well as commoners. The organization of the civic schools has on the latter, the same effect as the system of the universities and barrack schools produces on the former. The object of all these establishments is to deprive men of their personal freedom, and, instead of making them *learn*, to teach them to *forget* ;—to forget that they are men, and to forget their right to be treated as rational beings.

Perhaps the reader will be enabled to form a more correct notion of the military school in Warsaw, if we refrain from designating it by the term *school*, and style the pupils, collectively, the *noble guard*. The individuals composing it, though they have a right to be considered gentlemen, are subject to all the oppressive discipline of common soldiers, and must bear it without daring to complain.

I cannot state, with any accuracy, how many individuals the three barracks contain, as their number is

continually varying, on account of the transfers to and from the regiments of the line. In July, 1830, there were about two hundred men in the cavalry barrack, and in the infantry barrack about five or six hundred. Of the number of the artillery cadets I am unable to form any estimate.

For obtaining admittance as a cadet into the Russian or Polish service, nobility is an indispensable condition; at least, it is only with regard to foreigners that family, respectability, or personal merit are, in any case, allowed to be an equivalent for nobility. The regular period of service in the Russian guard is a year longer for foreigners than for natives. Among the Poles every individual must serve ten years* as a cadet, before he can actually rank as an officer.

In the military school there are young Polish noblemen, who have served, hopelessly, for fifteen years, and even longer; and, if I mistake not, it was one of those who, at the head of the citizens, on the 13th of November, engaged the general of division Kurnatowski in Trumpet street, and obliged him to fly.

No plan could be better calculated to obtain the object for which it was designed, than that of imprisoning the flower of a whole nation's nobility in barracks, where the victims of tyranny, debarred from all mental occupation, and oppressed by weariness and lassitude, they fly for mere excitement, to the lap of vice. Such a system is a true hot-bed of moral corruption.

To balance is the first, and indeed almost the only

* Among the Russians, three years.

object to which the attention of both cavalry and infantry is directed.

The reader will, perhaps, be at a loss to comprehend the import of the phrase, to balance. He will probably think of the *tours de force* of an opera dancer, and will picture to himself a mountebank standing on one leg, and extending the other in the air. Well! he would not be far wrong. The true explanation of the term is to be found in the vocabulary of the opera dancer. The only difference between the *balancé* of the dancer and that of the Polish cadet is, that the former throws his elevated leg backward, and inclines his body forward, whereas the latter stands bolt upright, and thrusts one leg forward, making the point of the toe form a horizontal line with the shin. This exercise gives to the foot the fine form so much admired in the opera dancer, and is well worth all the labor it costs.

But why, it will be asked, is this exercise imposed on the Polish cavalry officers? The answer is, to fit them for the parade; for the cavalry officers are required to defile in column in the presence of the Grand Duke, and woe betide him who, in marching, does not point his toe according to the prescribed rules.

Spalding, in his well-known work on the objects for which man is destined, has quite forgotten to mention the parade; but that is no fault of ours.

In certain countries, the most important, and indeed the sole object of human life, is—the parade; and he who descends into his grave without having paraded, has certainly not fulfilled the object of his existence;

indeed, strictly speaking, he is not a member of civilized society, which is to be found only in barracks, and is respected only on the parade.

Balancing is the fundamental principle of human education, and therefore it is the first study of the cadets in the military school at Warsaw. Its importance, both in a political and cosmopolitical point of view, is incalculable. On it depends a man's position and uprightness in the world ; and it is perfectly reasonable that balancing should form the ground-work of education, since a firm standing is the best security for welfare in life.

When a young man feels himself secure of his footing, which he may perhaps do after having practised balancing six hours a day, for the space of three or four months, he may try to advance in the direction which his calling points out ; in other words, he may learn to march,—an art which, in the military school of Warsaw, is only acquired after six, ten, or even sixteen years of application.

To balance, or to maintain equilibrium, is, in the present day, the first principle of political science. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that balancing should be an indispensable qualification for the young nobility of a kingdom, who may in after life influence, not only the equilibrium of their own country, but the equilibrium of Europe. The attention which the cabinets of our time have bestowed on this equilibrium or balancing is well known, though they have not all succeeded in producing a conviction of its necessity or importance.

The only thing taught in the military school at Warsaw besides balancing, is presenting arms.

As the fate of an officer frequently depends wholly on his tact in presenting, it must be obvious that this is a most essential part of his education. The least mistake in presenting, may cause him to be degraded from his rank ; and removal to a Siberian infantry regiment, may make him acquainted with many degrees of human misery, of which he could previously have formed no idea.

Every one knows, either from personal experience or from hearsay, how much of good or ill fortune depends on the manner in which a man presents himself. It may enable him to inspire interest and secure favor, or it may render him an object of distrust and dislike. An agreeable mode of presenting himself may obtain for him honors and orders, trusts and employments,—in short, every thing that is calculated to secure happiness in life.

In the education of a Polish cadet, therefore, the practice of presenting immediately follows that of balancing, or, in other words, the study of the fundamental principles of the European equilibrium.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Military School at Warsaw continued.

EVERY cadet of the military school is confined to his chamber and his truckle bed. This chamber, as it is styled, is a hole, which, were he placed in other circumstances, the young gentleman would not allow his servant to lie in.

In this chamber, the only furniture is the bed and a small table. A chair is on no condition allowed; and the cadet is obliged to sit on one half of his wooden bedstead, while the straw mattress, folded back, together with the pillows and bed-covering, occupy the other half.

On a Sunday, and only occasionally, he obtains, upon application to the colonel, a written permission to spend a few hours in the city; but he must visit neither a café, a restaurateur, a ball, or concert, a public promenade, or a theatre. Should he infringe this rule, he is degraded from his rank; and I can affirm that more than twenty cases of this sort occurred, to my knowledge, in the space of two years.

The young man who is sent to the military school from a distant Waiwod or government, and happens to have no family connexion in Warsaw, finds only one

place of recreation open to him,—and that one of the worst description.

The visits of the cadets to houses of ill fame are not made by stealth. They parade on a Sunday, in open daylight through the streets of the old town,—a part of Warsaw which abounds in those establishments. Indeed, a young man can feel no scruple in frequenting such places, as he sees his comrades do so without fear of punishment, though they are well aware that the spies of the secret police always have their eyes on them.

It may sometimes happen that a cadet, during his temporary release from the barracks, seeks intellectual recreations as a relief from the monotonous torture of balancing and presenting. But a phenomenon of this kind is exceedingly rare ; and he who may distinguish himself by such meritorious conduct is rewarded by the jeering of his comrades, and the contempt of his superiors.

The tendency of the military school at Warsaw is to produce intellectual annihilation, and the subversion of all moral feeling. Thus it is a useful engine of despotism with which intellectual energy and moral purity are incompatible. Indeed, for promoting the interests of despotic power, nothing could have been more ingeniously contrived than the imprisonment of the noble guard in Warsaw.

A yoke was required, whose control should extend at once over mind and body. The desired object was amply fulfilled by the separation of the pupils of the military school from all cultivated society, by their

rigorous daily exercise, miserable lodging, hard fare, and frequent incarceration in the guard-house.

As to the choice of tutors for the military school, the selection falls upon such officers as are most distinguished for implicit obedience to prescribed 'regulations,' and whose narrowness of mind affords a security against any change of system. To obtain the appointment of tutor at the military academy, a man can possess no greater recommendation than stupidity, which, as I have already observed, in alluding to certain generals, is a strong claim to the favor of the Grand Duke.

Every young man who enters the military profession in Poland, will, if he be wise, willingly subject himself to the rigid discipline and subordination of a common soldier. It is only by such a preparation that he will be enabled to endure the hardships of his situation when he becomes an officer.

But slavish captivity, separation from every thing that is necessary to social existence, the painful conviction of being wholly subject to the caprice of an individual, naturally engender in the mind of a young man so unhappily situated, a dissatisfaction, which every hour increases.

This lingering misery and despair is, at the military school of Warsaw, shared alike by youths of eighteen, and men of thirty, or even five and thirty.

Accident and caprice, the favor of the Grand Duke, or of one of his parasites, not unfrequently decides the advancement of an individual who has served only one or two years; while others are passed over, and left

without any prospect of an amelioration of their condition.

Of this I could mention several instances, but I do not choose to quote the names of respectable families, with whose sons I was personally acquainted while they were in the barracks of the military school. These young men, in spite of exemplary conduct, had entered upon their eighth or ninth year of service, though the period of three legally entitled them to advancement. But they were individuals who had been compelled to serve when they visited Warsaw on their return from Germany.

When, in 1829, the Emperor attended some manoeuvres of the noble guard in Warsaw, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the institution, and ordered the advancement of the whole corps. 'You can employ the officers,' said he to the Grand Duke Constantine, in the presence of his generals.

The Grand Duke, however, was not so well pleased as the Emperor with the manoeuvres. He was out of humor, and instead of executing the imperial order, he selected from the whole corps, nine or ten individuals who were pointed out as worthy of advancement by Rozriecki, Gendre, and Kurnatowski.

The cadets are as well exercised in the use of arms as veteran soldiers. They afforded a good example of their skill in this way on the 29th of November.

On Sundays, the noble guard turns out on the parade, to the great delight of the assembled spectators; for their corps certainly makes a very fine appearance.

The Grand Duke is, if possible, more strict with

the noble guard than with the rest of the military ; and, during his inspection of the cadets, the merest trifle suffices to call forth the ever-resounding order ' to the guard-house !' .

Out of a hundred cases of this kind, I may mention that of an orderly cadet. During the inspection, the Grand Duke turned to Colonel Czernomski and said,— ' I think his hair is too long. See to it.' The colonel, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether the Grand Duke was right in his supposition about the length of the hair, ordered the youth under arrest, and imprisoned him in the stable.

A cuirassier officer, who was lying ill of the camp fever at Uyazdow, declared to me after he had undergone the last frictions, and while his tongue would scarcely enable him to articulate, that he would rather suffer all his illness over again than go back to the cadet school, under Czernomski.

The cadets of the cavalry guard, who are in regiments, are subject to even greater severity. During the exercise of defiling as dismounted cavalry, one of them missed step. This fault was punished by an order for transferring all the cadets in the three regiments of guards to the four Polish regiments of infantry, where, for the space of half a year, they were obliged to perform musket exercise six hours a day ; and many, when the cold was at twenty or thirty degrees, had their muskets frozen to their gloves.—I must add, that I have myself had the honor ' to follow the drum,' heavily booted and spurred, until this *Polonaise* brought me to the Lazaretto.

CHAPTER XX.

Russian classification of ranks.

Who is he?—To what class does he belong?—How long has he served?

Among Russians these are every day questions, when a man is spoken of, and no man is thought worth mentioning if he does not *SERVE*—that is to say, if he has not discovered a mode of forwarding his own personal interest, in some way or other, at the expense of the state.

In Russian society individual worth is solely and exclusively determined by *SERVICE*, which gives a man the distinction of some class of which there are fourteen. They rise by gradations similar to the military scale, from the College Register, who has the rank of ensign, to his Excellency the Minister of State, whose rank corresponds with a field marshal's.

The gradation of these fourteen classes, and their relation to military rank, is known to every Russian as perfectly as his paternoster. The degrees of rank begin, as has been said, with the College Register, and ascend to College Assessor, Counsellor of Legation, Court Counsellor, Counsellor of State, and so on; the same as from Ensign to Lieutenant, Captain, Major, &c. A Russian, especially in the civil ser-

vice, in which there is a regular promotion every three years, may, with plenty of patience and resignation to the mortification he must endure, become at last a man of high dignity, to whom every *Sobaka*,* if he would avoid the penalty of the knout, must pay respect.

The serf gains the lowest or fourteenth class, and thus enters into the Russian order of nobility, after a service of twenty-five years in the army, (the last ten years as corporal or sergeant,) which gives him the rank of an officer; or he obtains the same rank by twenty years' service in the guards as surgeon, non-commissioned officer, writer in the military bureau, or regimental tailor.

Kriffzov, head clerk in the Grand Duke's chancery, rose in this way to the rank of general; Kolotov, tailor to the division of guards in Warsaw, became, in the same way, a general; and Dubner, tailor to the regiment of lancers, a captain. Thus thousands in the Russian empire, after a long acquaintance with the knout, are indemnified by at last obtaining military rank.

To get into the fourteenth class is a grand object of ambition, for it bestows military rank, which is the distinction most courted in Russia.

The Russians have but one degree of nobility. The titles Prince, Count, &c., indicate certain relations, but convey no essential superiority, except when connected with great wealth, which may, however, be

* The Russian word *Sobaka*, a dog, used as a term of contempt.—TRANSLATOR.

possessed no less advantageously by a member of the humble fourteenth class.

Nevertheless, a Hospodin of the twelfth, or even the eighth class looks down upon a fourteenth man with much the same sort of disdain as one of that lowest class of military rank regards the mass of the populace, even those who form its front rank as the members of the three Guilds, artists and men of the learned professions.

Between two Russians of the same class or rank, length of service determines the precedency. Thus a man of thirty, who has had a ten years' possession of military rank, requires humble homage from a gray beard of sixty, who has worn a sword and epaulets only eight years.

The announcement, by the word *Starszy*, of seniority of service, binds at once to submissive obedience; and when the senior speaks, let what he says be ever so unreasonable, the junior must be silent.

The women are extremely punctilious in the observance of these regulations respecting rank. They consider themselves the representatives of their husbands, and claim full payment of all the respect due to their dignities.

The wife of the tailor-general, formerly perhaps his kitchen-maid or mistress, takes the precedence in society, of a countess or baroness, if the husband of the latter should be only a captain. If visited by the countess or baroness, she maintains exclusive possession of the canopied seat of honor, and allows only a com-

mon chair or even foot-stool for such a visitor, from whom she exacts the most unqualified homage. The inevitable consequence is, that in Russia, education, real worth, and integrity, are not thought of importance, for they form no items in the fourteen classes which exclusively indicate the characters of men, the character recognized by the state, and therefore that which has a value above all other considerations. The homage paid to the individual is really paid solely to his class, and if an officer of the imperial treasury should pilfer, he must not be called a thief by any person belonging to an inferior class.

The rank of the father forms a rule for the claims of the son on his entering into service. Suppose a general raised from the rank has a son born while he was a private or corporal, that son can only enter into the army in the same situation; but a younger son born when the father was a lieutenant, being by birth a Russian nobleman, enters the service with all the advantages attached to that distinction. In the same way the son of a staff officer is entitled at once to the rank of a superior officer. Distinctions of this kind are not uncommon among brothers, the children of the same father and mother.

Baikow, the body-coachman of the Emperor Nicholas, though originally a serf, has obtained the rank of colonel; but his son, a very amiable young man, is only a cadet in the Grand Duke Constantine's uhlan guard. This proves that the youth was born before his father became a major or a captain.

This Baikow maintains a grand establishment for himself, and is driven by his own body-coachman, as soon as his colonelship alights from the box of the imperial carriage.

It was not long since reported in Warsaw that the Emperor had resolved to alter this absurd system of service-nobility, at least so far as to grant the rank only for the life of the individual, confining the hereditary succession to the ancient Russian nobility. Such a law would gain him the hearts of the aristocracy, to whom the pretensions of a coach-box colonel, a tailor-general, or a barber-captain, are very offensive, notwithstanding that the ancestors of many of the great families obtained their noble rank through the favor of some court pander, after having been employed in menial or still less honorable offices.

The civil offices in the Russian empire are almost all in the possession of military persons who have retired, either under particular circumstances, or, being of inferior rank, after the termination of their stipulated period of service. A retired officer, who has served ten years, may continue to wear his uniform, but without epaulets; and if placed in a civil department, he probably will at least be a circuit marshal, or domain magistrate. A soldier who has been advanced to the rank of major will at most have to write his name, or, in case of necessity, read a report. Should a retired officer become, by the grace of God, a judge, with what dignity does he discharge the functions of his high office! In a doubtful case, if the old worm-

eaten and tattered ukase, which he orders to be read is not decisive on the point, he settles the matter at once, by sending the accused to Siberia, being determined to make short and sure work with all sorts of offenders. An old soldier finds much uncertainty and difficulty in obtaining his discharge and appointment to some civil office. Linschuk, my old sergeant, after having served out his time of twenty years in the guards,* was obliged to wait two years and a half longer for his discharge, and even then had great trouble in procuring it.

Upon this event, one of my fellow officers said to me laughingly,—‘Our old Linschuk has at last got his discharge, and, as a reward for his long service, is to be made Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cassan.’ We put on a serious air and asked the old man whether such was the fact. He answered that if the Emperor commanded, it would be all one to him whether he was to be a professor in Cassan, or a cornet in Warsaw; he only longed to have an hour he could call his own, which was a pleasure he had not enjoyed for twenty-two years and seven months.

* A soldier in the line must serve twenty-five years.

CHAPTER XXI.

Russian service—The Russians in Warsaw—National feeling among the Poles.

‘The Russian is brave or cowardly, honest or knavish, wise or foolish, clever or stupid, a saint or a sinner,—just as it may please his master. He prays and plunders, is a murderer, and child-eater; yet he is compassionate and generous at his master’s command, and he has talent when his master requires it. From what other machine could all this be expected? Excellent people! expressly created for absolute monarchy!’

HENRY VON BULOW.

‘PRAYER to God, or service to the Emperor is never lost:’ so says a Russian proverb; and it is usually repeated with the conviction that the service is more important than the prayer.

The term *service* includes in its signification, unconditional obedience to the authority of a superior, even though that superior should be only one class above the person he commands. This blind obedience extends from the general or minister, down to the common soldier or clerk, through all offices and classes in which service confers dignity.

An affair of service, as it is styled, takes place of all other considerations; and the man who has quietly realized a fortune at the expense of the state, affects the most scrupulous conscientiousness in the fulfilment of any prescribed duties which are calculated to make him feel the full extent of his own slavery.

Every verbal command given by a military officer to a soldier, or by a civil officer to a *Dentshik*, or vassal, is answered by the words *Slushey Hospodin*, (I obey, my Lord;) and the individual who gives the order may confidently trust to its punctual fulfilment, as its neglect would be punished by a severe flogging.

While a Russian is receiving commands, he stands stock still, like a soldier, without moving leg or arm, and at the close of every sentence delivered by his Lord, he murmurs 'Slushey Hospodin.'

The slavish subjection of the lower ranks, and the arrogance of Russian upstarts, which in Warsaw are carried to such unlimited extent, are nevertheless quite at variance with the national character of the Poles. The Russian classification of ranks is, moreover, offensive to the pride of the Polish nobility, whom it deprives of their dignity and reduces to a mortifying inferiority.

The natural pride of the Poles is extraordinary. It animates every rank, from the prince to the beggar, and manifests itself at every opportunity. But this pride is in unison with the national feeling; and however vain and empty may be the source whence it springs,—a spirit of nationality is honorable, and not unfrequently leads to great actions.

In thus acknowledging the good qualities which distinguish the Poles as a nation, I am not blind to their faults; and among these I number levity, vanity, proneness to break their word, unfairness in judging of other nations, and extravagant prejudice in favor of every thing Polish.

These traits in the shady side of the Polish national character, I observed to be universal, with a few exceptions, which I must make in favor of men of very superior education.

Spirit is a quality in which the Poles are never deficient. One of the most marked distinctions between the Poles and the Russians appears to me to be, that the former are remarkable for spirit, and the latter for judgment. Even the Polish beggar is animated by a spirit which glows for his country, when the slightest occasion calls it forth ; and the Russian bondman possesses a degree of judgment and good sense, which is always present and available at the required moment.

Warsaw swarms with Russian civil officers, most of whom are obliged to wear their official costume. The streets too are thronged with Russian equipages ; for a Russian finds it easy to live in good style in Warsaw. There he receives his salary in silver roubles, while in Russia it would be paid to him only in paper. At the noon promenade in Warsaw, Russian carriages and four are seen driving, one after another, from the suburb of Cracow to St. Alexander's Church ;—and on the foot pavement Russian uniforms predominate.

A coachman in the Polish national livery is seldom seen in Warsaw ; and if by a rare chance an old Pole should venture to show himself in his national costume, he seems to glide along like a midnight ghost.

In short, the national feeling of the Poles was, at this time, painfully wounded at every step in Warsaw ; and it may easily be conceived that continued griev-

ances, preying upon the minds of all classes of the people, grew at last into a bitter national hatred, which longed for revenge.

Relying on the franchises conceded to them by the constitution which the Emperor had sworn to maintain, it is not surprising that a few individuals should form the bold idea of asserting those rights which had been violated by absolute power.

That power was, however, so fearfully strong and unlimited, that the courage of the Poles, who attempted to oppose it, and resolved to sacrifice their lives for constitutional freedom, presents one of the most extraordinary phenomena which history has on record.

CHAPTER XXII.

Novacovitsh—Constitution and Monopoly.

WHO that has smoked a pipe in Poland, or taken a pinch of snuff, or a dram, in Warsaw, does not know the name of Novacovitsh ! Who that has eaten a slice of beef in Warsaw, and slaked his thirst with a glass of beer, is not familiar with this name ?

Novacovitsh is a merchant of St. Petersburg ; he is also an author, for he has written several dramatic pieces ; but, above all, Novacovitsh is the monopolist of Poland,—a very rich and a very great man.

He keeps one of the finest houses in Warsaw, and even my obscure self was once honored by a kind invitation to it. I moreover heard that the ladies of his family thought the humble efforts of my pen worthy their attention. This is a flattering compliment ! I acknowledge it with poetic modesty ; and therefore I will not confound together the hospitable mansion of Novacovitsh and the monopolist establishment which I find it necessary to notice in these pages. To the fair ladies, with whom unfortunately I have not the honor to be acquainted, I present my compliments ; though, as they are loyal Russian subjects, their delicate fingers will never turn over the leaves of this prohibited volume.

I never was clever at unravelling riddles ; but if I had been ever so expert at such solutions, there is one which I should never be able to explain : it presents itself in the question,—‘ How do constitutional governments and monopolies accord together ? ’

Constitution and monopoly ! South pole and North pole ! how in the world did the two things come together in Warsaw ?

The tobacco monopoly of Poland is purchased for some millions, how many I cannot precisely say ; for numbers slip out of my memory, as ducats out of my purse.

The monopoly of beer and brandy for Warsaw is purchased for four millions ; and for every head of cattle which comes to the slaughter-house, a tax of four and twenty Polish florins is paid.

It is at once melancholy and ridiculous, something truly tragic-comic to see a people who have, or rather fancy they have, a very efficient constitution, in such a state that they really cannot drink a single glass of caraway without seeing in that glass the palpable representation of freedom bartered and lost.

What can be more extraordinary than that a constitution, which recognizes in every individual the right of discussing every subject connected with the interests of the country, should be found reconcilable with a system of monopoly ; a system which grinds the bones and extracts the marrow of the state ?

But, as has been said, this enigma is insoluble, and I will not waste further time upon it. I shall only say

that this strange and compound idea of constitution and monopoly is calculated to distract the brain, and to produce among the Poles the same sort of horror of beer and brandy that mad dogs have of water,—a real *monopoliphobia*!

Salt is also a government article, and finds its way to the public through the Royal Salt Office. However, I have the less to say on this point, as a similar arrangement exists in other countries. But whether this is not an evil which requires to be remedied, and whether a government ought to interfere in any way with trade, except by the establishment of magazines to guard against public distress, are questions for serious consideration. It is for the Polish diet to decide on them.

*Vodki** is an element of Polish existence, at least of the common mass of the people, and the climate prompts to its use; but this spirit is not to the Pole quite so much a condition of his being, as beer is to the Bavarian.

The Pole can dispense with vodka, and he does dispense with it,—even renounces it, when he cannot get it. *Vodki* is beatitude to the rude Pole; and who will not pardon him, when, in despair, he forgets himself in seeing his beatitude, his heaven bartered away and monopolized in foreign hands?

To the poor, destitute Pole, who is in want of every comfort, even a pinch of snuff is a great blessing. It is a singular spectacle to see him with solemn pauses, in the regular rhythm of the grand elegy on the downfall.

* In Russian *Vodka*, Brandy, from *Voda*, Water.—Tr.

of Poland, draw the rapee up his half frozen nose from the borkedose* of a fellow mendicant and countryman.

But this miserable pinch of snuff, the poor Pole cannot always command! even the beggar who purchases this olfactory luxury with the alms he has received, must pay his tax to the monopolist, or rather the ill-constituted and oppressive government. The beggar, too, is perhaps a nobleman, whose grandfather once figured in Lazienki, in gold and ermine, and addressed, with all the point of Polish wit, fine things to the ladies of the court.

Poor Pole! In the midst of the fervid heat of summer, you cannot quench your thirst with small beer without paying a heavy tax on every glass! by the consumption of every bottle, you are enriching a foreigner, who, having well calculated his speculation, pays annually four millions that he may gain fourteen. You swallow, out of pure patriotism perhaps, large draughts of Polish porter, for which you pay two Polish florins the flask. You throw your money to the monopolist, and sigh and lament over your lost florins, and your lost country! Even the bone that you gnaw, has paid a heavy tax, an imperial impost. Four and twenty Polish florins is the shambles duty on a single ox; and consequently every respectable bone must pay a few Polish groshes, of which six hundred at least fall upon every Jews-slice† or hatchet cut.

* A peculiar sort of small oval snuff-box, made of the bark of trees, very common in Poland.

† Many of the butchers in Warsaw are Jews, who observe particular ceremonies in their trade, and use the knife, instead of the chopper.

CHAPTER XXIII.

General sympathy in the fate of Poland—The cause.

WARSAW—thy name has a charm to foreign ears!—We hear it with pleasure, and we know not why.

No other city of Europe, always and in all countries, excites such interest as Warsaw—VARSZAWA!

Is it the mere sound of the name, or is it the idea linked to it, which every where awakens at least curiosity, and rivets the attention on Warsaw?

It is—what? The grand but sanguinary forms of extinguished ages, ‘the days of the years that are gone,’ the images of blighted flowers, the dead body of departed power—all these are what the sound of the word WARSAW calls forth in obscure, melancholy recollections, and which, hovering before our eyes, seriously reminds us of the passed.

Warsaw! the Poles! are ideas with which we involuntarily connect something that moves the heart—but we know not at the moment what.

But our feelings explain themselves, and our soul tells us what it is that so strangely touches us on hearing that sound.

It is the pain, the deep gnawing pain which accompanies the funeral bier of a nation.—Alas! of a whole people,—not of an individual!

As a sufferer, whose real and deep affliction is generally known, always finds sympathy in the allied hearts of men,—so the Pole has every where the voice of mankind on his side, and in all places where he appears is regarded, nay, even overwhelmed with compassion.

In the different countries of Europe, which I have visited, I have seen this interest taken in the Poles,*—

* After the fall of Warsaw and the annihilation of the heroic armies of Poland in 1831, the public roads of Prussia, Austria, and indeed of all Germany, presented a spectacle disgraceful to our age, and our religion: more than twelve thousand of the bravest and best of Poland's defenders, with their yet unhealed wounds, and their tattered uniforms, were wandering upon them,—friendless and penniless exiles: they had left behind them country, and home, and hope—they had before them but poverty, and exile, and despair. We have often met, at nightfall, bands of officers who had sacrificed the luxuries of home and wealth, for the love of country, and were, in reward therefor, wandering with swollen feet, and unshaven beards, and soiled linen—in a country of whose language they were ignorant, and without money enough to purchase from the poor and stupid peasantry, clean straw for a night's lodging. Often they knew not where they were, or whither they were wandering,—they saw the sun going down in the west, and westward they held on their sad way,—for there were free governments and commiserating people; while behind them lay Russia, where, for them, were only the dungeon, and the knout, and the mines.

In the centre, and in the west of Germany, they indeed met with commiseration, and received assistance; in some places they were received with that enthusiasm which their courage, their patriotism, and their devotion, ought to have inspired in every generous bosom; and there all their wants were supplied. But it was not so in the east; nor could even this manifestation of public sympathy west, wipe off the disgrace of tamely living under governments, which at the very moment were openly helping Russia to exterminate the last hopes of freedom, in a land whose only sin was detestation of the sway of foreign, ruthless and semi-barbarous tyrants.—AM. ED.

an interest quite independent of the favor which many of them have found in the hearts of the fair friends of freedom in France or Italy.

When we behold a man who has come from a land of bondage, where his brethren remain in chains confined in three great prison-houses;—when we reflect on the sufferings of his whole race, and on the manner in which his country has been oppressed and betrayed;—when we hear of the sacrifices fruitlessly made for deliverance and emancipation, we contemplate the stranger with inward emotion, and when he bids us farewell, we silently press his hand.—We shudder to think of his sad fate, and our feelings do not permit us to utter a single word of consolation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The city of Warsaw—Palaces of the Magnates—The King's palace—The library—Dr. Linde—The protestant church—Pastor Tetmer and the Grand Duke.

WARSAW is situated on the left bank of the Vistula. The city stands on high but not rocky ground. There are two pontoon bridges across the river leading from Warsaw to Praga, but they are always broken up at the setting in of the frost.

The Vistula is at this part one of the broadest rivers in Europe. Above the first bridge there is the tolerably large island, of the Saxon Boars. It is inhabited by some German families from West Prussia (here called Swabians,) and in summer it is the Sunday's resort of the German inhabitants of Warsaw ; for the Germans, in whatever part of the world they may be, always make Sunday a day of recreation.

Viewed from the Boars, or from Praga, Warsaw presents an imposing aspect. Its length, along the bank of the Vistula, is about a German mile and a half,* and at the lower or western end it is terminated by an enormous building, called the crown barracks.

There are no very high steeples in Warsaw. The

* Nearly six English miles.

most conspicuous are the two spires of the Church of the Cross in the New World, which resemble the spires of the Theatine Church at Munich, and, like the latter, they are portal spires and of equal height. The parish church of the old town, with its gothic steeple, reminds the German of St. Thomas's Church at Leipzig.

Warsaw is surrounded by mean mud walls, which, owing to their great extent, cannot answer the purpose of fortification. These walls encompass cornfields, gardens, pasture-grounds and promenades, besides the busy city of Warsaw. The city which is divided into three parts, the Old Town, the New Town, and the New World, forms a semi-circle on the bank of the Vistula. The principal streets, those through which the Grand Duke Constantine daily drives, are in fact roads, being paved only on the sloping part next the foot-path. In some places this pavement is of free-stone.

The principal streets in Warsaw are the Honey Street, the Long Street, the New World, and what is styled the Cracow suburb. This last, however, instead of being a suburb, is in fact the central point of the business and bustle of Warsaw; for the city has been extended three or four wersts beyond the Cracow suburb, and the part thus added is called the New World.

In its general aspect, Warsaw is not inferior to some of the first cities of Europe: Vienna and Lyons, for example; but it possesses neither the gaiety of the former, nor the trading bustle of the latter.

About a hundred and fifty palaces, some built in the old Italian and some in the modern style, are interspersed among miserable houses and barracks. The barracks, however, are every year gradually disappearing, and neat private houses, and in some places elegant palaces, are rising on their sites.

Among the palaces of the Magnates, one of the newest is particularly worthy of notice. This is the residence of Count Patz, in the Miodova Ulica, which is built rather in the ancient Roman, than in the modern style. The building and also the statues with which it is adorned, are the work of Italian architects and sculptors. It is not yet quite completed. Count Patz has conferred great benefit on his country, by bringing several artists from Rome and Paris, to Warsaw, where their example at least has a salutary influence.*

Besides Count Patz, there are other Polish Magnates, who keep their painters, librarians, &c. noblemen who have hitherto, for the most part, lived abroad, as their native air *does not agree* with them.

Among the fine buildings of the Polish capital the new theatre may very properly be included. It is a building of colossal magnitude, and will, when completed, be an ornament to Warsaw; that is, if the latter city does not share the fate of Praga,—which may Poland's good genius forbid.

* Among these artists are the sculptor Louis Kauffmann, from Rome, and d'Achiard, from Florence, who are employed by Marconi, the government architect.

The Exchange and the office of the minister of Finance, form, both together, an immense whole, and, were it not for the absurd style in which the latter is built, would have a very grand effect.

The king's palace should properly have been noticed first; but as Poland does not enjoy the rights of a kingdom, the royal palace is not a very important object on the topographical map. It however forms a pleasing point in the picture, on the bank of the Vistula, where it rises majestically and commands a fine prospect. The front, which looks to Sigismund Square, is less imposing, and is inferior in beauty to most of the palaces of the Magnates. It contains spacious apartments, and is kept in good condition.

The library, which is situated in the same pleasant part of Warsaw as the king's palace, has recently been repaired. Attached to the library, there are several large buildings, containing the lecture rooms of the Gymnasium and the University. The library is under the direction of Dr. Samuel Gottlieb Linde, a learned and estimable man. He is well known among linguists, as the author of a Slavonic Dictionary, a gigantic work, which, for laborious research, may be compared to one of the labors of Hercules.

Dr. Linde has claims on the gratitude of the German Protestant community at Warsaw; for, as Consistorial Counsellor and a member of the Commission of Education, he obtained by his exertions the ratification of the Emperor's declaration in favor of the Protestants. To what extent this declaration operates, I do not know.

Through his influence we obtained the use of a building for a German church. This building was a rotunda near the Saxon Square, surrounded by a pleasant grass plot. Adjoining it was a house for the clergyman Tetzner, who, together with two other clergymen, had the spiritual charge of the German Protestants in Warsaw. In the winter of 1829, Tetzner well nigh received a box on the ear from the Grand Duke. His offence was having married an uhlan officer, named Minim, a member of the Greek church, to his cousin, the daughter of Colonel Michael. Though the marriage was performed by permission from St. Petersburg, yet it nevertheless roused the indignation of the Grand Duke, and Colonel Michael, together with his son-in-law, were put under arrest for a month.

The advice given by an adjutant, fortunately averted the box on the ear, intended for Pastor Tetzner, who threw himself at the feet of the Grand Duke, and performed that act of humiliation to his Highness's satisfaction. Tetzner, who had been forbidden to preach, was then permitted to resume his spiritual duties, and to offer up prayers for the health and prosperity of the Grand Duke.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Saxon Garden—The Promenade—The Russian Hussar and the Banker's wife.

THE entrance to the Protestant parsonage house corresponds with one of the gates of the Saxon garden, of which we will now take a survey.

This garden is of tolerable extent, and, though intersected by a broad alley or promenade, it is in other respects laid out in the style of an English park, and is surrounded by an iron railing.

On a Sunday evening, the Saxon garden is the resort of the fashionable society of Warsaw. The principal alley is thronged with figures, which, though animated with life and motion, nevertheless resemble the stiff puppets which decorate the rooms of a *Marchande de modes*. These figures are of all sorts and descriptions; old and young, handsome and ugly, little and big, slender and stout, coquefish brunettes, and languishing blondines.

Mendel, the celebrated tailor, contributes not a little to heighten the effect of the gay scene in the Saxon garden; for he sends the handsomest guard uniforms to the promenade. Sometimes a Polish officer is seen mingling in the throng; but he finds himself eclipsed

by the guards, and he postpones his revenge till the 29th of November, 1830.

The Russian commissariat officers, military clerks, regiment, staff, and veterinary surgeons, masters of bands, &c., form a sort of intermediate species between the military and civil promenaders in the Saxon garden. The appearance of these Russians is not quite so offensive to the national vanity of the Poles.

Their uniform is the well-known Russian green, with colored facings and pantaloon braidings, no epaulettes, 'regulation' hats without feathers, swords and hilts. The staff officers wear spurs, and the colonels and generals wear an epaulette, or rather an ugly kind of shoulder-knot. As to gentlemen in plain clothes, but few show themselves on the Saxon garden promenade; for though they may dress in strict conformity with the newest bulletins of fashion, the ladies scarcely deign to bestow a look on them—every female eye is rivetted on Mendel's laced uniforms.

Near the confectioner's, on the left of the entrance to the garden, there is a group which we will stop for a few moments to observe.

An enormous black, white, and yellow *sultan*, (plume) droops like a weeping willow over a shining beaver *sturmer*, which, 'according to regulation,' is put on square over a profusion of carefully curled hair.

The wearer of this hat and plume is a slender young man, in a hussar's undress uniform; that is to say, a green frock with silver buttons and crimson facings, a

massive silver epaulette, gray pantaloons with red braidings, spurs, and a long sabre in a steel sheath.

This costume adorns the tight-laced figure of a rich cornet from Moscow, who in one day squanders away as much money as would support some men for a whole year. To the vexation and envy of the generals, he keeps six riding horses :—an Arabian, a milk white cossack, an English sorrel, an Andalusian, a Hungarian, and a Polish horse, all without flaw, and of the finest breed. The English sorrel is at this moment harnessed to a cabriolet, which stands at the ‘Iron Gate,’ under the care of a smart groom in blue and silver livery, on whom a passing nursery-maid bestows a smiling glance.

The cornet is playing with his glove, and stands with his body inclined forward in a sort of bowing attitude, for he is conversing with some ladies.

A fat portly mamma, in a dress of rich silk and Brussels lace, made after the newest fashion, lets her rich Terneaux shawl slip off her shoulders and drag on the ground, for the purpose of showing that she can afford to be careless of such valuables. The features of the old lady betray her Hebrew origin ; and her locks, which once were of the blackest black, have now a shade of blue gray :—the good old lady has no suspicion that the leaves of the Old Testament, converted into *papillottes*, will not preserve the beauty of her *coiffure*, and that in this silly world, men like blue eyes better than blue hair.

This pièce of oriental antiquity is accompanied by

two daughters and a niece, who, while they converse with the handsome hussar cornet, show off all the fine airs in which their Swiss governess has initiated them. The cornet, on his part, who has been bred in the St. Petersburg school, is more an adept in gallantry than in tactics; the latter, indeed, is a branch of knowledge which would not be of much use to him in Warsaw. A baptized nephew of the old lady is engaged in adjusting his *manchettes*, and counting the course of exchange with his waistcoat buttons.

The conversation between the young hussar and the ladies turns on the *Chlop milionowy*, (the peasant worth a million) a dramatic piece, recently brought out with great *eclat* at Warsaw.

The hussar, who is a connoisseur of art, pronounces a high eulogium on the scenery painted by Signor Zagetti, a Venetian artist. The old lady declares herself quite charmed with the music, in which she traces a great resemblance to Mozart and Rossini; but she cannot reconcile herself to the indecorous nudity of the actress which personates spring.—At this last remark the young ladies blush, and their eyes, which have hitherto been fixed on the face and figure of the hussar officer, are gradually cast down, until they descend to his boots.

The old lady's awkward nephew, who has several times yawned during this conversation, suddenly interrupted it by informing the young officer that he has received the ten thousand *cremnizes* from Moscow, and given full credit for them.

To speak of matters of business in the Saxon garden is the very extreme of vulgarity ;—but the mammon-worshipping youth can talk of nothing else ; and he stares with astonishment on observing the mortification depicted in the countenances of the ladies.

The cornet politely thanks him for his attention to the trifling affair, and gives him to understand that he will talk about it at another opportunity.

This trait of good-breeding is fully appreciated by the old lady, in whose favor the cornet is already deeply ingratiated. As he has opened an account with her husband's house, and has brought particular recommendations from Moscow, she thinks he might be an eligible husband for one of her daughters ;—but in this, as in many similar cases, mamma proposes, and God disposes.

The unfavorable eye with which the old lady regards her fair niece, has not escaped the observation of the gallant cornet. The niece is by far the prettiest of the three young ladies, and the hussar resolves to amuse himself by plaguing the colossal banker's wife.

He draws his diamond sparkling finger across his upper lip, adjusts his morocco sword belt, twirls his perfumed curls, and, with the sentimental air of a loungeur in a Parisian *salon*, asks the niece how she likes Bulgarin's last new novel, as she is the only individual who reads Russian.

The old lady bites her lips with rage ; her daughters hang their heads, and would perhaps shed tears of vexation, but that their governess from Lausanne

has always assured them, that there is no greater mark of *mauvais ton* than to cry or laugh in public. The hussar continues his gallant conversation with the niece ; and the aunt, as a last resource, abruptly bids him adieu, and takes the young ladies home.

Her resolution is fixed : she no sooner enters the house than she sends for her steward, and desires him to look out for a Russian master for her daughters, with strict injunctions that he must be a man of a certain age, and not a Jew.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Krasinski Garden—The Franciscan Street—The Jews.

THE Krasinski garden, like the Saxon garden, is a public promenade, and like the latter it possesses the attraction of shady walks and a *Café*.

At certain hours, the company in both gardens is the same ; for it is customary to walk from the one to the other.

The seats on either side of the grand walk are filled with ladies, who resort to the Krasinski garden, to see and to be seen, and to admire the uniforms of the officers.

In summer, (that is to say, in the Polish spring) the Krasinski garden is much visited on account of some artificial mineral waters which are sold there. Here many a love-sick heart meets the object of its adoration, without offence either to Novosilcov or the Grand Duke Constantine Cezarewitsch. The latter, by some means or other, never fails to discover every *liaison* in which his officers may happen to be engaged.

These gardens, situated as they are within the capital, are not less ornamental than useful ; for many officers, both civil and military, have lived and died in Warsaw without ever passing the gates of the city except on duty. The officers are state prisoners in the

strictest sense of the term. They seldom go out of the city ; for, on returning in the evening, they must give their names, which are then forwarded to the Belvedere.

Where did he go?—What was he doing there?—Was he alone, or was any one with him?—These are questions from the Grand Duke's lips, which it is not very safe to provoke. All, therefore, who wish to escape them, pursue the following course in their walks or rides, viz : through the Cracow suburb to the New World, past St. Alexander's church, into the alley of the Mokotowska-Ragatka, turning back before they come within sight of the Belvedere, and, after showing themselves for a short time in the Saxon or the Krasinski garden, return home. In this way, officers, both civil and military, pass their lives, year after year, without ever venturing to breathe the air on the other side of the barrier.

A short distance from the Krasinski garden is the Franciscan Street, a place inhabited by Jews. Their shops line both sides of the street, and they deal in every thing on which profit is to be gained.

There are said to be ten thousand Jews in Warsaw ; but their number may really be estimated much higher ; for though some of them, by way of speculation, pretend to be converted to Christianity, they secretly adhere to the Hebrew faith.

The Franciscan Street in Warsaw is like those busy districts occupied by the Jews in Frankfort, Prague, Rome, Amsterdam, and Leghorn. In short, wherever

the Jews congregated together, they are characterized by the same peculiarities, viz. uncleanness, and the love of finery, avarice, and dishonesty ; while the persecutions and insults to which they are exposed render them real objects of pity.

What the Miodova and Senator streets are to the fashionable classes in Warsaw, the Franciscan street is to the lower classes.—However, there is nothing from the finest Ternaux or Thibet shawl, which the Jews of the Franciscan Street cannot produce to their customers when asked for.

The Russian soldiers may frequently be seen, when occasionally they obtain a few hours' leave, moving to and fro in the busy fair of the Franciscan Street, where they spend a portion of their pay in the purchase of little articles of which they stand in need. They wander about, looking earnestly at every thing ; and when they see any object they would wish to purchase, they anxiously reflect whether it is conformable to 'regulation.'

If they wish to purchase thread, for example, the lancers of the Constantine regiment, want only blue and red ; the cuirassiers only white and yellow, and the Grodno hussars only yellow and dark red ;—and as soon as a Jew spies a soldier, he seems to read in his countenance what he was looking for,—whether thread, pipe-clay, blacking, or soap. In the Franciscan Street, many an unlucky wight purchases a good flogging for himself ; as for instance, in the case of the gloves, the seams of which were sewed on the wrong

side. And yet the poor soldiers are obliged to purchase many things out of their own pay, as the 'crown allowance' is insufficient for them.

On leaving the Franciscan Street, and passing the cloister of the Minimes, facing the lunatic hospital, we arrive at the barracks of the fourth regiment of the line, commanded by Colonel Boguslavski.—This is the Grand Duke's favorite regiment, on account of the admirable style in which it performs its exercise ; of which, certainly none but those who have seen it can form any idea.

Near these barracks, which are divided into two parts, is the jail, whose inmates, except the fact of their wearing chains, are not under greater restraint than the Polish officers. As to common soldiers, their situation is infinitely more miserable than that of felons.

A little further on are the crown barracks, which contain the regiment of Lithuanian grenadiers, the Polish infantry guards, and other troops.

The immediate vicinity of the city is not unlike the Campagna di Roma.—The beautiful ruins, to be sure, are wanting ; for in Warsaw the only ruins are the broken spirits of the people.

A very high windmill forms a conspicuous object in the scene ; and near it there is a second pontoon bridge across the Vistula, which was constructed in 1829, for the entrance of the Emperor Nicholas as King of Poland. There is also a spring which supplies the inhabitants of Warsaw with excellent water.

From the new town, which we have just been ex-

ploring, we will proceed to the old town, which formerly included the whole of Warsaw, as is obvious from the name of one of the principal streets, Podwal, (under the wall) which runs parallel with the Ulica Modowa.

The old town contains a fine market-place. The streets in this part of Warsaw are, for the most part, narrow; and the houses, which are exceedingly old, have many of them a very bad reputation.

Continuing our course through the old town, we arrive in the Palace square, in which stands a marble column, with the statue of King Sigismund.

From this square a street runs into the Cracow suburb; beyond which it extends about half a mile, under the name of the New World, and leads to St. Alexander's church, already mentioned. Forming an angle with Cracow suburb, the Senator street communicates with the square of the new theatre. On the other side of the square, the Electoral street, which is about half a mile long, terminates with the Volska Rogatka, on the boundary line of the semicircle of Warsaw.

The old theatre is situate in the Krasinski square, at the end of the Franciscan Street.*

* I may here observe, that in my notice of the guard-houses of Warsaw, (Chap. 12,) I mentioned, by mistake, only seven regiments of the guards, instead of eight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Alleys of trees—The Polish Prelate and the Statue of Copernicus—Poniatowski's Statue—The Lyceum—The University—Dangerous fixed ideas—Literature and Bookselling.

DURING the Vice-royalty of Constantine, much has certainly been done in the way of ornamenting and beautifying the city of Warsaw; but even these improvements are characterized by military uniformity; as for example, the long alley of poplar trees, in the new or south part of the city, extending from the Vistula to the Jerusalem barrier.

These poplar trees afford neither shade nor fruit; therefore oaks or lindens would have been infinitely preferable. But the oak, in an allegorical point of view, is a forbidden tree; and the linden puts forth its leaves and blossoms much too early,—thus presenting a bad example, which must be avoided.

A venerable Polish Prelate, the Abbé Staszyc, who bequeathed his property for the improvement of Warsaw, erected, during his life, a building as an Academy of Art, which, through the neglect of the architect, was not convertible into a barrack.

From a fund established by this gentleman, Thorwaldson was paid for the model of the statue of Copernicus, from which a bronze cast was executed in

Warsaw, and erected in front of the Academy of Art in 1830.

This statue was to be uncovered on the day appointed for the interment of the Abbé Staszyc. The Grand Duke gave orders for a review on that day, in order to prevent the patriotic portion of the military from attending the funeral ceremony in the Bilany convent; for the erection of a statue in honor of a Polish star-gazer was a crime in the eyes of his Imperial Highness.

On learning that the poet Niemcewicz* intended to deliver an address on the uncovering of the statue, he summoned him to his presence.

The venerable bard was angrily asked what he intended to say on the occasion. There was no alternative, but to pay some compliment to the government; and Niemcewicz replied, that he should avail himself of that opportunity to 'extol publicly the paternal government of the Emperor and King, and in particular the graciousness of his Imperial Highness, who permitted the Poles to raise a monument of their national honor.'

To this no objection could be made, and Niemcewicz was enjoined to make no other allusion to Poland or the Poles, under pain of incurring the Grand Duke's displeasure. The address which had been previously prepared was therefore abandoned, and an

* The Poet served during the American war of the Revolution, as aid-de-camp to Kosciuszko, and married an American lady.—AM. ED.

eulogium on the Russian government was pronounced at the ceremony of uncovering the statue of Copernicus.

When I was in Rome, in the year 1822, I saw the equestrian statue of Poniatowski, in Thorwaldson's *atelier*; and five years afterwards, when I visited Warsaw, I of course expected to see it erected.

Poniatowski's statue, however, was not in its destined place, and never would have been seen there during the government of Constantine.

The model of the statue was paid for by patriotic subscriptions; and only a trifling contribution was required to defray the expense of the bronze cast.

From all that has already been related of the despotic tyranny of the Grand Duke, it may readily be imagined that some risk was incurred by those patriots, who subscribed to Poniatowski's monument; for, however secretly their names might be concealed, they immediately found their way into the list of the suspected, or, if already inscribed, they were illustrated with notes.

'The Death of Poniatowski,' an original picture by Vernet, from which many copperplate, and lithographic prints have been executed, was sold at an auction, in the public streets of Warsaw, for about a hundred Polish florins. It travelled back to Paris; for no Pole dared venture to bid for it, even by proxy; for the infallible spies would have discovered a patriot under any mask. Yet the people cherish an almost romantic reverence for the hero. I scarcely ever

entered an apartment, either in Warsaw or any other part of Poland, in which I did not see Poniatowski's portrait; though beside it invariably hung the picture of the Grand Duke Constantine Cezarewitsch, as if it were a police license for permission to exhibit the other.

In the Gymnasium, or Lyceum, there are six classes, all of which the scholars must pass through, remaining in each two years. They are then, after an examination, transferred to the university; that is to say, if they be not refused admittance, which sometimes happens to the sons of the best families.

At the university, all the different branches of education are classified, and philosophy is dealt out in doses to the students, spoonful by spoonful, like medicine to an invalid.

The system to which the students of the University of Warsaw are subject, may be compared to a course of anti-philosophic cathartics; and any thing which resists the operation of this medicine is pronounced to be an *unfortunate fixed idea*. These unfortunate fixed ideas, however, are neither more nor less than what are generally denominated sound reason.

It is indispensable that the fixed idea should be thoroughly eradicated, before the poor devil, who is infected with the disease, can proceed with his studies.

Should the fixed idea or sound reason prove so obstinate, that it will yield to no remedies, the student is declared to be a dangerous demagogue, and it is thought advisable to confine him in a convent, or

in the fortress of Zamosc ; or, perhaps he is sent to exercise as a recruit in a regiment of infantry ; or, if he be a Russian, to make a tour to Siberia.

The Poles cannot be legally sent to Siberia ; but the law on this subject is occasionally broken.

The pupils of the Gymnasium, as well as the students of the University, wear a sort of livery, which is styled a uniform. It consists of a blue frock coat, with one row of buttons, and a high standing collar ; black pantaloons, white or black waistcoat, &c. The students of the university have on their collars two white stripes ; and, for the sake of distinction, the pupils of the Gymnasium have only one. The metal buttons of the students denote their different classes, as the soldiers' buttons mark the company or regiment to which they belong.

The students are kept under the most rigid restraint ; in short, they are subject to rigid barrack discipline, the least violation of which is punished by confinement in the black hole. The students are even visited in their own apartments by the professors of the university and their assistants, and also by spies, who keep watch on their books, and take care they read no forbidden books, old or new.

Social meetings among the students are not strictly prohibited ; for dissipation is considered a venial offence, and is viewed with an indulgent eye. Indeed, to be distinguished by profligate conduct, is a recommendation rather than otherwise.

With regard to the liberty of the press, it is almost

unnecessary to observe, that no such thing exists in Poland ; and literature is at the lowest possible ebb. The poet, Mickiewicz, however, in spite of the narrow boundaries within which he is circumscribed, rises like a proud cedar in the desert, whose summit the sun lights before his rays descend to the plain. Poetic talent, like the taste for philosophy and science, is checked in the bud.

Under Novosilcov's administration, the bookselling trade was confined chiefly to school-books and French novels, which the bookseller, Glücksberg, circulated very extensively. A book and music-seller, named Brozina, was the principal dealer in German books ; but no new publication of any importance was ever permitted to pass the ordeal of the censor. As to foreign journals, they were strictly prohibited in Poland, as they are in Russia.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Russian post-office—All letters regularly opened—Foreign spies—Liberty incompatible with the spy system.

THE post-office is a building of considerable size, in the Cracow suburb. It serves not only for the transmission of letters, but for all the business connected with the management of stage-coaches and expresses.

All the clerks of the post-office wear the Russian uniform of the Grand Duke's office, which is green with dark red facings; whereas, the other Polish civil officers wear the blue uniform of the country.

In due conformity with this Russian uniform, is the practice established throughout the whole dominions of the autocrat, which, in virtue of a secret instruction, permits no letter to be delivered or forwarded to its address until it has been opened and read. To secure the full and complete execution of this order, there is attached to each post-office, a number of readers conformable to the extent of the correspondence, of which it usually is the medium. If a single letter should cross the frontier, or pass from one part of the country to another, without undergoing a previous examination of its contents, the readers have neglected their occupation. Perhaps they were playing

at whist, or perusing the newspapers; in this way only it is possible to account for such an accident.

If the dexterity of the seal-breaker should fail to perform the operation neatly, or if a cover should be torn in opening it, the whole letter is then thrown aside.

Suspected letters are transmitted, by the readers, to different sections of the secret police, according to the nature of their contents, or the quality of the writers or persons to whom they are addressed. They send those on Russia or Russians to Novosilcov; on foreign affairs, to General Fenshaw; on military persons, or military affairs, to Baron Sass,—who reports either to General Rozniecki, or to the Grand Duke through Kuruta. Sass has also the superintendence of the foreign correspondence of spies maintained abroad, of whom there are two at Dresden; one a German,* the other a Russian.

This violation of the secrecy of correspondence and the whole of the spy system of which it is a part, never can co-exist with civil liberty in any country. Men's minds are agitated by the painful idea of being deprived of all certainty and safety in communicating with each other. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the indignation of the people should at length manifest itself in an open contest of despair with oppressors and betrayers.

* I obtained correct information in Warsaw of the secret transactions of this German, who had a yearly salary of 1000 ducats from the Grand Duke. He visits all the towns of Germany in succession. He passed the winter of 1827 in Munich.

No two friends, at a short distance from each other, can correspond without being exposed to the risk of having all their secrets, trifling or important, made known to third parties. If persons, whose intimacy is most confidential—two of the same family, for instance, separate to travel, their best feelings are necessarily suppressed, buried in a tomb from which no voice comes; for they dare not venture to give expression to their thoughts by language.

When a spy, whose infamous office enables him to discover in a letter the secrets of another's soul—the overflowings of a warm heart expressed in the language of friendship and affection,—he concludes, not unreasonably, that the writer is a man in whose breast a similar feeling for truth, justice and freedom glows, and therefore that he is greatly to be suspected, and is a dangerous man, against whom the government ought to take precautionary measures. With a horror equal to that which this degree of sensibility excites, a jealous despotism views the declaration of any decided opinion or sentiment respecting the fate of offenders against its authority. The mental perspicacity of the one is not less dangerous than the depth of feeling of the other. Against both, as wild enthusiasts and visionaries, the same law is pronounced. They are numbered among the dangerous fools, whom it is necessary to confine in dungeons, for the safety of the state.

In Warsaw there were several hundreds of Russian spies, and throughout the whole of Poland some thousands were maintained. They were of all descriptions,

from the apparent gentleman down to the lowest ruffian ; and in every company, one at least was fastened like a poisonous excrescence. Thus, in no social circle, in no family party, could it be certain that some betrayer had not insinuated himself under the mask of friendship.

Imagine yourself, if you can, good reader, placed in such circumstances as these. Suppose your brother, your father, your son, or your friend, a hired spy of the government, sitting beside you in the domestic circle, and every kind of family confidence banished :—then ask yourself what remains to you, what peace or happiness you still possess ? You will find little that is worth living for is left, good reader ! and if you are a Pole, cast away my book, grasp your sword, and avenge your country's degradation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Cruel treatment of a Jew, by a Russian officer.

THE justice which, in Germany, every beggar may obtain, on appealing at the proper time to the proper authorities, was, in Warsaw, during the Russian dominion, as rare a thing as Prussian tobacco, which was declared contraband, and not permitted to pass the frontier.

An acquaintance of mine, a lieutenant in one of the regiments of the Russian guard, was robbed of all his linen, and was unable to conjecture, how or by whom the theft had been committed; for a long acquaintance with the knout had rendered his own servant a pattern of honesty and fidelity.

The lieutenant took it into his head that he had been robbed by a Jew; and so firmly rooted was this notion, that whenever a Jew passed him in the street, he used to think of his stolen linen, and say, 'I wish I could but catch the Jew who robbed me; I would pay him well.'

Some months after the theft I met this officer, who came running up to me in the street saying, 'I have found the Jew. I have got him safe. Come with me, and you shall see how I will punish him.'

His servant had, a few hours before, collared a Jew, who had stolen a coat, with which he was slipping out of the house of a neighbor, a Polish colonel. Just at that moment the lieutenant returned home, and on witnessing the scene, immediately concluded that it was the identical Jew who had robbed him, and determined on being revenged.

Without further ceremony, he conducted the Jew to the police office of the district, and made himself the plaintiff in the case.

The Jew had been caught in the fact ; and, though he had surrendered up the stolen goods, he was nevertheless punishable.

Whips, sticks and swords, lay in readiness at the police office ; and the lieutenant, who was intent on the Jew's punishment, heard the following declaration of the officer who judged the case:—

‘ If you insist on his being punished now, I cannot, without a trial, condemn him to more than five blows of a stick ; and if he receive them, he is protected against further punishment.’

The Russian officer laughed, and thought he would take care of the *further punishment*,—but that at all events the Jew should receive the five blows, by way of security.

He promised the police soldier a glass of vodka for executing the punishment ; and the Jew obtained his full allowance of five blows, which number the fanatics consider a memorial of the five wounds which our Savior received from the Jews.

The Jew was now legally discharged ; but the officer found a pretence for detaining him a little longer. He requested the police officer to allow a man to accompany his servant and the Jew to the house of another officer in the Cracow suburb. This officer, he said, had also been robbed, and he wished him to see the Jew, in order to ascertain whether he could identify him as the thief.

The police officer gave permission, and the Jew was conducted away.

Instead, however, of sending the culprit to the Cracow suburb, the officer ordered him to be taken to the staff office of his regiment in the Warszawska Ulica.

The Jew suspected the plot, and refused to cross the threshold of the door. He declared his readiness to go to the officer in the Cracow suburb, being confident that he could not identify him as the thief ; for he had never, he declared, robbed any one in that part of the town ; but he insisted that as he had received his punishment, he was legally released.

His remonstrance was addressed to the wind, which at that moment was blowing hard in the Warszawska Ulica. The police-man was dismissed, and some orderlies seized the Jew, and put him into the black hole, where he was locked up at the moment I met my friend, the officer.

I represented to him that he had no right to punish the poor Jew : all I could say was of no avail. He repeated, over and over again, that a Jew had robbed him ; and that this Jew having been caught in the act

of purloining a coat, nothing was more likely than that he had committed the other theft. 'And even though he should not be the same Jew,' he added, 'it will be no harm to give him five hundred lashes, and set them down to the other's account.'

On entering the office of the regiment, which was a miserable sort of barrack, facing the adjutant's abode, I beheld the Jew trembling and deadly pale. The cat-o-nine-tails lay on the ground, and four soldiers were in readiness to execute the commands of their officer.

'Strip him !' said the lieutenant ; and the command was instantly obeyed.

'Mercy, baron ! mercy !' exclaimed the Jew. 'You have no right to flog me. Have I not received my punishment. I cannot be punished twice for one theft. I have received *my five*. You cannot give me *my five* over again. If you had any right to punish me, baron, why did you not say so when I was before the commissioner of police ?'

'Silence, rascal !' said the lieutenant. All my entreaties in behalf of the poor Israelite were unavailing. What could I do ? my friend was the senior lieutenant of another regiment. I could exercise no authority. Our duties were as distinct as our uniforms.

Two stout fellows seized the trembling Jew, and threw him on a truckle bedstead, on which was a straw mattress. The lieutenant gave the word of command ; 'five hundred !' and the ceremony commenced.

After the first two hundred lashes, the lieutenant

remarked that the cords of the cat-o-nine-tails were too dry, and that several of them had cracked. 'Take a sabre!' he exclaimed.

The cries of the poor Jew had by this time gathered a crowd round the door of the office. What was going on within might be easily guessed. It was a mere every day affair.

The Jew continued roaring 'Mercy! mercy!'—Two men held him down by the shoulders, while a third held his legs.

The clerk's sword was employed—but it was only the clerk's sword, and the blades of Tula are none of the best. It bent at the first blow.

At this moment a confused noise of voices was heard on the outside of the door. A minim sister was endeavoring to force admittance; but the lieutenant uttered his usual oath: '*Pascholl! won kurwa—!*' and he lent his own sword for the completion of the punishment.

When it was ended, he said, in a thundering voice to the Jew, 'Well, are you satisfied? or . . .' The Jew bowed his head and said, 'Thank you, thank you, Baron; I humbly thank you for this mild punishment.'

I was confounded. I knew not which to wonder at most, the barbarity I had just witnessed, or the gratitude of the Jew. Like a dog perfumed with turpentine, the poor Israelite hobbled down the street, and turned the corner leading to the New World.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Polish Florin's worth of Russian beating.

WHILE I was in Warsaw, I witnessed another instance of cruelty towards a Jew, the particulars of which I may here relate.

In the Lazaretto of Uyazdov there were seven Russian officers in one apartment; for it was the custom to keep the Russians apart from the Poles.

When I became convalescent, I visited these seven officers, several of whom were my particular friends.

Entrance to the Lazaretto, as well as to the barracks, is prohibited to all but officers and soldiers. The Jews, in particular, are strictly kept out, and the sentinels drive them back, whenever they attempt to enter.

Notwithstanding the rigor with which this regulation is enforced, a Jew now and then contrives to slip into Uyazdov, accompanied by a soldier, and under the pretext of having been sent for by an officer.

In this manner, a Jew pedlar once found his way into an apartment occupied by the seven officers above mentioned, and offered his wares for sale.

I asked the price of a pair of scissors, and Baron R—— asked the price of a comb. The Jew, according to custom, demanded twice their value.

'Dog! villain!' exclaimed the Baron. 'Do you

think we are fools? I will make you remember this. Alexiyeff! here is a florin for you. Give this fellow a thrashing, and drive him down stairs.

Alexiyeff, a robust looking invalid, who was in attendance on the officers, on receiving this command replied, 'Slushey Hospodin Kornet!' and pulled the Jew out at the door.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, I took leave of my friends, and was returning to my own apartment, when, to my surprise, I saw the Jew lying on the stairs with a broken head, and bathed in blood. The boards were soaked with Eau de Cologne and Oil of Roses, and all his wares lay scattered beside him. It was really a melancholy sight. I hastened back to the Baron, who had ordered this act of cruelty, and brought him to witness the scene.

He beheld it with deep regret; for he was at bottom a good-hearted young man. He had not expected that his commands would be so literally obeyed; and he reprimanded Alexiyeff, whilst I endeavored to collect the remnants of the poor Jew's scattered stock.

Alexiyeff declared that as he had been desired to beat the Jew for a Polish florin, he had punctually and conscientiously executed the command, except that, from a feeling of compassion, he had kicked him only half way down the stairs. He added, that if the Baron had given him only ten Polish groats, he should have dealt out his blows more moderately. 'But,' said he, 'after all, what does it signify? He is only a Jew.'

The poor Israelite, who was a meagre old man, understood but little of this Russian explanation, and without even begging for a trifle by way of compensation for his loss, he crept silently away.

Whether my friend the baron subsequently sent him a few roubles, I know not ; but I hope he did.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Russian mode of settling with a Droski-driver.

‘ALL good things are three in number :’ so says the German proverb. I will relate you a third anecdote of Russian barbarity,—though instead of confining myself to three, I might easily swell the number to thirty.

One summer evening, rather late, I was proceeding to Lazienki, through the alley of trees, and, on reaching the tavern, near the uhlan guard-house, I stopped to get a glass of punch.

As I approached the door, I heard a terrible uproar within the house, and on entering I discovered that the noise was occasioned by a Russian infantry officer, who was disputing with a droski-driver about the amount of his charge. A droski-driver is entitled to a Polish florin for every fare, whether long or short : if the person hiring the vehicle alights and gets in again, that commences a new fare.

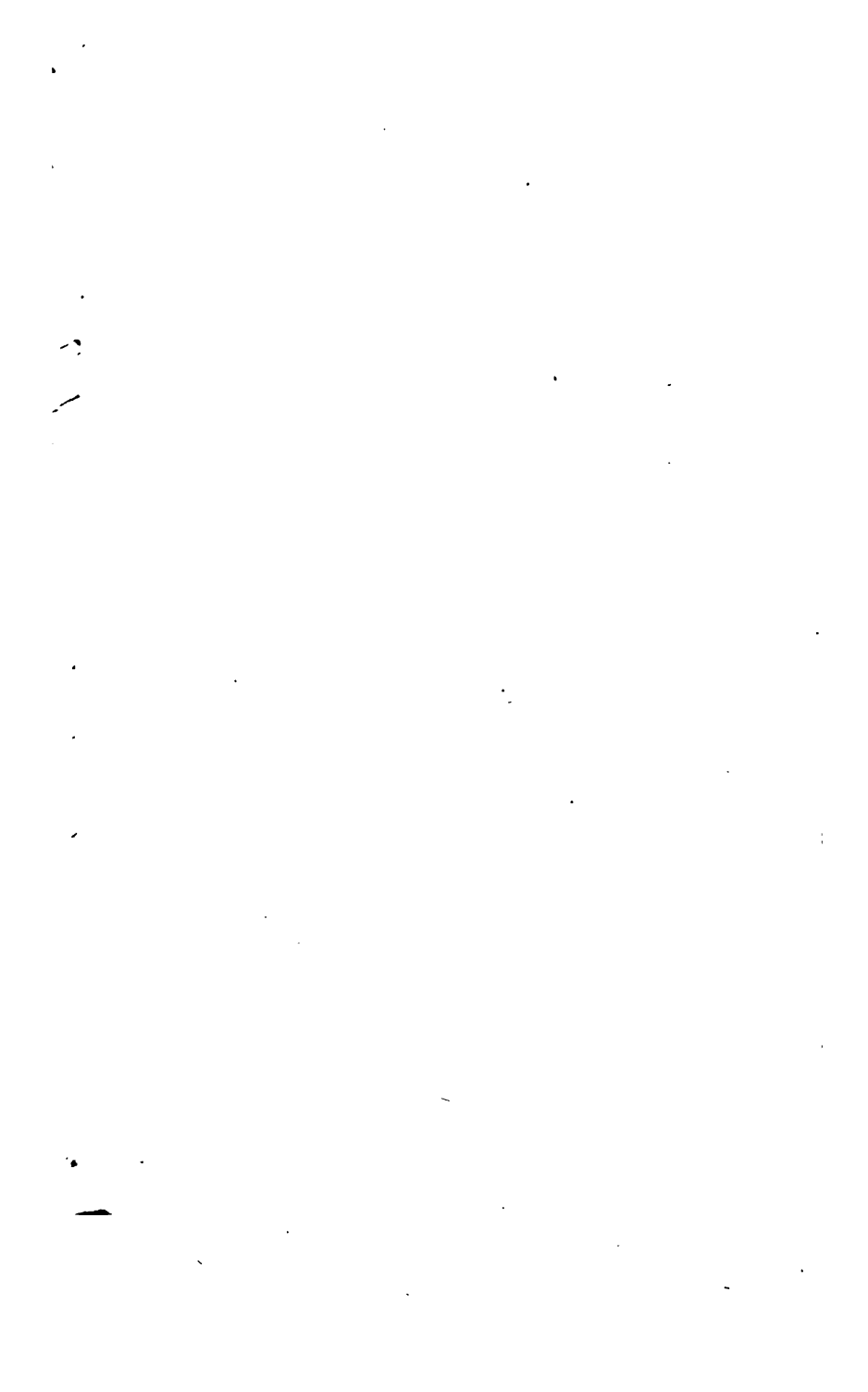
Which of the two parties was right in the affair which I am about to relate,—I could not possibly discover, amidst the demand and protestations of the one, and the oaths and imprecations of the other. I went into a private room, and left them to settle the dispute

However, in a short time the noise increased to so violent a degree, that I was induced to return to the scene of contest.

There I beheld the coachman stretched on the ground and roaring piteously, while the officer was kicking him and beating him with his sabre.

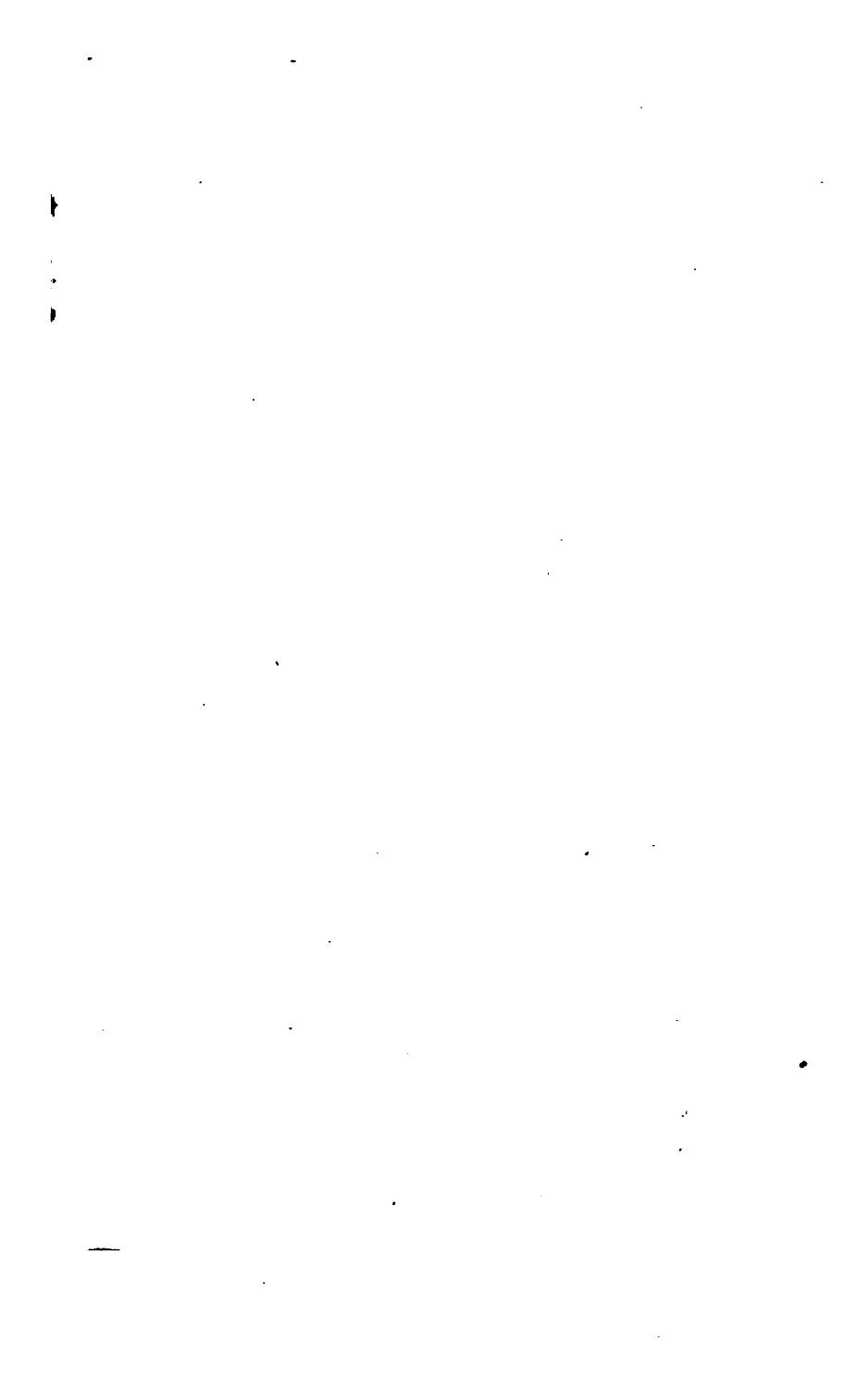
The women of the tavern pale, and trembling with terror, were interceding in behalf of the unfortunate droski-driver, but in vain. As the officer was deaf to the entreaties of the women, I concluded that any remonstrance on my part would be very ineffectual. I therefore took my glass of punch, and left the tavern.

When I had proceeded about half a werst on my road, an empty droski passed me.—The poor devil seated on the box was covered with blood, and was cursing the Russians in very good Polish. My Russian uniform, I presume, entitled me to some share of his compliments.



PART III.

THE POLITICAL SYSTEM OF POLAND.



THE POLITICAL SYSTEM OF POLAND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Population of Poland.

THE population of the kingdom of Poland is stated by Hassel, on the authority of the returns of 1820, to be 3,440,000 within a superficies of 2,293,22 geographical square miles.*

* Such are the numbers (see next page) as given by the author, but there is an evident inconsistency in making a calculation by geographical and German square miles so nearly correspond, for a German square mile contains sixteen geographical square miles. It appears that *geographical*, in the quotation from Hassel, is an error of the press, for which *German* should be read.—TRAN.

IT IS DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS, VIZ :

The Voyvodship of Masovia	321,10—481,000
—Kalish	512,24—512,000
—Cracow	211,48—445,000
—Sandomirz	282,30—432,000
—Lublin	317,25—490,000
—Podlachia	228 —286,000
—Plock	290 —364,000
—Augustov	321,84—430,000

According to a survey lately published in Paris, the superficies of the kingdom of Poland contains 2,270 German square miles,* and its population amounts to 3,475,742 (1823;) the army consists of 55,000 men; the revenue is equal to 34,231,225 francs; and the number of pupils in public schools 34,523.

AUSTRIAN POLAND AND GALLICIA.

Square miles	1,528
Population	4,226,969
Army	58,760
Revenues	43,500,000 francs
Pupils	51,010

PRUSSIAN POLAND.

Square miles	1,664
Population	2,584,124
Army	51,546
Revenue	35,054,057 francs
Pupils	49,875

* Vide the preceding page.

CRACOW.

Square miles	21
Population	107,934
Military	320
Revenue	761,332 francs
Pupils	4,872

The number of Poles in West Russia and in the Russian governments of Wilna, Grodno, Bialystock, Vitebsk, Mohilew, Minsk, Volhynia and Podolia cannot be ascertained with precision. The Poles make them amount to 25,000; by others they are estimated at not more than 10,000.

Those populations within the States of Prussia and Austria, who in language and manners coincide with the preceding, and who from their character are recognized as Poles, must be reckoned as forming part of the Polish nation.

It has been expected that this age, so fertile in great events, would see the whole of the Polish Nation united under the banners of freedom; but when this restoration of a depressed and scattered people shall take place is still a secret in the womb of time.

But that a people, who for the love of liberty may rank with the French, and whom none exceed in devoted love of country;—that such a people should be sacrificed to ambition and political intrigue,—should be transferred to different governments, and have their national name proscribed; and, as may be said, blotted out of history,—appears to be something in contradic-

tion with the eternal decrees of that Providence, which, in spite of all the plans of oppression concocted in the bureaux of legitimacy, still watches over the fall of mankind.

It was well and timely said by a French Journalist, in April, 1830—'Poland does not now exist; but the Polish Nation will always exist.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Form of Government.

‘RUSSIA and Poland are two separate states, under the dominion of one sovereign. Russia presents the model of a perfect unlimited monarchy, in which the will of the ruler is the sole law. Poland, on the contrary, is a constitutional monarchy, in which the executive and legislative powers are completely separate. In Russia, if the sovereign does not choose to pay respect to certain ancient customs held in reverence by the people to the institutions of the predecessors, nor to public opinion, there is nothing to restrain him.

‘Poland has at least a charter, with which she can arm herself against an unjust, arbitrary will.’

Such are the words of Dr. G. Hassel, in his ‘Principles of Statistics’ (Weimar, 1822,) a work which I make the foundation of my observations, and from which I shall, without further reference, introduce passages,—marking them, however, by inverted commas, as it is not my practice to dress myself in strange feathers.

Poland is indeed ‘a constitutional monarchy,’ and ‘has a charter with which she can arm herself against an unjust, arbitrary will.’—In the first place, it may be

remarked, that every arbitrary authority in government is unjust; but we shall respect the words of our text and let that pass.

Poland was then a constitutional monarchy, and had a charter; yet the Poles submitted for fifteen years, preceding the 29th of November, 1830, to the humiliation of being oppressed by the cruelest caprice that any people ever endured!

Good Heaven! with what forbearance and patience have the noble Poles been endowed! This character may henceforth be made the foundation of an universal proverb, and it may be said:—‘To persevere with Polish patience!’—‘Patient as a Pole!’—or ‘Polish forbearance!’

Patience is a virtue.—Forbearance is exalted patience, and consequently exalted virtue. People then who could patiently bear the chains of slavery, while possessing the power of breaking them, may well be said to stand forward in the attitude of real greatness.

The more lively the picture we represent to ourselves of the state of Poland, and particularly of the city of Warsaw under the government of Constantine, the more decisively do we repeat the appeal of the introduction to these pages; and the facts, which astonish us, appear not less incomprehensible than would the situation of having to answer negatively the examination of a German professor, who, pointing to a pedlar’s pack-horse, should ask,—

‘May not this animal be transformed into a fiery Pegasus?’

After this fair declaration, it will not offend the noble Poles if I own, that, while I lived among them, I often compared the whole people to a worn-out pack-horse, whose back is a register of scourges, whose knees tremble under him from hunger and weakness, whose look is sad and sorrowful,—whose entire life is indescribable wretchedness. Notwithstanding all that is said of the progress of distress and pauperism in England, the poor laws of that country give to misery a protection, which, under Russian rule and their constitutional charter, is totally wanting to Poland.

But I readily confess that I was very ignorant of the political affairs of Poland, when, in Warsaw, I once put the following question to a Pole:—‘How was your constitution overthrown, and when did it cease to have force?’

This question had reference to a ukase, the issuing of which was not known to me, as I was at the time in another country, where I was too much occupied to pay attention to the details of transactions in Poland.

‘Good heavens!’ replied the Pole, ‘we still have a constitution, which his Imperial Majesty, our constitutional king, was so good as to give us, and to swear to maintain. You see, therefore, that we have a *sworn* constitution, and that the Emperor’s brother has only *shorn* it, as he does the heads of his recruits.’

I stared at my Polish friend, who, after a pause, said,—‘You wear a Russian uniform. Do you know that you cannot legally appear in that dress in Warsaw except as a foreign guest, and that, according to our

constitution, no Polish troops can be sent to Russia, and no Russian introduced into Poland.'

'I hastily replied :—' My dear sir, you labor under a mistake ; the Grand Duke Constantine is surrounded by seven thousand Russian guards, and do you mean to say that he has no right to have these troops here ? '

' Certainly, he has not the right of introducing a single squadron, or a single company of Russians into Poland. He possesses no right of doing so, except the right of arbitrary power, if such can be said to give right.'

'I do not on the other hand deny,' continued the Pole, 'that the quartering of five regiments of Russian guards in Warsaw encourages trade, as each regiment throws into circulation, annually, more than a million of silver roubles, and thereby enriches our city ; but this is a gain at the expense of our honor, which is daily offended by the arbitrary acts of the Grand Duke Constantine, who is protected in the exercise of an absolute power by his Russian garrison.'

'The sight of the Russian uniform cannot be otherwise than hateful to us, though many Poles wear it, because prudence teaches them to ' put a good face on a bad business,' and hard necessity compels us to submit to an iron yoke, which fetters our acts, our words, and even our thoughts. Whatever way we turn, we find ourselves confined and oppressed by the heavy chain of despotism,—and we can only sigh over our violated rights.'

This declaration of the Pole made no slight impres-

sion on me at the moment. I reflected on what might happen, if the Poles were to be driven to revolt.

Might they not easily expel us, strong as we are?—or what if they should rise some night, and massacre the whole of us? But when I looked over to St. Alexander's Church, and saw the military power and pomp near it, I laughed at the idea I had formed, which seemed to me as unlikely to be realized as that of the patron saint of that edifice should come to drink tea with me in the evening, and make one of a party at whist.

'No! no! while the Grand Duke Constantine and Novosilcov are in Warsaw, no Mazurka can be danced there.' I said to myself, in silent reflection.

It is quite impossible that even ten individuals can meet for the most harmless purpose without being closely watched; how then are the unwelcome guests to be turned out of Warsaw, when it would require hundreds and thousands to unite for that purpose?

You may go then, without fear, to drink your Russian tea and smoke your Polish pipe; no Pole will disturb you. Thus thought, even in the middle of November, in 1830, almost every man who wore a Russian uniform in Warsaw. However, after all, I could not help closing my soliloquy with the confession:—If the honest Poles were to rise on you and your worthy comrades, and cut the throats of the whole gang of you, the thing would be just what they have a right to do.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Polish Constitution.

'THE political system of Poland differs essentially from the Russian. It is a monarchy founded on a constitution, by which the legislative power is divided between the head of the state and the representatives of the people.'

The following are the fundamental principles of the Polish Constitution :—

1. The legislative and executive powers are separated. The former is exercised by the Monarch and the Representatives; the latter by the Monarch alone.

2. The Roman Catholic religion being professed by the majority of the people, is particularly guaranteed, but without giving it authority to restrict the freedom of other religions, or to exclude them from civil rights.

3. All classes of citizens are protected by the ancient law of the country :—*Neminem captivabimus, nisi jure victum.*

4. Property is sacred and inviolable. A foreigner can hold property and be domiciled.

5. Only a Pole, or a domiciled foreigner can serve in state offices.

6. The press is free.
7. The Polish is the language of public transactions.
8. The military force is employed merely for the defence of the country.
9. Public instruction is national.
10. The privileges of the towns are preserved.
11. The peasant is free, and can acquire property.
12. The Jew is under the protection of the previous laws.

The people can use their share in the Legislative authority by a Diet.

This Diet assembles every two years, at a time appointed by the Emperor for fourteen days, and deliberates on imposts and laws, the plans for which are to be prepared in the Council of State, and laid before the Diet in virtue of the Emperor's command. The Diet is composed of two Chambers.

1. The Senate, which consists of thirty members; namely, ten Bishops, named by the Emperor and confirmed by the Pope; ten Voyvodes, and ten Castellans, who nominate the Counsellors of State. The President is appointed by the Emperor.

The Senators have their seats for life.

The laws, after being discussed by the Chamber of Deputies, are submitted to the Senate, which, with the exception of certain cases, adopts them.

2. The Chamber of Deputies has sixty members, who are chosen from the assemblies of the nobles of the circles, and who must have attained the age of

forty. For the purpose of their election, the country is divided into forty commercial assemblies, eight for Warsaw, and thirty-two for the rest of the territory. Every commercial assembly must have 600 voters. The Deputies are elected for nine years, and one-third of the Chamber is elected every three years. The President is a Marshal appointed by the Emperor. The members of the Council of State have seats and a deliberative voice in the Chamber.

The Chamber appoints three Commissions of five members each, for the Finances, Civil Law, and Criminal Law. Only the members of these Commissions and the Ministers have the right of speaking in the Chamber; the other members decide by a silent vote.

The Diet of a circle assembly consists of the nobles of the circle,—in the commercial assembly, the owners of land, who are not nobles, and other persons having the right to vote, but who must not be less than twenty years of age. They are convoked by the Sovereign, and, under the presidency of a Marshal, choose the Deputies.

In taking a retrospective view of Poland and Warsaw, under the dominion of the Grand Duke Constantine with reference to this constitution, the Pole appears in the character of a substantial husbandman, who is not allowed to walk in his own garden, to pluck an apple from his own tree, nor to eat a potatoe grown in his own land; for he has got in his house an unbidden guest, who disputes the right of property

with him, turns him out of his garden, and places sentinels round the walls, who refuse him admission, and take good care that he shall not have a single apple or potatoe. Nay, spies and eves-droppers are employed to watch all his motions, and to ascertain whether he has any thought of attempting to recover possession.

In contradiction to article 1st, the legislative and executive power never was divided. On the contrary, the whole was concentrated in the person of his Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine Cezarevitch, Generalissimo of the Russian Cavalry, and Commander of the Polish Lithuanian army. He was the beginning and the end of every thing.

As to article 3, what has been said respecting the hurling of the wheelbarrow in Saxon square,* shows that the ancient law referred to was completely set aside, if it had ever been allowed to operate under the government of the Grand Duke.

Article 6 is downright irony, and this might well be sufficient to say on the subject.

But we are told 'the press is free!' O violated truth, what a declaration! The press in Poland free! when scarce a book dare be printed, and when the printing of any thing approaching truth is out of the question!

The press free indeed! while hundreds and thousands were daily put under arrest, for some expression of their thoughts and feelings, not by writing, but orally, and with fear and hesitation!

* See Chap. xv.

The press said to be free ! when a German, whose name has escaped me,* a literary man, who was employed as a librarian by one of the magnates, was condemned to serve for life as a common soldier, in a regiment of Lithuanian infantry, because, in a public house, he read some paragraphs of the Polish Constitution to two of his friends, and toasted the articles !

The press free ! when the editors of the severely restricted Journals did not dare to insert the most harmless word without incurring the risk of being arrested and imprisoned in the fort, without any hope of deliverance !

The press free, truly ! when scarcely a press dared be established, for to say nothing of a book, no one would venture to print a single page, without trembling for some malignant interpretation of a phrase, every word of which, before being committed to paper, had undergone the most serious consideration.

This article 6 is really a satire which does much credit to its author.—Honor to the talent for ridicule of this Great Unknown !

According to article 8, the military is to be employed solely in the defence of the country. This article must have afforded fine scope for the Grand Ducal caprice. He even went so far as to resolve on order-

* If I forget names, which it would be of importance to recollect the situation in which I was when I heard them, must be my excuse. The finding of a memorandum of such names in my possession would have been sufficient to insure for me a fate similar to this German's.

ing the whole of the Polish troops to march out of Warsaw, in order to supply their place by a Russian garrison.—This step, which seemed to him quite simple, became however, by the influence of events, a cause of his own marching out.

‘The peasant is personally free, and can acquire property,’ so says article 11.

The Polish peasant might perhaps be about as free as my dog was in Warsaw ; for I certainly should not have prevented the animal from learning, had he been so inclined, some tricks by which he could earn the reward of an extra bone. The freedom of the wretched Polish serfs is much the same as the freedom of their cattle ; for they are brought up with as little of human cultivation, being able to do little more than, like them—to low and bellow to the sun, when a new day dawns.

Article 12 places the Jews under the protection of the preceding laws. This is an untruth, and the proof of its so being is sufficiently indicated by a single transaction, of which I was an eye-witness.*

Moreover, it is stated :—‘The people exercise their share in the legislative power through the medium of a Diet !’

Another great untruth !

I have seen a Diet in Warsaw, and I well know what sort of share the people have in the choice of their representatives, and consequently their share in legislation.

* See Chaps. xxix. and xxx.

The law-making and law-breaking power was vested, as has been described, in the Grand Ducal person. He caused the lists of the candidates to be laid before him, and without hesitation struck out the name of every Pole of whom it could, in the remotest degree; be suspected that he would venture to speak a word for Poland in the Diet; and if any patriot should happen to be returned, the overwhelming majority was ready to nullify all his efforts.

It is true, that when the Diet is over, all the journals trumpet forth that every proposition of the government had been approved and adopted by that assembly. Those who have had the opportunity of taking a near view of the proceedings, know well how to explain the enigma of this boast; and one need not be a Pole to be induced, on reflecting on such conduct, to throw aside the pen with indignation.

CHAPTER XXXV.

General Administration.

‘As to the affairs of government, Poland is completely separated from Russia, and has its own particular administration.

‘The head of the government is a Namiestnik,* or Royal Stadtholder, who represents the person of the Monarch.

‘The execution of the laws belongs to the department of the Council of State, which is divided into four Boards or Commissions, the three first of which are presided by a minister. This council draws up, annually, reports on the state of the kingdom. The three ministers and the members of the Council of State are responsible.’

Since the decease of Prince Zaionczek, the last stadtholder of Poland, who died about five years ago, there has been no Namiestnik. The Grand Duke Constantine was in no respect the stadtholder of the kingdom. The minister, Prince Sobolevski supplied the place of the Namiestnik.

* Viceroy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Body politic in Russia, (inserted here for the sake of comparison.)

‘In Russia as in Poland the inhabitants are divided into nobility, clergy, citizens and serfs. These different ranks have particular rights, but it is only in Poland that they can take part in the government.’

What sort of share they have in the government of Poland has just been explained.

THE NOBILITY.

In Russia there is :—1. The noble of the highest and most important rank in the Empire, to whom certain privileges are secured; as for example : the exemption of his person and landed property from all taxes; but the government levies contributions on his serfs at pleasure.

Nobility is either inherited or obtained by service, as has been already explained under the head ‘Russian Classification of Ranks.’*

‘In some quarters, as in Russia, Poland or West Russia, only a nobleman can possess a baronial estate.’

See Chap. xx.

THE CLERGY.

The clergy have no hereditary rank, but in the public documents of the government they are usually regarded as forming a particular order ; their privileges are freedom from corporeal punishment and taxation, even from the poll tax ; but their sons, except in the German provinces, where the clergy are regarded as nobles, must enter the army as recruits.

It is to be observed, as indeed might be inferred from the above, that priests or churchmen are not made responsible in their persons for misconduct, and consequently, that they are not liable to chastisement unless they meet with it accidentally, which sometimes occurs. In this way, General Markoff, when he was only a captain of cavalry, made his servant inflict a pretty severe punishment on a capuchin.

The capuchin was coming with a serf from the country to Warsaw. The pole of their vehicle touched Markoff's horse, which gave a sudden spring, and put the horsemanship of the captain of the lancers to the test. In a furious rage he made the capuchin be well cudgelled, and next day all Warsaw was shocked at the treatment given to the poor monk.

When I heard this story, I asked what had been done to the gallant captain. The Russian who related it replied, What do you suppose could be done to him ? Poland is a conquered country. Warsaw is occupied by foreign troops ! Who dare resist ?

THE CITIZENS.

The citizen is personally free, and is governed by his own magistrates and civic laws. Nevertheless, he is not exempt from the regulations for supplying recruits to the army.

The inhabitants of towns are divided into five classes :

- a. The citizens or burgesses, properly so called.
- b. The three guilds, the members of which must prove that they possess a certain capital, according to which the tax on their property is assessed. Each guild enjoys certain advantages, particularly in respect to the freedom of exercising trades.
- c. Corporations and professions.
- d. Foreigners who carry on business in any town.
- e. Nominal burgesses, such as literary men, artists, &c.

These last possess, according to law, important privileges. They are like the two first guilds, exempt from corporeal punishments.

As respects the guilds, the arrangement is simple enough, but the practice is a different thing. A merchant of the third guild is always in contempt called *człowiek*, 'man,' 'fellow,' and is regarded as a low creature, whom every officer and every clerk in uniform may maltreat at pleasure. If he should complain, he is indemnified by the knout. It is much the same with the second and even with the first guild, except that a member of the latter receives his punish-

ment in private, and perhaps has the disgrace afterwards varnished over by being told that he suffered by mistake.

A merchant of the third guild is, however, always a *sobaka*, a 'dog,' or a wretched *durak*, a 'blockhead;' for he has only a trifle of property, and above all, he has not *served*, by doing which a man in Russia can alone become respectable, though he may, after twenty or twenty-five years of service, and ten thousand floggings, at last merely purchase admission into the fourteenth class.

It is stated that the Russian law grants great privileges to men of learning and artists. Yes, so far as exempting them from the knout. A humanity which certainly deserves honorable mention!

However, it may be asserted that he who should receive a single paper rouble for every stroke bestowed in the great Russian empire, on one of these learned men or artists, would soon be able to prove a capital sufficient to constitute a member of the first guild.

THE SERFS.

'In Russia and Poland, every peasant* is, according to law, a bondsman: he can possess no property, and is regarded not as a person in the body politic, but as a thing, over which the owner has complete control; which he can sell, transfer, stake at a gaming-table, dispose of, or deal with as it may please him; but he

* Not the peasant of the kingdom, but of other parts of ancient Poland, as West Russia. See Chap. xxxvii.

cannot inflict the punishment of death on his serf, nor prevent him from marrying, or violate the chastity of his daughters. These bondsmen are known by different denominations, as serfs of the crown, serfs of the mines, serfs of the nobility, &c.'

The above kind of property is estimated, as is well known, by souls ; and the owner accordingly indicates the amount of his wealth, by stating the number of souls that belong to him.

Then, according to the document which has just been quoted, the wealthy Russian proprietor can deal with men's souls as he pleases ; can sell them, transfer them, and stake their fate on the turn of a die. As to the punishment of death, a law against its infliction can scarce be necessary, since it is not likely that he would be so imprudent as thereby to injure and depreciate his property.

A human soul is as good as ready money to the owner, and if imprisoned within a stout, well-formed carcass, is a profitable commodity. It will fetch, at the common market price, four thousand roubles banco.

The proprietor, it is true, is by law prohibited from preventing the marriage of his bondsman ; but as the proverb says,—' God is high up, and the Czar a long way off,' and what will harm my lord, if he does dis-appoint a bridegroom ?

Dare a bondsman think of preferring a complaint against his lord ? to whom shall he complain ? to what court ? The judge is the friend and fellow proprietor

of the lord who maltreats his 'soul.' Will he not decide in favor of the soul-tormentor in every case?

O AXINIA! AXINIA! exclaims OSSIF, in Raupach's ISIDOR and OLGA; and the cry of the despairing OSSIF resounds in piercing lamentation through all knouted Russia, and—humanity hears not!

As to what is said respecting the bondsmen's daughters, it is all very well: the law is very humane upon paper; but who dares to interfere, if the lord chooses to do what the law forbids?

Reader! do you wish to understand the nature of the Russian mode of thinking on these points? That is impossible, without a residence of some years in Russia, and opportunities for forming a picture of the whole from numerous collected traits.

Far be it from me to assert that every Russian 'soul-owner,' is constantly and every where brutal. Even among the Russians I have met with worthy, excellent men; but they were only nominal Russians, and really Germans.* Throughout the whole country the influence of moral restraint is little felt.

* The reader will remember that the author of this work was a German.—AM. ED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Civic rights in Poland.

THERE are three degrees of rank in Poland.

I.—THE NOBILITY.

The nobles form only one body. The distinction of high and low nobility is not legally recognized. The richest magnate in the law, not a more important person than the poorest knight,—*Eques polonus par omnibus, nemini secundus*.

The nobles are extremely numerous.—At least 60,000 families belong to the class, of which, however, only about a hundred are wealthy,—all the rest are poor.

In Poland, a man who possesses as much as is necessary to support him, is still called poor.

‘Fifty knights often live together in one village: the rich nobles, on the contrary, have princely estates.’

Every Pole of the noble class may wear a sword, the ‘karabella,’ and he hangs it at his side, as an ornament and part of his dress.

During the government of Constantine, however, the sword was worn only in remote quarters of the country, and on holidays.

The simple Polish kurtka, a coat with lace trimmings, was soon a sufficient ground of arrest, as was also a white hat, under which the head of a Carbonaro was always sure to be found.

II.—THE CLERGY.

The clergy enjoy particular privileges : the superior ecclesiastics sit and rule in the Senate.

In consequence of the superstition of the people, every thing connected with the clergy is held in great respect. In the spring of 1830, a law proposed by the Emperor was expected to be passed, by virtue of which the convents were to be suppressed, and their property applied to public purposes. This plan seemed to give great satisfaction to the better informed part of the population of Warsaw. Whether it was carried into effect, I know not.

III.—THE CITIZENS.

‘The citizens have particular privileges, in which the Jews participate.’

The citizens or burgesses* of the Polish towns, and, in particular, the inhabitants of Warsaw, appeared to be comfortably situated, and to have a just sense of self-respect, until any Russian officer who might meet a hackney droski, would turn a Pole out of it, if he

* This appears to be mis-translated : the author must refer to the swarm of traders or pedlars, who infect and degrade the name of merchants by assuming it : they are mostly Jews, Germans, or other foreign adventurers.—AM. ED.

wanted to ride himself, and no other droski was near. Examples of this sort of insolent conduct I have often seen.

‘*Ia Obywatel Warszawski!*’—‘I am a citizen of Warsaw!’ is a declaration which little avails. The *Obywatel* must get out without arguing the point. The most prudent thing he can do is to submit promptly and patiently to his fate.

IV.—THE SERFS.

‘The serfs or peasants,’ as has already been stated, ‘are personally free, and enjoy the right of holding property.’

The Polish serf is in every part of the country extremely poor, and of all the living creatures I have met with in this world, or seen described in books of natural history, he is the most wretched. He is in a worse situation than the Russian serf, who is maintained by his master, and has at least, a subsistence in return for the cudgellings which he receives.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Internal Government of Poland—Administration of Justice.

IN respect to internal administration, Poland differs much from Russia.

Poland is divided into eight Voyvodships :—viz.

Cracow,	Plock,
Sandomir,	Masur (Masovia)
Kalish,	Podlahia, and
Lublin,	Augustov.

In each Voyvodship there is—

1. A commission, which superintends the public service, and the execution of the laws.
2. Sub-Commissioners, for executing the orders of the Voyvodship commission.
3. A council of inhabitants; and
4. A certain number of town and country courts.

Russia and Poland have, besides, very different legal codes, and each has its particular judicial system.

The collection of laws, published in Russia, in 1649, though very incomplete, is, independently of the decisions of the Senate, the general rule by which judgments are pronounced. For some years past a national code has been under preparation.

In Poland, decisions ought legally to be made according to the old constitutions and laws, which, how-

ever, must give place to the new civil and criminal code preparing for publication. But the constitutional laws have no practical operation, and the ancient code is only read as an academic study in jurisprudence.

The inferior courts in Poland are district tribunals for civil causes, and the Grod, or town tribunals for penal offences. The judgments of both are subject to revision by the courts of appeal of Piotrkow and Lublin, and the supreme tribunal of Warsaw, which is united with the council of State.

Two-thirds of the judges, in the first instance, are elected; the rest, and the judges of the higher tribunals, are appointed by the sovereign for life. In all the districts there are justices of the peace, who have authority to decide in unimportant cases.

In Poland, the administration of justice is as bad as in Russia, and bribery and corrupt influence are constantly at work. This might be proved by innumerable examples. I shall, however, only mention cases which came within my own personal knowledge.

One of my friends had three hundred dollars, and some silver plate stolen from him, and all circumstances rendered it probable that some individual, well acquainted with the house, must have committed the theft. A recently dismissed coachman was the person on whom strong grounds of suspicion became fixed. After repeated examinations, the case was so clear that the offender was committed to prison; but, nevertheless, the trial was postponed for three weeks.

In the mean time my friend made preparation for

prosecuting the thief before the criminal court ; but when the trial should have commenced, he was told that the police authorities had discharged the coachman, on account of ill health, and there not being sufficient evidence against him.

The police officers had possession of part of the stolen plate and money, of which they took good care ; for, in spite of numerous urgent applications, the owner never recovered any of his property.

It is common for a family in Warsaw to keep in their service one of the Hebrew race, who acts as agent, broker, and executes every sort of business. This *fac-totum* is called the ' house Jew.' I sent one of these fellows from the house of a friend with forty Polish guilders to Mendel, the celebrated tailor, of whom I have already spoken. Some weeks after I met Mendel, and asked him whether he had received the forty guilders safe, which I had given to *Shmuhl*, the Jew, to carry to him. The tailor appeared astonished, and told me he had never seen the money. I then thought it right to take him to my friend's house, that he and the Jew might explain the matter face to face.

Shmuhl resorted to evasion : he said he had given the money to a fellow broker, named *Borruch*, to take for him. This man, on being brought forward, denied all knowledge of the transaction, and, after a long altercation between the two rogues, I perceived pretty clearly that my money was lost.

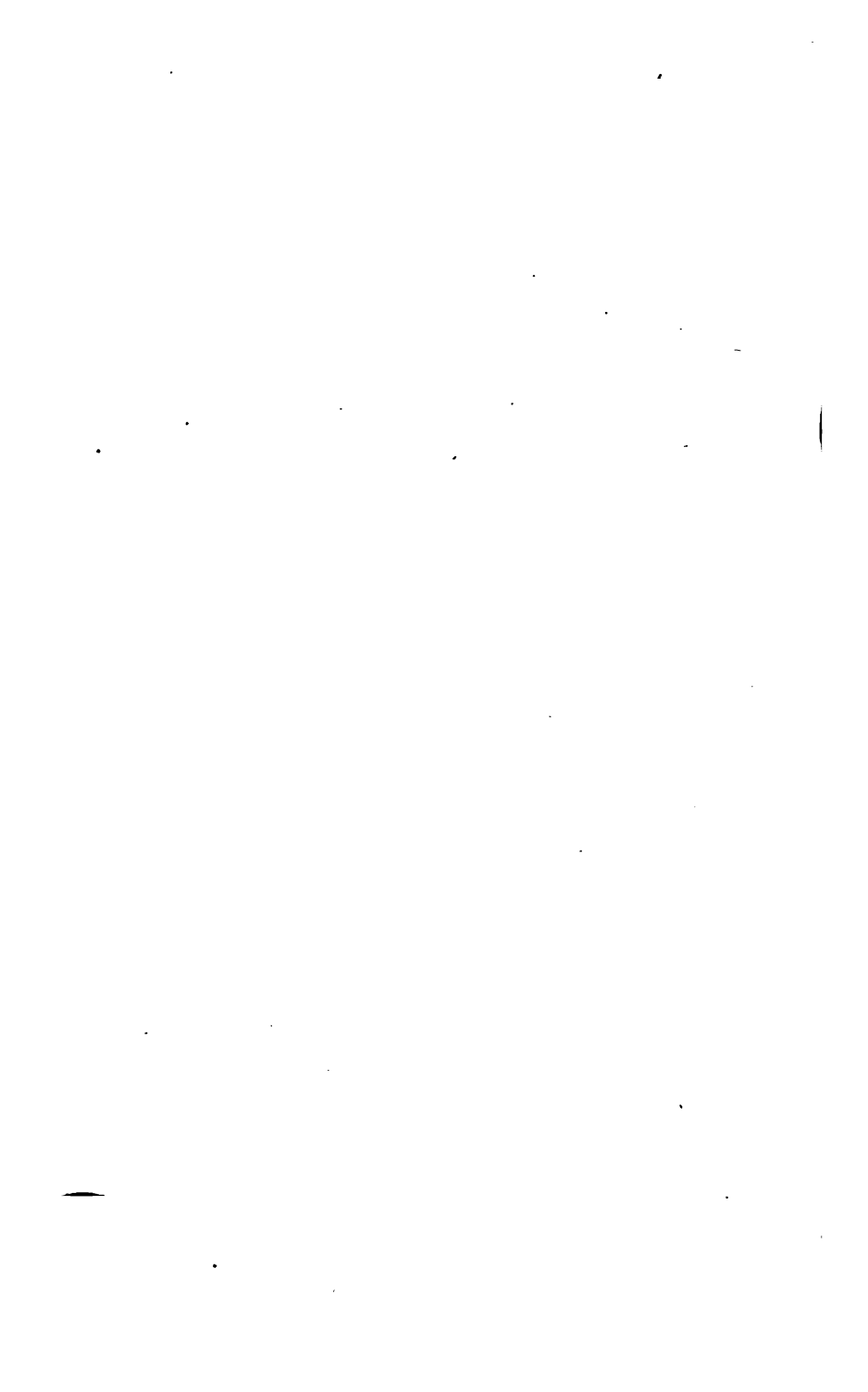
The period fixed for my departure from Warsaw

was fast approaching, and I lost no time in applying to the police. I was however informed, that a decision of the case could not be obtained for several months, and that the prosecution must be carried on entirely at my own expense. On consulting with an experienced lawyer, I found that to punish the Jew would cost me full eighty guilders, besides the certain loss of the first forty guilders, and that the tailor must still be paid. I therefore thought it better to pay over again the latter sum, and to abandon all thoughts of the process.

In Russia, however, the administration of justice is still worse than in Poland.

PART IV.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.



RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thoughts on the dedication of this work—Lafayette—Chlopicki—
Count Potocki—The ladies of Poland.

‘To the freedom of all the Poles’ I dedicate this volume, and as a testimonial of their rights, I lay it on the blood-stained altar of the age,—fully conscious of the danger to which I thereby expose myself.

Perhaps I ought to have been more precise in my dedication, and have addressed it to individuals whose answers might have something more substantial than I can expect from ‘the freedom of all the Poles,’—a problem, the solution of which is involved in the obscurity of the future. Another, in my place, would, probably, even before he commenced his task, have determined on the individual to whom it might be most advantageous to dedicate it; and with this object would have carefully examined the genealogical list in the almanac of Gotha.

This however I did not do ; and even had I wished to dedicate my work to any particular individual, I certainly should not have made the dedication from the Gotha calendar. Of this publication I shall merely observe, that it has hitherto appeared in the French language, and that in July, 1830, the French people began to cast it aside as waste paper. At the same time, I wish to say, with reference to the present and every other production of my pen, that I heartily renounce the favor and grace of legitimacy, which is usually so unworthily bestowed as to render it a disgrace rather than an honor.

Perhaps I might, with great propriety, have dedicated this little volume to General Lafayette, who has so openly advocated the cause of Polish liberty. But it appeared to me that the veteran General is so intently occupied with the affairs of France, that he can scarcely have leisure to peruse a work devoted to Poland and Warsaw. I therefore relinquished the idea of addressing my dedication to him.

I next thought of offering my work as an homage to the Poles, and to send some hundred copies to Warsaw, as presents to the heroes of the day, many of whom are my personal friends.

This idea pleased me ; but I abandoned it, when I recollected that neither travellers nor letters were suffered to pass the Prussian frontiers, and that my literary packets, addressed to the brave Poles, would inevitably be doomed to confiscation.

But still I could dedicate my work to some individ-

ual Pole whom I value and esteem,—possessing a heart animated by the love of freedom, and a spirit imbued with all that is good and great.

I knew many such ; and foremost in the rank stood Count Titus Potocki, one whom my heart reveres, and on whom I never think without a pang of regret for our separation.

But, thought I, does Count Titus still live ? May he not have fallen in the bloody Mazurka,* a sacrifice to that freedom for which his heart yearned ? May he not have sank beneath the lance or the sabre of some Russian lancer, who conducted him one Sunday morning to my quarters when he visited me in the barracks ? These were the questions which occurred to me, when I thought of Count Potocki ; for gloomy ideas always flit before my imagination, when I think of Warsaw and the ‘ bloody Mazurka.’

I certainly might have dedicated my book to my much respected friend, and I may do so yet.

When occasionally my humor changed from serious to gay, I have thought of dedicating these pages to some fair and patriotic daughter of Poland. But it was difficult to make choice of one, where thousands had claims ; for I must frankly confess, that, on the score of personal loveliness, the palm of superiority must be awarded to the ladies of Poland, in preference to those

* The celebrated Polish national dance was originally a war dance of the province of Mazur (Masovia.) The allusion in the text may remind the reader of the phrase, ‘ To dance the Carmagnole,’ which was common at the commencement of the first French Revolution.—TRAN.

of any other country with which I am acquainted. But, thought I, why not lay my work at the feet of some fair and unnamed patriot? To think of thanks from beautiful lips, though they should be unheard of, is pleasing.

Some fair Pole will fancy herself the lady alluded to ;—from pure patriotism, she will refer to the address of the publisher or printer, and, having seated herself at her writing table, and placed her fairy foot on the stool beneath it, she will trace with her little hand a few lines, and sign them with her pretty name,—all for the sake of pure patriotism. I banished this reverie with the reflection, that should any such lines ever reach me through the medium of the post, I should have the satisfaction of discovering that—I had been hoaxed.

CHAPTER XL.

A glance at the Revolution of Warsaw.

My gaiety, reader, is not the gaiety of a cheerful and tranquil mind. It is the result of the effort I make to be gay in spite of a sorrowful heart.

In the Prussian State Gazette, No. 351, (1830,) I read under the date of Warsaw, Dec. 14th, the following : ' On the 8th and 9th of this month, the Russian troops passed Kurow. The uhlan guards 540 mounted, and 60 on foot,' &c.

When, on the 6th of December, I saw the first intelligence of the engagement in Warsaw, I trembled as I perused it ; for I thought of my friends, the officers of the regiment whose uniform I had worn a few months before.

The regiment consisted of eight hundred men, besides a reserve squadron in the fortress of Modlin.

If the above-mentioned 60 men on foot were, as I suspected, the artificers attached to the staff, then 260 men were wanting. But how many, and what officers were numbered among the killed and wounded ?

The grief into which this information plunged me,

cannot be a matter of surprise ; and it may serve as an apology for many of the faults and imperfections of this little volume ; for, while I was engaged upon it, the images of two of my departed friends were constantly before me. I loved them as though they had been my brothers. We enjoyed each other's confidence without reserve, and I would willingly have laid down my life for them.

Besides these two, there were many other noble-spirited young men, with whom I became acquainted, not only in the uhlans, but in the cuirassiers and hussars corps, which also suffered, according to the account of the Prussian State Gazette.

There was not a man in the regiment to which I belonged, for whom I did not cherish a regard. The intelligence of the death of any one of them would have distressed me. As to the officers, they were all excellent men, worthy to die the death of heroes.

I loved the regiment, from Prince Adam Woroniecki, the Colonel of my squadron, down to the lowest ublan, and I would have marched with them to the world's end, in the name of the Emperor Nicholas, King of Poland ; for I lived in the conviction that the Emperor would never issue a command to his guard of honor, the fulfilment of which would not redound to their credit.

What was the immediate cause of the revolution of Warsaw ? What particular act of tyranny roused the

Polish nation to resistance? Of this we are by no means accurately informed.

The cadets of the military school, supported by the students, took the first step. According to the accounts given in the public papers, two cadets and sixteen students effected an entrance to the Belvedere, and the Grand Duke Constantine was only saved by the presence of mind of 'a faithful servant,'* who assisted him in escaping into a secret apartment, while the betrayers of the Polish nation, disguised in Generals' uniforms, expiated their crimes with their lives.

It was to defend the latter, that the Emperor's guards of honor, (into whose barracks the Grand Duke Constantine fled for safety) were called out—and shed their blood!

The cadets of the military school in Lazienki,† to the number of two hundred—where the rest were, does not appear—and two battalions of Polish infantry, engaged two regiments of the Russian horse-guards, (probably uhlans and hussars,) and overthrew them. The cadets proved that they were soldiers, and the fourth regiment of Polish infantry honorably supported its old reputation.

The people, whom the Prussian State Gazette is pleased to denominate 'the mob,' seized the arms in the arsenal, and a cadet placed himself at their head.

* This faithful servant was Kochanowski.

† Lazienki is near the Belvedere.

The conflict must have been terrific ; and, during the two and thirty years of my earthly career, no image was ever so vividly present to my mind as that of the sanguinary battle in Warsaw.

It has been affirmed that the cadets of the military school had solemnly pledged themselves to each other, to commit suicide, in case their enterprise should fail.

We may hope, or rather we may confidently believe, that every Pole had formed a similar resolution, so that none might survive to see the last spark of freedom extinguished and their country again subjected to the yoke of slavery.

The Poles had no choice : the result of the contest was to decide their freedom or bondage.

To bow again beneath the yoke of tyranny,—to surrender up, but with their lives, the rights secured by their constitution, would have been to erase their name from the book of nations, as their country has already been obliterated from the map.

Should the Poles fail in their attempt to reconquer their country, and their rights, then let one vast cemetery say to posterity, ‘ This was that Poland, whose glory the last of the Poles carried with them to immortality.’

Assuredly, no brave Pole will consent to linger out a life of bondage on his native soil : all will perish sword in hand, or live for the triumph of mankind.

With deep sorrow of heart, I think on those whose shades are now wandering in Walhalla or Elysium—

these Poles who nobly ended their career on the 1st of December, 1830. Their deeds belong to the history of every nation, and their names will be recorded among those of the heroes of every age. Like Arnold Winkelried, they threw themselves among the enemy's spears, and 'opened a path for freedom.' On their graves I deposit these sheets, as an humble tribute of my veneration for their memory.—My voice can add nothing to their fame.



VIEWS IN REGARD TO THE COURT OF ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS POLICY.

There is still a hope left for Poland.—There is yet a probability, that she will soon hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.

Poland, one of the most chivalrous countries in Europe, the only barrier against Russian despotism, the most sure ally to the Sultan;—that once free republic with her elective throne,—was of course the most dangerous enemy of the Emperors. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, was well aware of the impossibility of accomplishing his views with the Sultan, so long as Poland, his most dreaded enemy, and the most sure and formidable ally of the other, had the power to prevent him. He, therefore, laid the first plan for the destruction of Poland, and we see now how she has been sacrificed to effect his purposes.

Through Poland, (if we well understand and well

consider the position of her provinces, now belonging to Russia,) have the Emperors the greatest power over Turkey and over the whole south-east. In this political body, our land is as a heart :—it is the seat of pulsation of the northern empire.

The present position of the frontier of Russia, far advanced to the centre of the south, its ports on the Black and Caspian Seas, and in the north,—we ought to consider, only as an obscure outline indicating more extensive views. The point to which all her plans look is Constantinople. Let no one think that there is no logic, no solid reason in this idea. ‘*Putant enim, qui mari potitur, eum rerum potiri!*’ This truth the cabinet of St. Petersburg well understands. To strengthen her political power in Europe, Russia, in this second age of her greatness, must be as powerful on the seas, as she is upon the land. In order to bring this to pass, it is almost indispensable for Nicholas to become master of Turkey ; and here is the full picture of Peter the Great’s dark outline.

But not a step towards this object could be taken without Poland.—There are some things indispensable to great realms. Large masses of land must have large masses of sea. Water is as necessary to them, as it is to the existence of men and animals. Russia must either withdraw from the rank of a first

rate realm in Europe, or she must gain this point, as there is no other alternative left for her.

Many authors believe in the impossibility of her treating the Sultan, as Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, was before treated by her ; and of Turkey being reduced to the condition of Poland and of Georgia. England and France believe this to be a dream. But the daily growing power of Russia in Greece, and her despotic sway in Wallachia and Moldavia, show us best what is to be expected by the Sultan. In the year 1790, after the taking of the Crimea, the river Cuban divided Russia from Turkey. That river was very necessary for the commerce of the Russian merchants ; and at the present day, we do not hear the Sultan's cannons on that river ; the Russian eagle has taken the place of the crescent. Persia will not offer any help to the Sultan in his danger ; moreover, she will not make any diversion, after the loss of Dagestan and Shervan, in which countries we see how the Russian military posts are every day extending themselves.

Diebitsch passed the Balkan, and encamped within the walls of Adrianople. What was before thought impossible, we have seen realized, by the grandson of Catherine. What prevented him from taking Constantinople itself ? ' Our intervention,' perhaps the

ministers of France and England will answer. But pray, will not Nicholas now regard the conquering of Turkey as the best means of making himself independent of any such intervention hereafter?—These are the consequences of the dismemberment of Poland, the natural ally of the Porte,—and both England and France will soon feel them on the Atlantic.

England may not believe in the possibility of an East India expedition, (which is in close connexion with the plans of Russia against Turkey.) She may not fear an attempt to relieve the Hindoos from their yoke. But will Nicholas the less think of it? Napoleon did not regard it as a dream or a chimera.

At St. Petersburg the possibility of a Polish revolution could not be believed, nor was it believed, till within a few days before the memorable 29th of November, 1830. It was little thought that the laurels which this same Diebitsch, the conqueror of the Mussulmen, had won upon the heights of the Balkan, would so soon be withered upon the plain fields of Grochow, Wawr, Dembe, and others.

Great political plans and military expeditions, unlike colossal works of architecture, seem more imposing at a distance, than when we approach them. The imagination exaggerates the difficulties which attend them. It was perhaps more difficult for Na-

poleon to pass the English fleet, and to conquer Egypt, than it would be at the present day, for Nicholas to conquer Turkey, and if England should oppose it—check her interference by attacking India.

I will now ask, if the glorious and chivalrous Republic of Poland, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Ukraine, Zmudz, Posen, and Gallicia, were now free,—that Poland for which we did not spare our blood nor our treasure ;—I ask, if such a Poland had been restored, when could any of the tyrannical Czars of the north thought of, and matured such plans and expeditions ?

There are many political reasons for conquering Turkey, and the importance of those reasons the government of Russia well appreciates. The determination to which they point, she has both the will and the power to execute.

These reasons are as follows :—1st. the weight and pressure of this great empire, according to the laws of nature, tends from the north to the south, like the course of its rivers. The most beautiful provinces of Russia in Europe, as well as in Asia, are in the south. The products of those provinces, from the great facilities of communication, can be sold with much more profit, by the way of the Bosphorus, than upon the Baltic.

2d. The unnatural and eccentric position of St.

Petersburg, the Russian capital, built by the order of Peter the Great, acts like a leech, which withdraws the best blood from this monstrous body. Good policy now requires the Russian government to remove its capital from this unnatural position to the south.

3d. St. Petersburg was erected, as is well known, not merely from commercial views, but with regard to an increase of naval power, without which, the commerce of a great country cannot exist.—This was the only reason with Peter the Great for placing his capital at the extremity of his realm, in a climate so unhealthy, and a soil so sterile. To this day, however, we do not see his plans crowned with success. It is true that Russia has no rival on the Baltic; but this sea is on every side confined by land, and can be used only half the year. The Russian ships of war, idle through six, seven, and some times nine months, are only an unnecessary burthen to the country. On the Baltic, therefore, no good sailors can be trained, nor the navy sufficiently exercised.

In order to bring into effect the advice contained in the last testament of Peter the Great, viz. '*to secure by a naval force their strength on the land,*' it is positively necessary to possess a large—a very large fleet. No pride, no caprice, but indispensable policy, forced every Emperor to try that upon the Atlantic,

which was found impossible upon the Baltic. In one word, thing urges this point upon the Czars.

There must be certainly great strength in the position of Constantinople, when it is considered that that city alone, in the decline of the eastern empire, could yet shield it from final destruction for so long a time. Here the fruitful central provinces of Russia would enter into a most glorious commerce with the whole west. From hence it is very easy to form mercantile connexions with Trebizond, Erzerum, Mussol, Bassora, Bagdad, Khieva, Balk, Bukhara, and Samarcand.

It is well known what a profitable commerce with the cities of Bukhara and Samarcand, England enjoyed, up to the middle of the last century; but Russia has now forced her to leave the Astrachan markets.

After Constantinople shall be taken, that whole commerce will belong unquestionably to Russia. At present, great numbers of Russian merchants visit annually the fairs of Kuljick, on the south bank of the Caspian Sea. From hence the Russian caravans go to Khieva and Bukhara. The Russian Consul, Gamba, not long since observed that the high state of English commerce was disadvantageous to Europe. 'The greater part of the commerce of Asia' (says he) 'will recover its old way, which is the shortest and most profitable, because it will not depend alone on the English East India Company.' And who does not under-

stand now, that the port of Constantinople, when a capital of the Emperor's, will, in a short space of time, become the first marine arsenal in the world ?

The timber of Asia Minor, which is better than the English ; the iron of the Caucasus ; the hemp of Synope and Trebizond, (known by its length of fibre) will soon furnish the manufactories of the successors of Peter the Great. The price of labor, on the banks of the Black Sea, is lower than in any part of the whole world beside. Steam-engines will lend their aid, and the sailors of Greece and Russia, to whom nature has not refused instinct,—under the command, perhaps, of experienced officers from America, who would cheerfully welcome a new naval power in the old world.

Suppose that any one before the reign of Peter the Great, say in the reign of Ivan Wasilevitsch, had predicted such an empire as Russia now is. I believe every one would have called him a lunatic or a charlatan ; and certainly the Moscovite empire has made much greater progress, from what it was before Peter the First to the present, than will be required to reach that degree to which we have pointed from its present state, and which she may attain, unless she should fall by her own weight.

There is something monstrous in the growth of this political colossus. There seems to be an instinctive consciousness of great material strength in this despot-

ical realm of the Czars, which we see ceaselessly advancing upon the neighboring countries,—in this singular constitution of government, which, in constant fear of falling, must always keep the eyes of its subjects on external objects, and by the conquest of other lands prevent them from perceiving their own wretched condition. This political voracity is the peculiar characteristic of Russia, which leads her to devour all within her reach ;—like a giant child, which seeks to swallow all that its hands can grasp.

Whatever name we may give to this instinct of colossal nations, or primeval law of barbarism, it will prove but too true, that there can be found nothing more tempting to the magnetico-electric imagination of northern absolutism, than the mild southern heaven, the charming clime of the east, its ruins and monuments of ancient glory, and then, at last, the unbounded prospect of the Atlantic. ‘This country,’ said a French author in his remarks upon Russia,—‘placed upon the confines of Europe and Asia, bears at the same time upon both, and no power since that of Rome, has united such strength and extent.—It is thus in every state where the government is enlightened and the people barbarous, and where extreme ability in the mover is united with extreme pliability in the instrument!’

Russia governed as she is now, is, in truth, not a

country, but an instrument, of which an absolute government is the mover.

But enough of plans and expeditions.—I see my reader already tired of the subject. Let him then close these pages, and look at actual events, and see how far those plans have been carried into effect. Let him look at the Sultan besieged in his own palace;—look upon his empire, as it is now under the protection of Russia against his rebellious subject of Egypt;—and call to his mind the reign of the Empress Catherine. She had protected, in the case of our unhappy Poland, King Stanislaus Augustus against his people, and to what end?—what are the effects of this northern policy?—**SLAVERY!!!**

I am sure, quite sure, that the rebellion in Egypt was caused by the Russian instigation. It is old Russian policy. So it was with Poland. Russia promises perhaps to make the Pacha independent, and points out to his view several provinces in Asia. It is not necessary to be a prophet to be aware that the destiny of Turkey will be similar to the destiny of Poland and Georgia; yet, if I believe in the possibility of the Pacha's independence of the Sultan, I also believe in the certainty of his dependence upon Nicholas in a short time. Russia now protects Constantinople, and she

has a full command of the whole empire. Every fortress is under the command of her army ; her troops are traversing the country in every direction. No one can travel in Turkey without a Russian ambassador's passport. Without the Russian ambassador's consent, even the Sultan himself dares not do any thing, for fear of exciting the anger of his Protector ! And, how easy it will be to change the political title of Protector to that of Master ?

Free citizens of America ! Look upon noble and unlawfully oppressed Poland, and you will find a most excellent comment upon the views of Russia in regard to Turkey.

It is an indisputable truth, that an expedition full of risk would never be undertaken without the temptation of great advantages, or the pressure of indispensable necessity. Placing Russia in this last predicament, nothing will be considered impossible for the Emperors of the North. They have been, hitherto, the despoilers of the lands of Europe and Asia ; but, not to lose what they have already made their prey, some one of them must, sooner or later, become a Pirate of the Seas.

There is no other country in the world, for which so much respect and regard is felt in every patriotic bosom as for Poland. It is a feeling of sympathy in noble hearts for the brave, but unfortunate and oppress-

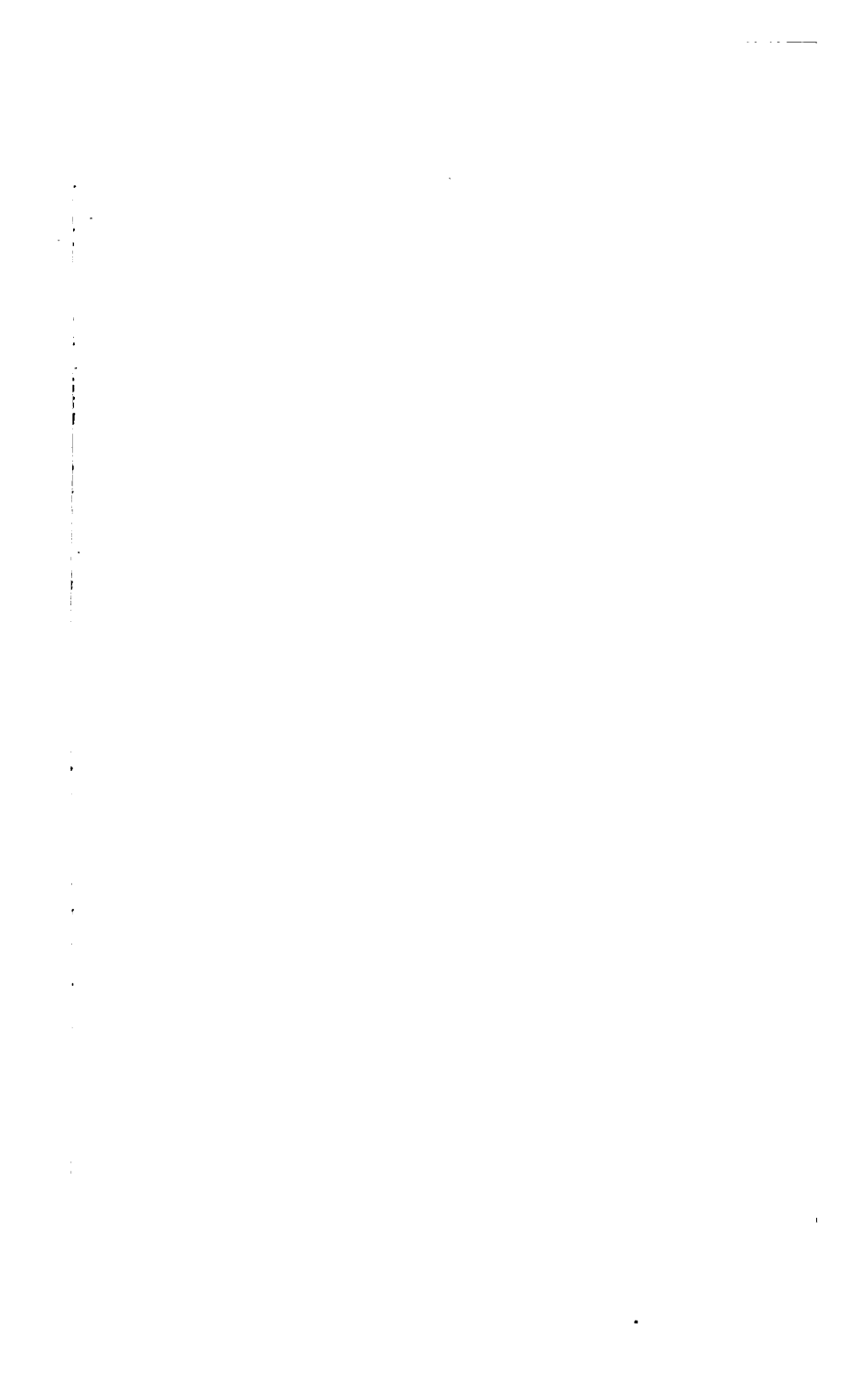
ed. These feelings are very flattering to us, but they must soon be exchanged for the feelings of common interest in the common good. The power of the Emperor of the north has grown to such a height, as to become very alarming to the civilized world. Europe cannot rest long in this state without incurring fearful results. The European nations must necessarily join hands together, to free themselves from the degrading power of the descendants of the vassals of the Great Mogul. In such a turn of the affairs of Europe, Poland will become a vanguard against Russia. Once more the brave Poles will draw their swords, and the white and red banner on the verge of their lances will be given to the wind. Once more the white eagle will lead our ranks,—*and there will still be a hope for Poland.* She will, she must be independent. For many—many years have the Poles bled profusely in every part of the world, for freedom,—AND THEY SHALL BE FREE.

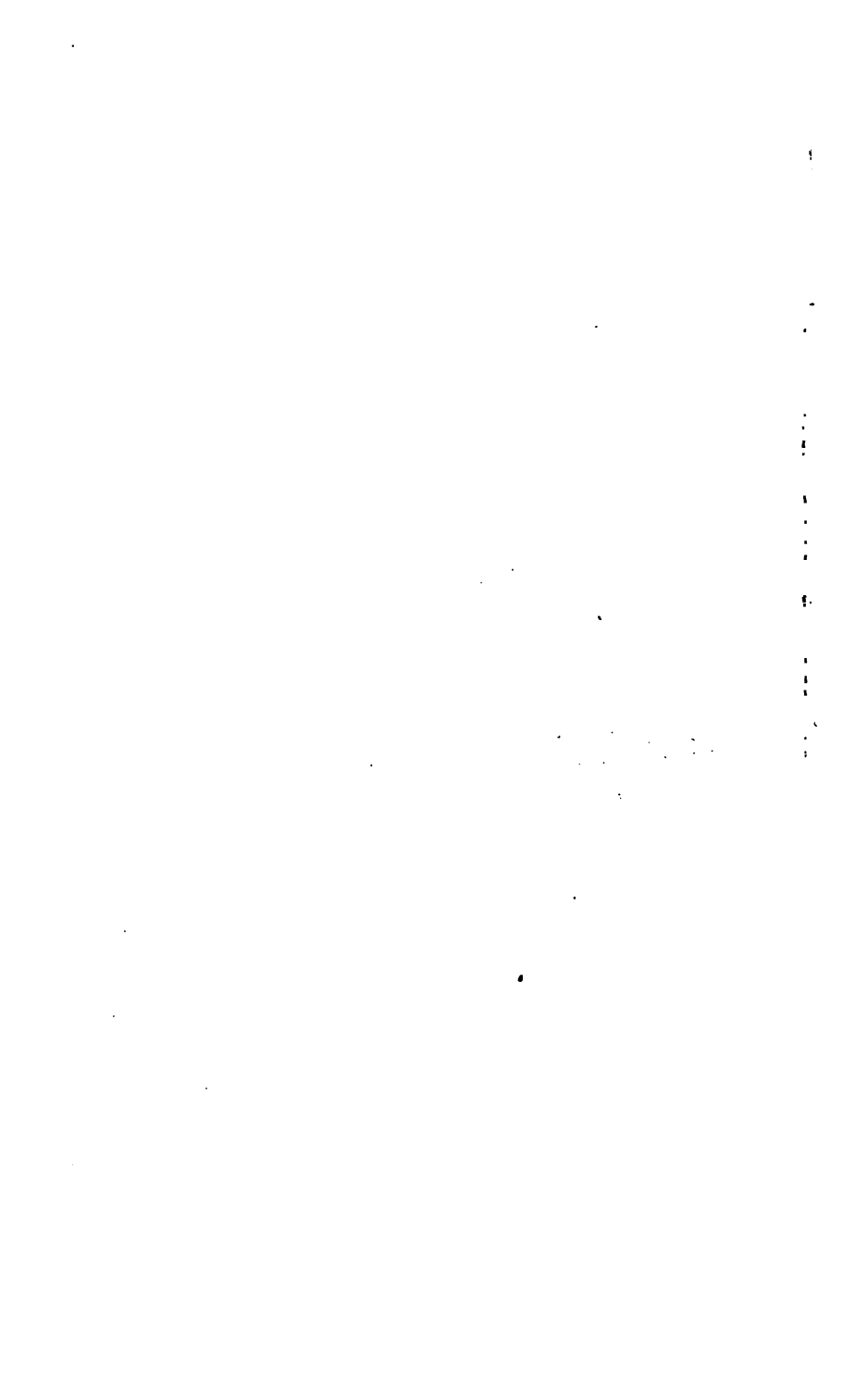
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